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A most rare book has found its way by chance into the hands of Mr Evans, who from his acknowledged tact, will no doubt obtain its full value for it; we allude to the *first edition* of the novels of Cervantes. It is for sale next week, and is numbered in the catalogue 841, and thus described— May - 1832

"841. *Cervantes, Novelas Exemplares, first edition excessively rare, Madrid, par Juan de la Cuesta*, 1613.

"The first edition of the Novelas" says Mr Salva, "was published by Cuesta at Madrid in 1613, small 4to. It is SO SCARCE THAT NOT A SINGLE COPY OF IT IS KNOWN IN ALL SPAIN. It existed in the Bibleotica Real of Madrid, but disappeared at the time of the French invasion under Napoleon, and probably is the same copy which Mr Rodriguez of Paris announced in his catalogue about 1816." "The industrious printer, Sancha, died without publishing a new edition, because he would not undertake it unless he could correct the text by the first, which, *in spite of the most diligent search, he was unable to find.* Mr Grenville's is the only copy Mr Salva could discover in this country."

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THE

HISTORY and ADVENTURES

OF THE RENOWNED

DON QUIXOTE.

Tranſlated from the SPANISH of

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

To which is prefixed,

Some ACCOUNT of the AUTHOR's LIFE.

By T. SMOLLETT, M.D.

Illuſtrated with Twenty-eight new Copper-Plates, deſigned by HAYMAN,
And engraved by the beſt ARTISTS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, over againſt Catherine-Street, in the Strand;
T. OSBORN, T. and T. LONGMAN, C. HITCH and L. HAWES, J. HODGES,
and J. and J. RIVINGTON.
MDCCLV.

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To his EXCELLENCY

DON RICARDO WALL,

PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE TO HIS MOST CATHOLIC MAJESTY,

LIEUTENANT GENERAL OF THE ARMIES OF SPAIN,

COMMENDARY OF PENAUZENDE IN THE ORDER OF ST. JAGO, &c. &c.

AND HERETOFORE

AMBASSADOR AND PLENIPOTENTIARY AT THE COURT OF GREAT BRITAIN.

SIR,

THE permiſſion I obtained to inſcribe the following tranſlation of DON QUIXOTE to your Excellency, while you reſided in this Capital, affords me a double pleaſure; as it not only gives me an opportunity of expreſſing that profound reſpect and veneration with which I contemplate your Excellency's character; but alſo implies your approbation, which cannot fail to influence the public in behalf of the performance. I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your Excellency's moſt obedient

Humble Servant,

LONDON, Feb. 7, 1755.

T. SMOLLETT.

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THE

LIFE

OF

CERVANTES.

MIGUEL de Cervantes Saavedra was at once the glory and reproach of Spain; for, if his admirable genius and heroic ſpirit conduced to the honour of his country, the diſtreſs and obſcurity which attended his old age, as effectually redounded to her diſgrace. Had he lived amidſt Gothic darkneſs and barbarity, where no records were uſed, and letters altogether unknown, we might have expected to derive from tradition, a number of particulars relating to the family and fortune of a man ſo remarkably admired even in his own time. But, one would imagine pains had been taken to throw a veil of oblivion over the perſonal concerns of this excellent author. No inquiry hath, as yet, been able to aſcertain the place of his nativity; and, although in his works he has declared himſelf a gentleman by birth, no houſe has hitherto laid claim to ſuch an illuſtrious deſcendant.

One *author ſays he was born at Eſquivias; but, offers no argument in ſupport of his aſſertion: and probably the conjecture was founded upon the encomiums which Cervantes himſelf beſtows on that place, to which he gives the epithet of Renowned, in his preface to Perſiles and Sigiſmunda. Others affirm he firſt drew breath in Lucena, grounding their opinion upon a vague tradition which there prevails: and a †third ſet

* Thomas Tamayo de Vargas. † Don Nicholas Antonio.

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take it for granted that he was a native of Seville, becauſe there are families in that city known by the names of Cervantes and Saavedra; and our author mentions his having, in his early youth, ſeen plays acted by Lope Rueda, who was a Sevilian. Theſe, indeed, are preſumptions that deſerve ſome regard, tho', far from implying certain information, they ſcarce even amount to probable conjecture: nay, theſe very circumſtances ſeem to diſprove the ſuppoſition; for, had he been actually deſcended from thoſe families, they would, in all likelihood, have preſerved ſome memorials of his birth, which Don Nicholas Antonio would have recorded, in ſpeaking of his fellow-citizen. All theſe pretenſions are now generally ſet aſide in favour of Madrid, which claims the honour of having produced Cervantes, and builds her title on an expreſſion * in his Voyage to Parnaſſus, which, in my opinion, is altogether equivocal and inconcluſive.

In the midſt of ſuch undecided contention, if I may be allowed to hazard a conjecture, I would ſuppoſe that there was ſomething myſterious in his extraction, which he had no inclination to explain, and that his family had domeſtic reaſons for maintaining the like reſerve. Without admitting ſome ſuch motive, we can hardly account for his ſilence on a ſubject that would have afforded him an opportunity to indulge that ſelf-reſpect which he ſo honeſty diſplays in the courſe of his writings. Unleſs we conclude that he was inſtigated to renounce all connexion with his kindred and allies, by ſome contempt'ous ſlight, mortifying repulſe, or real injury he had ſuſtained; a ſuppoſition which, I own, is not at all improbable, conſidering the jealous ſenſibility of the Spaniards in general, and the warmth of reſentment peculiar to our author, which glows through his productions, unreſtrained by all the fears of poverty, and all the maxims of old age and experience.

Whatever may have been the place of his nativity, we gather from the preface to his novels, that he was born in the year 1549: and his writings declare that his education was by no means neglected; for, over and above a natural fund of humour and invention, he appears to have poſſeſſed a valuable ſtock of acquired knowledge: we find him intimately acquainted with the Latin claſſics, well read in the hiſtory of nations, verſed in the philoſophy, rhetoric, and divinity of the ſchools, tinctured with aſtrology and geography, converſant with the beſt Italian authors, and perfectly

* He deſcribes his departure from Madrid in theſe words: "Out of my country and myſelf I go!"

maſter

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maſter of his own Caſtilian language. His genius, which was too delicate and volatile to engage in the ſeverer ſtudies, directed his attention to the productions of taſte and polite literature, which, while they amuſed his fancy, enlarged, augmented, and improved his ideas, and taught him to ſet proper bounds to the excurſions of his imagination.

Thus qualified, he could not fail to make pertinent obſervations in his commerce with mankind: the peculiarities of character could not eſcape his penetration; whatever he ſaw became familiar to his judgment and underſtanding; and every ſcene he exhibits, is a juſt well drawn characteriſtic picture of human life.

How he exerciſed theſe talents in his youth, and in what manner the firſt years of his manhood were employed, we are not able to explain, becauſe hiſtory and tradition are altogether ſilent on the ſubject; unleſs we admit the authority of one * author, who ſays, he was ſecretary to the duke of Alva, without alledging any one fact or argument in ſupport of his aſſertion. Had he actually enjoyed a poſt of ſuch importance, we ſhould not, in all probability, have wanted materials to ſupply this chaſm in his life; nor ſhould we find him afterwards in the ſtation of a common ſoldier.

Others imagine that he ſerved as volunteer in Flanders, where he was raiſed to the rank of enſign in the company commanded by Don Diego de Urbina; grounding this belief on the ſuppoſition that the hiſtory of the Captive, related in the firſt part of Don Quixote, is a literal detail of his own adventures. But, this notion is rejected by thoſe who conſider that Cervantes would hardly have contented himſelf with the humble appellation of ſoldier, which, in ſpeaking of himſelf, he conſtantly aſſumes, had he ever appeared in any ſuperior ſtation of a military character. In a word, we have very little information touching the tranſactions of his life but what he himſelf is pleaſed to give through the courſe of his writings; and from this we learn that he was chamberlain to cardinal Aquaviva in Rome, and followed the profeſſion of a ſoldier for ſome years, in the army commanded by Marco Antonio Colona †, who was, by pope Pius V. appointed general of the eccleſiaſtical forces employed againſt the Turk, and received the conſecrated ſtandard from the hands of his holineſs, in the church of St. Peter.

* Nicholas Antonio, Biblioth. Hiſp.

† His dedication of Galatea.

Under

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Under this celebrated captain, Cervantes embarked in the chriſtian fleet commanded by Don John of Auſtria, who obtained over the Turks the glorious victory of Lepanto, where our author loſt his left hand by the ſhot of an arquebus. This mutilation, which redounded ſo much to his honour, he has taken care to record on divers occaſions: and, indeed, it is very natural to ſuppoſe his imagination would dwell upon ſuch an adventure, as the favourite incident of his life. I wiſh he had told us what recompence he received for his ſervices, and what conſolation he enjoyed for the loſs of his limb, which muſt have effectually diſqualified him for the office of a common ſoldier, and reduced him to the neceſſity of exerciſing ſome other employment.

Perhaps it was at this period he entered into the ſervice of cardinal Aquaviva, to whoſe protection he was entitled by his gallantry and miſfortune; and now, in all likelihood, he had leiſure and opportunity to proſecute his favourite ſtudies, to cultivate the muſe, and render himſelf conſpicuous by the productions of his genius, which was known and admired by ſeveral authors of diſtinction even before his captivity; for, Louis Galvez de Montalvo, in his poem prefixed to Galatea, ſays, the world lamented his misfortune in tears, and the muſe expreſſed a widow's grief at his abſence. I will even venture to ſuppoſe, that, in this interval, his ſituation was ſuch as enabled him to raiſe an independent fortune; for, we find him afterwards relieving the wants of his fellow-captives in Barbary, with ſuch liberality as denoted the affluence of his own circumſtances; and, in his voyage to Parnaſſus, which was publiſhed in his old age, Apollo upbraids him with want of œconomy, and reminds him of his having once made his own fortune, which in the ſequel he ſquandered away.

I make no doubt but this was the moſt fortunate period of Saavedra's life, during which he reformed and improved the Spaniſh theatre, and uſhered into the world a number of dramatic performances which were acted with univerſal applauſe. He * tells us that he had ſeen plays acted by the great Lope de Rueda, who was a native of Seville, and originally a gold-beater: when this genius firſt appeared, the Spaniſh drama was in its infancy: one large ſack or bag contained all the furniture and dreſs of the theatre, conſiſting of four ſheepſkin jackets with the wool on, trimmed with gilt leather; four beards and periwigs, and the ſame number of paſtoral crooks. The piece was no other than a dialogue or eclogue be-

* In the preface to his plays.

tween

tween two or three ſwains and a ſhepherdeſs, ſeaſoned with comic interludes, or rather low buffoonery, exhibited in the characters of a black-a-moor, a bravo, a fool, and a Biſcayan. The ſtage itſelf was compoſed of a few boards, raiſed about three feet from the ground, upon four benches or forms. There was no other ſcenery than a blanket or horſe-cloth ſtretched acroſs, behind which the muſicians ſung old ballads unaccompanied by any ſort of inſtrument. Lopè de Rueda not only compoſed theatrical pieces, but alſo acted in every character with great reputation; in which he was ſucceeded by Naharro, a Toledan, who improved and augmented the decorations, brought the muſic from behind the blanket and placed it forwards to the audience, deprived the actors of their counterfeit beards, without which no man's part had been hitherto performed, invented machines, clouds, thunder and lightening, and introduced challenges and combats with incredible ſucceſs: but, ſtill the drama was rude, unpoliſhed, and irregular; and the fable, tho' divided into five acts, was almoſt altogether deſtitute of manners, propriety, and invention.

From this uncultivated ſtate of ignorance and barbarity, Cervantes raiſed the Spaniſh theatre to dignity and eſteem, by enriching his dramatic productions with moral ſentiments, regularity of plan, and propriety of character; together with the graces of poetry, and the beauties of imagination. He publiſhed thirty pieces, which were repreſented at Madrid with univerſal applauſe; ſo that he may be juſtly deemed the patriarch of the Spaniſh drama; and, in this particular, revered above Lopè de Vega himſelf, who did not appear until he had left off writing for the ſtage.

In the year 1574, he was unfortunately taken by a Barbary corſair, and conveyed to Algiers, where he was ſold to a Moor, and remained a ſlave for the ſpace of five years and an half; during which he exhibited repeated proofs of the moſt enterprizing genius and heroic generoſity. Though we know not on what occaſion he fell into the hands of the Barbarians, he himſelf gives us to underſtand, in the ſtory of the Captive, that he reſided at Algiers in the reign of Haſſan Aga, a ruffian renegado, whoſe cruelty he deſcribes in theſe terms: "He was every day hanging one, impaling another, maiming a third, upon ſuch ſlight occaſions, frequently without any cauſe aſſigned, that the Turks themſelves owned he acted thus out of meer wantonneſs of barbarity, as being naturally of a ſavage diſpoſition, and an inveterate enemy to the whole human race. The perſon who uſed the greateſt freedom with him, was one Saavedra, a Spaniſh

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ſoldier, who, tho' he did many things which thoſe people will not ſoon forget, in attempting to regain his liberty, he never gave him one blow, nor ordered him once to be chaſtiſed, nor even chid him with one haſty word; and yet, the leaſt of all his pranks was ſufficient, as we thought, to bring him to the ſtake; nay, he himſelf was more than once afraid of being impaled alive. If time would permit, I could here recount ſome of that ſoldier's actions, which, perhaps, might entertain and ſurprize you more than the relation of my own ſtory."

Thus, Cervantes aſcertains the time of his own ſlavery, delineates, with great exactneſs, the character of that inhuman tyrant, who is recorded in hiſtory as a monſter of cruelty and avarice; and proves to demonſtration, that his own ſtory was quite different from that which the Captive related of himſelf. Saavedra's adventures at Algiers were truly ſurprizing; and tho' we cannot favour the public with a ſubſtantial detail of every incident, we have found means to learn ſuch particulars of his conduct, as cannot fail to reflect an additional luſtre on a character which has been long the object of admiration.

We are informed by a reſpectable hiſtorian *, who was his fellow ſlave and an eye witneſs of the tranſaction, that Don Miguel de Cervantes, a gallant, enterprizing Spaniſh cavalier, who, tho' he never wanted money, could not obtain his releaſe without paying an exorbitant ranſom, contrived a ſcheme for ſetting himſelf free, together with fourteen unhappy gentlemen of his own country, who were all in the like circumſtances of thraldom under different patrons. His firſt ſtep was to redeem one Viana, a bold Mayorcan mariner, in whom he could confide, and with whom he ſent letters to the governor of that iſland, deſiring, in the name of himſelf and the other gentlemen captives, that he would ſend over a brigantine, under the direction of Viana, who had undertaken, at an appointed time, to touch upon a certain part of the coaſt, where he ſhould find them ready to embark. In conſequence of this agreement, they withdrew themſelves from their reſpective maſters, and privately repaired to a garden near the ſea-ſide, belonging to a renegado Greek, whoſe name was Al-Caid Haſſan; where they were concealed in a cave, and carefully ſereened from the knowledge of the owner, by his gardener, who was a chriſtian captive. Viana punctually performed his promiſe, and returned in a veſſel, with which he was ſupplied by the governor of Mayorca; but, ſome Moors chancing to paſs, juſt as he anchored at the appointed place,

* F. Diego de Haedo.

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the coaſt was inſtantly alarmed, and he found himſelf obliged to relinquiſh the enterprize. Meanwhile, the captives, being ignorant of this accident, remained in the cavern, which they never quitted except in the night, and were maintained by the liberality of Cervantes, for the ſpace of ſeven months, during which the neceſſaries of life were brought to them by a Spaniſh ſlave, known by the appellation of El Dorador or The Gilder. No wonder that their hope and patience began to fail, and their conſtitutions to be affected by the dampneſs of the place, and the grief of their diſappointment, which Don Miguel endeavoured to alleviate by the exerciſe of his reaſon, good humour and humanity; 'till, at laſt, their purveyor turned traitor, and, allured by the hope of receiving a conſiderable reward, diſcovered the whole affair to Haſſan Baſha. This tyrant, tranſported with joy at the information, immediately ordered the guardian Baſha, with a body of armed men, to follow the perfidious wretch, who conducted them to the cave, where they ſeized thoſe unhappy fugitives, together with their faithful gardener, and forthwith carried the whole number to the public Bagnio, except Cervantes, touching whoſe perſon they had received particular directions from Haſſan, who knew his character, and had been long deſirous of poſſeſſing ſuch a notable ſlave. At preſent, however, his intention was to perſuade Don Miguel to accuſe Oliver, one of the fathers of the redemption then at Algiers, as an accomplice in the ſcheme they had projected, that he might, on this pretence, extort from the frier, by way of compoſition, the greateſt part of the money which had been collected for the ranſom of chriſtian ſlaves. Accordingly, he endeavoured to inveigle Saavedra with artful promiſes, and to intimidate him with dreadful threats and imprecations, into the confeſſion or impeachment, on which he wanted to lay hold: but, that generous Spaniard, with a reſolution peculiar to himſelf, rejected all his offers, and deſpiſing the terrors of his menaces, perſiſted in affirming that he had no aſſociate in the plan of their eſcape, which was purely the reſult of his own reflection.

After having in vain tampered with his integrity, in repeated trials that laſted for ſeveral days, he reſtored him and his companions to their reſpective patrons, notwithſtanding the remonſtrances of Al-Caid Haſſan, owner of the garden in which they had been apprehended, who, probably with a view to manifeſt his own innocence, ſtrenuouſly exhorted the Baſha to inflict the moſt exemplary puniſhment on the offenders, and actually put his own gardener to death. Cervantes had ſo often ſignalized his genius, courage, and activity, that Haſſan reſolved to make him his

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own, and purchaſed him from his maſter for five hundred ducats: then he was heard to ſay, "While I hold that maimed Spaniard in ſafe cuſtody, my veſſels, ſlaves, and even my whole city are ſecure." For, he had not only concerted a number of ſchemes for the deliverance of his fellow captives, but his deſigns had even aſpired to the conqueſt of Algiers, and he was at four different times on the point of being impaled, hooked, or burned alive. Any ſingle attempt of that kind would have been deemed a capital offence, under the mildeſt government that ever ſubſiſted among the Moors; but, there was ſomething in the character or perſonal deportment of Cervantes, which commanded reſpect from barbarity itſelf; for, we find that Haſſan Baſha treated him with incredible lenity, and his redemption was afterwards effected by the interceſſion of a trinitarian father, for a thouſand ducats *.

From this account of his behaviour in Barbary, it appears that he acted a far more important part than that of a poor mutilated ſoldier: he is dignified with the appellation of Don Miguel de Cervantes, and repreſented as a cavalier whoſe affluent fortune enabled him to gratify the benevolence and liberality of his diſpoſition. We muſt therefore take it for granted that he acquired this wealth after the battle of Lepanto, where he ſurely would not have fought as a private ſoldier, could he have commanded either money or intereſt to procure a more conſpicuous ſtation in the ſervice. Be that as it will, his conduct at Algiers reflects honour upon his country, and while we applaud him as an author, we ought to revere him as a man; nor will his modeſty be leſs the object of our admiration, if we conſider that he has, upon this occaſion, neglected the faireſt opportunity a man could poſſibly enjoy, of diſplaying his own character to the greateſt advantage, and indulging that ſelf-complacency which is ſo natural to the human heart.

As he returned to his own country, with thoſe principles by which he had been diſtinguiſhed in his exile, and an heart entendered and exerciſed in ſympathizing with his fellow creatures in diſtreſs; we may ſup-

* To this adventure he, doubtleſs, alludes, in the ſtory of the Captive; who ſays, that when he and his fellow ſlaves were deliberating about ranſoming one of their number, who ſhould go to Valencia or Mayorca, and procure a veſſel with which he might return and fetch off the reſt, the renegado, who was of their council, oppoſed the ſcheme, obſerving, that thoſe who are once delivered ſeldom think of performing the promiſes they have made in captivity: as a confirmation of the truth of what he alledged, he briefly recounted a caſe which had lately happened to ſome chriſtian gentleman, attended with the ſtrangeſt circumſtances ever known, even in thoſe parts, where the moſt uncommon and ſurprizing events occur almoſt every day.

poſe

poſe he could not advert to the leſſons of œconomy, which a warm imagination ſeldom or never retains; but, that his heart glowed with all the enthuſiaſm of friendſhip, and that his bounty extended to every object of compaſſion which fell within his view.

Notwithſtanding all the ſhafts of ridicule which he hath ſo ſucceſsfully levelled againſt the abſurdities of the Spaniſh romance, we can plainly perceive, from his own writings, that he himſelf had a turn for chivalry: his life was a chain of extraordinary adventures, his temper was altogether heroic, and all his actions were, without doubt, influenced by the moſt romantic notions of honour.

Spain has produced a greater number of theſe characters, than we meet with upon record in any other nation; and whether ſuch ſingularity be the effect of natural or moral cauſes, or of both combined, I ſhall not pretend to determine. Let us only affirm, that this diſpoſition is not confined to any particular people or period of time: even in our own country, and in theſe degenerate days, we ſometimes find individuals whom nature ſeems to have intended for members of thoſe ideal ſocieties which never did, and perhaps never can exiſt but in imagination; and who remind us of the characters deſcribed by Homer and Plutarch, as patriots ſacrificing their lives for their country, and heroes encountering danger, not with indifference and contempt, but, with all the rapture and impetuoſity of a paſſionate admirer.

If we conſider Cervantes as a man inſpired by ſuch ſentiments, and actuated by ſuch motives; and at the ſame time, from his known ſenſibility and natural complexion, ſuppoſe him to have been addicted to pleaſure and the amuſements of gallantry; we cannot be ſurpriſed to find his finances in a little time exhauſted, and the face of his affairs totally reverſed. It was probably in the decline of his fortune, that he reſolved to re-appear in the character of an author, and ſtand candidate for the public favour, which would be a certain reſource in the day of trouble: he, therefore, compoſed his Galatea in ſix books, which was publiſhed in the year 1584, dedicated to Aſcanio Colonna, at that time abbot of St. Sophia; and afterwards cardinal of the holy croſs of Jeruſalem.

The rich vein of invention, the tenderneſs of paſſion, the delicacy of ſentiment, the power and purity of diction, diſplayed in this performance, are celebrated by Don Louis de Vargas Manrique, in a commendatory

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datory ſonnet, which is a very elegant and honourable teſtimony of our author's ſucceſs. Nevertheleſs, the production has been cenſured for the irregularity of its ſtile, the incorrectneſs of its verſification, and the multiplicity of its incidents, which encumber and perplex the principal narration; and, over and above theſe objections, the deſign is not brought to a concluſion, ſo that the plan appears meagre and defective. He himſelf pleads guilty to ſome part of the charge, in the ſentence pronounced by the curate, in the firſt part of Don Quixote, who when the barber takes up the Galatea of Miguel de Cervantes; "That ſame Cervantes, ſays he, has been an intimate friend of mine theſe many years, and is, to my certain knowledge, more converſant with misfortunes than with poetry. There is a good vein of invention in his book, which propoſes ſomething, tho' it concludes nothing. We muſt wait for the ſecond part which he promiſes, and then, perhaps, his amendment may deſerve a full pardon, which is now denied."

Whether the ſucceſs of Galatea encouraged our author to oblige the world with ſome of thoſe theatrical pieces, which we have already mentioned as the firſt regular productions of the Spaniſh drama, or the whole number of theſe was written and acted before his captivity, I have not been able to determine; but, in all probability, his firſt eſſays of that kind were exhibited in the interval between the battle of Lepanto and the commencement of his ſlavery, and the reſt publiſhed after his redemption.

Unleſs we ſuppoſe him to have been employed at Madrid in this manner for his ſubſiſtence, we muſt paſs over two and twenty years, which afford us no particular information touching the life of Saavedra; tho', in that period, he married Donna Catalina de Salazar, diſſipated the remains of his fortune, experienced the ingratitude of thoſe he had befriended in his proſperity, and, after having ſuſtained a ſeries of mortifications aud diſtreſs, was committed to priſon in conſequence of the debts he had contracted.

In this diſmal ſituation, he compoſed that performance which is the delight and admiration of all Europe; I mean, the firſt part of Don Quixote, which he wrote with a view to ridicule and diſcredit thoſe abſurd romances, filled with the moſt nauſeous improbability and unnatural extravagance, which had debauched the taſte of mankind, and were indeed a diſgrace to common ſenſe and reaſon. Not that Cervantes had any intention to combat the ſpirit of knight-errantry, ſo prevalent among the Spaniards;

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Spaniards; on the contrary, I am perſuaded he would have been the firſt man in the nation, to ſtand up for the honour and defence of chivalry, which when, reſtrained within due bounds, was an excellent inſtitution, that inſpired the moſt heroic ſentiments of courage and patriotiſm, and on many occaſions conduced to the peace and ſafety of the commonwealth. In the character of Don Quixote, he exhibits a good underſtanding, perverted by reading romantic ſtories, which had no foundation in nature or in fact. His intellects are not ſuppoſed to have been damaged by the peruſal of authentic hiſtories, which recount the exploits of knights and heroes who really exiſted; but, his madneſs ſeems to have flowed from his credulity and a certain wildneſs of imagination which was captivated by the marvelous repreſentation of dwarfs, giants, negromancers, and other preternatural extravagance. From theſe legends he formed his whole plan of conduct; and tho' nothing can be more ridiculous than the terms upon which he is deſcribed to have commenced knight-errant, at a time when the regulations of ſociety had rendered the profeſſion unneceſſary, and indeed illegal; the criterion of his frenzy conſiſts in that ſtrange faculty of miſtaking and confounding the moſt familiar objects with the fantaſtical illuſions which thoſe romances had engendered in his fancy. So that our author did not enter the liſts againſt the memory of the real ſubſtantial chivalry, which he held in veneration; but, with deſign to expel an hideous phantome that poſſeſſed the brains of the people, waging perpetual war with true genius and invention.

The ſucceſs of this undertaking muſt have exceeded his moſt ſanguine hopes. Don Quixote no ſooner made his appearance, than the old romances vaniſhed like miſt before the ſun. The ridicule was ſo ſtriking, that even the warmeſt admirers of Amadis and his poſterity ſeemed to wake from a dream, and reflected with amazement upon their former infatuation. Every diſpaſſionate reader was charmed with the humorous characters of the knight and ſquire, who ſtraight became the favourites of his fancy; he was delighted with the variety of entertaining incidents, and conſidered the author's good ſenſe and purity of ſtile with admiration and applauſe.

He informs us, by the mouth of the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, that even before the publication of the ſecond part, twelve thouſand copies of the firſt were already in print, beſides a new impreſſion then working off at Antwerp. "The very children, ſays he, handle it, boys read it, men underſtand, and old people applaud the performance. It is no ſooner laid

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laid down by one, than another takes it up, ſome ſtruggling, and ſome entreating for a ſight of it: in fine, this hiſtory is the moſt delightful and leaſt prejudicial entertainment that ever was ſeen; for, in the whole book, there is not the leaſt ſhadow of a diſhonourable word, nor one thought unworthy of a good catholic."

Nor was this applauſe confined to the kingdoms and territories of Spain. The fame of Don Quixote diffuſed itſelf through all the civilized countries of Europe; and the work was ſo much admired in France, that ſome gentlemen who attended the French embaſſador to Madrid, in a converſation with the licentiate Marques Torres, chaplain to the archbiſhop of Toledo, expreſſed their ſurprize that Cervantes was not maintained from the public treaſury, as the honour and pride of the Spaniſh nation.—Nay, this work which was firſt publiſhed at Madrid in the year 1605, had the good fortune to extort the approbation of royalty itſelf: Philip III. ſtanding in a balcony of his palace and ſurveying the adjacent country, perceived a ſtudent on the bank of the Manzanares, reading a book, and every now and then ſtriking his forehead and burſting out into loud fits of laughter. His majeſty having obſerved his emotions for ſome time; "That ſtudent, ſaid he, is either mad, or reading Don Quixote." Some of the courtiers in attendance had the curioſity to go out and inquire, and actually found the ſcholar engaged in the adventures of our Manchegan.

As the book was dedicated to the duke de Bejar, we may naturally ſuppoſe that nobleman, either by his purſe or intereſt, obtained the author's diſcharge from priſon; for, he congratulates himſelf upon the protection of ſuch a patron, in certain verſes prefixed to the book, and ſuppoſed to be written by Urganda the unknown. He afterwards attracted the notice of the count de Lemos, who ſeems to have been his chief and favourite benefactor; and even enjoyed a ſmall ſhare of the countenance of the cardinal archbiſhop of Toledo: ſo that we cannot, with any probability, eſpouſe the opinion of thoſe who believe his Don Quixote was intended as a ſatire upon the adminiſtration of that nobleman. Nor is there the leaſt plauſible reaſon for thinking his aim was to ridicule the conduct of Charles V. whoſe name he never mentions without expreſſions of the utmoſt reverence and regard. Indeed, his own indigence was a more ſevere ſatire than any thing he could have invented againſt the miniſtry of Philip III. for, tho' their protection kept him from ſtarving, it did not exempt him from the difficulties and mortifications of want; and no man

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man of taſte and humanity can reflect upon his character and circumſtances, without being ſhocked at the barbarous indifference of his patrons. What he obtained was not the offering of liberality and taſte, but the ſcanted alms of compaſſion: he was not reſpected as a genius, but relieved as a beggar.

One would hardly imagine that an author could languiſh in the ſhade of poverty and contempt, while his works afforded entertainment and delight to whole nations, and even ſovereigns were found in the number of his admirers: but, Cervantes had the misfortune to write in the reign of a prince whoſe diſpoſition was ſordid, and whoſe talents, naturally mean, had received no manner of cultivation; ſo that his head was altogether untinctured with ſcience, and his heart an utter ſtranger to the virtues of beneficence. Nor did the liberal arts derive the leaſt encouragement from his miniſtry, which was ever weak and wavering. The duke de Lerma ſeems to have been a proud, irreſolute, ſhallow-brained politician, whoſe whole attention was employed in preſerving the good graces of his maſter; tho' notwithſtanding all his efforts, he ſtill fluctuated between favour and diſgrace, and at laſt was fain to ſhelter himſelf under the hat of a cardinal. As for the count de Lemos, who had ſome ſhare in the adminiſtration, he affected to patronize men of genius, tho' he had hardly penetration enough to diſtinguiſh merit; and the little taſte he poſſeſſed, was ſo much warped by vanity and ſelf-conceit, that there was no other avenue to his friendſhip but the road of adulation and panegyric: we need not, therefore, wonder that his bounty was ſo ſparingly beſtowed upon Cervantes, whoſe conſcious worth and ſpirit would not ſuffer him to practiſe ſuch ſervility of proſtration.

Rather than ſtoop ſo far beneath the dignity of his own character, he reſolved to endure the ſevereſt ſtings of fortune, and, for a ſeries of years, wreſtled with unconceivable vexation and diſtreſs. Even in this low ſituation, he was not exempted from the ill offices of thoſe who envied his talents and his fame. The bad writers vilified his genius, and cenſured his morals; they conſtrued Don Quixote into an impertinent libel, and endeavoured to depreciate his exemplary novels, which were publiſhed at Madrid, in the year 1613. This performance is ſuch as might be expected from the invention and elegance of Cervantes, and was accordingly approved by the beſt judges of his time. Indeed, it muſt have been a great conſolation to him, in the midſt of his misfortunes, to ſee himſelf celebrated by the choiceſt wits of Spain; and, among the reſt, by the

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renowned Lope de Vega, prince of the Spaniſh theatre, who, both during the life, and after the death of our author, mentioned him in the moſt reſpectful terms of * admiration.

But, of all the inſults to which he was expoſed from the malevolence of mankind, nothing provoked him ſo much, as the outrage he ſuſtained, from the inſolence and knavery of an author, who, while he was preparing the ſecond part of Don Quixote for the preſs, in the year 1614, publiſhed a performance, intituled, The ſecond Volume of the ſage Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha, containing his third ſally. Compoſed by the licentiate Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda, a native of Tordeſillas; dedicated to the alcalde, regidors, and gentlemen of the noble town of Argameſilla, the happy country of Don Quixote de la Mancha. This impoſtor, not contented with having robbed Cervantes of his plan, and, as ſome people believe, of a good part of his copy, attacked him perſonally, in his preface, in the moſt virulent manner; accuſing him of envy, malice, peeviſhneſs, and rancour; reproaching him with his poverty, and taxing him with having abuſed his cotemporary writers, particularly Lope de Vega, under the ſhade of whoſe reputation this ſpurious writer takes ſhelter, pretending to have been laſhed, together with that great genius, in ſome of our author's critical reflexions.

In ſpite of the diſguiſe he aſſumed, Cervantes diſcovered him to be an Arragonian; and in all probability knew his real name, which, however, he did not think proper to tranſmit to poſterity; and, his ſilence in this particular, was the reſult either of diſcretion, or contempt. If he was a perſon of conſequence, as ſome people ſuppoſe, it was undoubtedly prudent in Cervantes to pretend ignorance of his true name and quality; becauſe, under the ſhadow of that pretence, he could the more ſecurely chaſtiſe him for his dulneſs, ſcurrility, and preſumption: but, if he knew him to be a man of no character or eſtimation in life, he ought to have deemed him altogether unworthy of his reſentment; for, his production was ſuch as could not poſſibly prejudice our author's intereſt or reputation. It is altogether void of invention and propriety: the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho are flattened into the moſt inſipid abſurdity; the adventures are unentertaining and improbable; and the ſtile barbarous, ſwoln, and pedantic.

* Laurèl de Apollo Selva 8.

Howſoever

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Howſoever Saavedra's fortune might have been affected by this fraudulent anticipation, I am perſuaded, from the conſideration of his magnanimity, that he would have looked upon the attempt with ſilent diſdain, had the fictitious Avellaneda abſtained from perſonal abuſe; but finding himſelf ſo injuriouſly upbraided with crimes which his ſoul abhorred, he gave a looſe to his indignation and ridicule, which appear through the preface and ſecond part of Don Quixote, in a variety of animadverſions equally witty and ſevere. Indeed, the genuine continuation, which was publiſhed in the year 1615, convinced the world that no other perſon could complete the plan of the original projector. It was received with univerſal joy and approbation; and, in a very little time tranſlated into the languages of Italy, France, England, and other countries, where, tho' the knight appeared to diſadvantage, he was treated as a noble ſtranger of ſuperlative merit and diſtinction.

In the year after the publication of his novels, Cervantes uſhered into the world a poem, called, A Voyage to Parnaſſus, dedicated to Don Rodrigo de Tapia, knight of St. Jago. This performance is an ironical ſatire on the Spaniſh poets of his time, written in imitation of Cæſar Caporali, who laſhed his cotemporaries of Italy under the ſame title: tho' Saavedra ſeems to have had alſo another ſcope; namely, to complain of the little regard that was payed to his own age and talents. Thoſe who will not allow this piece to be an excellent poem, cannot help owning that it abounds with wit and manly ſatire; and that nothing could be a more keen reproach upon the taſte and patronage of the times, than the dialogue that paſſes between him and Apollo; to whom, after having made a bold, yet juſt recapitulation of his own ſucceſs in writing, he pathetically complains, that he was denied a ſeat among his brethren; and takes occaſion to obſerve, that rewards were not beſtowed according to merit, but in conſequence of intereſt and favour.

He has, upon other occaſions, made ſevere remarks upon the ſcarcity of patrons among the nobility of Spain, and even aimed the ſhafts of his ſatire at the throne itſelf. In his dedication of the ſecond part of Don Quixote, to the count de Lemos, he proceeds in this ironical ſtrain: "But, no perſon expreſſes a greater deſire of ſeeing my Don Quixote, than the mighty emperor of China, who, about a month ago ſent me a letter by an expreſs, deſiring, or rather beſeeching, me to ſupply him with a copy of that performance, as he intended to build and endow a college for teaching the Spaniſh language from my book, and was reſolved to make

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me rector or principal teacher." I asked if his majesty had sent me any thing towards defraying the charges; and, when he answered in the negative, "Why then, friend, said I, you may return to China as soon as you please; for my own part, I am not in a state of health to undertake such a long journey; besides, I am not only weak in body, but still weaker in purse, and so I am the emperor's most humble servant. In short, emperor for emperor, and monarch for monarch, to take one with the other, and set the hare's head against the goose giblets, there is the noble count de Lemos, at Naples, who, without any rectorships, supports, protects, and favours me to my heart's content."

This facetious paragraph certainly alludes to some unsubstantial promise he had received from the court. At the same time, I cannot help observing, that his gratitude and acknowledgement to the count de Lemos, seem to have greatly exceeded the obligation; for, at this very time, while he is extolling his generosity, he gives us to understand that his circumstances were extremely indigent.

At the very time of this dedication, the poverty of Cervantes had increased to such a degree of distress, that he was fain to sell eight plays, and as many interludes, to Juan Villaroel, because he had neither means nor credit for printing them at his own expence. These theatrical pieces, which were published at Madrid in the year 1615, tho' counted inferior to many productions of Lope de Vega, have, nevertheless, merit enough to persuade the discerning reader that they would have succeeded in the representation; but, he was no favourite with the players, who have always arrogated to themselves the prerogative of judging and rejecting the productions of the drama; and, as they forbore to offer, he disdained to sollicit their acceptance. The truth is, he considered actors as the servants of the public, who, tho' intitled to a certain degree of favour and encouragement for the entertainment they afforded, ought ever to demean themselves with modesty and respect for their benefactors; and he had often professed himself an enemy to the self-sufficiency, insolence, and outrageous behaviour of the king's company, some of whom had been guilty of the most flagrant crimes, and even committed murder with impunity.

It is sometimes in the power of the most inconsiderable wretch to mortify a character of the highest dignity. Cervantes, notwithstanding his contempt of such petty critics, could not help feeling the petulance of a puny player, who presumed to depretiate the talents of this venerable father

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ther of the ſtage. "Some years* ago, ſays he, I had recourſe again to my old amuſement, and, on the ſuppoſition that the times were not altered ſince my name was in ſome eſtimation, I compoſed a few pieces for the ſtage; but, found no birds in laſt year's neſts: my meaning is, I could find no player who would aſk for my performances, tho' the whole company knew they were finiſhed; ſo that I threw them aſide and condemned them to perpetual ſilence. About this time, a certain bookſeller told me he would have purchaſed my plays, had he not been prevented by an actor, who ſaid that from my proſe much might be expected; but, nothing from my verſe. I confeſs, I was not a little chagrined at hearing this declaration; and ſaid to myſelf, Either I am quite altered or the times are greatly improved, contrary to common obſervation, by which the paſt is always preferred to the preſent. I reviſed my comedies, together with ſome interludes which had lain ſome time in a corner, and I did not think them ſo wretched, but that they might appeal from the muddy brain of this player, to the clearer perception of other actors leſs ſcrupulous and more judicious.——Being quite out of humour, I parted with the copy to a bookſeller, who offered me a tolerable price: I took his money, without giving myſelf any further trouble about the actors, and he printed them as you ſee. I could wiſh they were the beſt in the world, or, at leaſt, poſſeſſed of ſome merit. Gentle reader, thou wilt ſoon ſee how they are, and if thou canſt find any thing to thy liking, and afterwards ſhouldſt happen to meet with my back-biting actor, deſire him, from me, to take care and mend himſelf; for, I offend no man: as for the plays, thou mayeſt tell him, they contain no glaring nonſenſe, no palpable abſurdities."

The ſource of this indifference towards Cervantes, we can eaſily explain, by obſerving that Lope de Vega had, by this time, engroſſed the theatre, and the favour of the public, to ſuch a degree as enſured ſucceſs to all his performances; ſo that the players would not run any riſque of miſcarriage, in exhibiting the productions of an old neglected veteran, who had neither inclination nor ability to ſupport his theatrical pieces by dint of intereſt and cabal. Far from being able to raiſe factions in his favour, he could hardly ſubſiſt in the moſt parſimonious manner, and in all probability would have actually ſtarved, had not the charity of the count de Lemos enabled him barely to breathe.

The laſt work he finiſhed was a novel, intituled, The Troubles of Perſiles and Sigiſmunda, which, however, he did not live to ſee in print. This

* In his preface to his plays.

child

child of his old age he mentions* in the warmeſt terms of paternal affection, preferring it to all the reſt of his productions; a compliment which every author pays to the youngeſt offspring of his genius; for, whatever ſentence the world may pronounce, every man thinks he daily improves in experience and underſtanding; and that in refuſing the pre-eminence to his laſt effort, he would fairly own the decay and degeneracy of his own talents.

We muſt not, however, impute the encomiums which Cervantes beſtows upon his laſt performance to this fond partiality alone; becauſe the book has indubitable merit, and, as he himſelf ſays, may preſume to vie with the celebrated romance of Heliodorus† in elegance of diction, entertaining incidents, and fecundity of invention. Before this novel ſaw the light, our author was ſeized with a dropſy, which gradually conveyed him to his grave; and nothing could give a more advantageous idea of his character, than the fortitude and good humour which he appears to have maintained to the laſt moment of his life, overwhelmed as he was with miſery, old age, and an incurable diſtemper. The preface and dedication of his Perſiles and Sigiſmunda, contain a journal of his laſt ſtage, by which we are enabled to gueſs at the preciſe time of his deceaſe. "Loving reader, ſaid he, as two of my friends and myſelf were coming from the famous town of Eſquivias—famous, I ſay, on a thouſand accounts; firſt, for its illuſtrious families, and, ſecondly, for its more illuſtrious wines, &c. I heard ſomebody galloping after us, with intent, as I imagined, to join our company; and, indeed, he ſoon juſtified my conjecture, by calling out to us to ride more ſoftly. We accordingly waited for this ſtranger, who, riding up to us upon a ſhe aſs, appeared to be a grey ſtudent; for, he was cloathed in grey, with country buſkins ſuch as peaſants wear to defend their legs in harveſt time, round toed ſhoes, a ſword provided, as it happened, with a tolerable chape, a ſtarched band, and an even number of three thread breeds; for, the truth is, he had but two; and, as his band would every now and then ſhift to one ſide, he took incredible pains to adjuſt it again. "Gentlemen, ſaid he, you are going, belike, to ſollicit ſome poſt or penſion at court: his eminence of Toledo muſt be there, to be ſure, or the king, at leaſt, by your making ſuch haſte. In good faith, I could hardly overtake you, tho' my aſs hath been more than once applauded for a tolerable ambler." To this addreſs one of my companions replied, "We were obliged to ſet on at a good rate,

* Preface to his novels. Dedication of the laſt part of Don Quixote.
† The Loves of Theagenes and Chariclea.

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to keep up with that there mettleſome nag, belonging to ſignor Miguel de Cervantes." Scarce had the ſtudent heard my name, when, ſpringing from the back of his aſs, while his pannel fell one way, and his wallet another, he ran towards me, and, taking hold of my ſtirrup, "Aye, aye, cried he, this is the ſound cripple! the renowned, the merry writer; in a word, the darling of the muſes!" In order to make ſome return to theſe high compliments, I threw my arms about his neck, ſo as that he loſt his band by the eagerneſs of my embraces, and told him he was miſtaken, like many of my well-wiſhers. "I am, indeed, Cervantes, ſaid I, but not the darling of the muſes, or in any ſhape deſerving of thoſe encomiums you have beſtowed: be pleaſed, therefore, good ſignor, to remount your beaſt, and let us travel together like friends the reſt of the way." The courteous ſtudent took my advice, and as we jogged on ſoftly together, the converſation happening to turn on the ſubject of my illneſs, the ſtranger ſoon pronounced my doom, by aſſuring me that my diſtemper was a dropſy, which all the water of the ocean, although it were not ſalt, would never be able to quench. "Therefore, ſignor Cervantes, added the ſtudent, you muſt totally abſtain from drink, but, do not forget to eat heartily: and this regimen will effect your recovery without phyſic." "I have received the ſame advice from other people, anſwered I, but I cannot help drinking, as if I had been born to do nothing elſe but drink. My life is drawing to a period, and by the daily journal of my pulſe, which, I find, will have finiſhed its courſe by next ſunday at fartheſt, I ſhall alſo have finiſhed my career; ſo that you come in the very nick of time to be acquainted with me, though I ſhall have no opportunity of ſhewing how much I am obliged to you for your good will." By this time we had reached the Toledo bridge, where finding we muſt part, I embraced my ſtudent once more, and he having returned the compliment with great cordiality, ſpurred up his beaſt, and left me as ill diſpoſed on my horſe, as he was ill mounted on his aſs; although my pen itched to be writing ſome humorous deſcription of his equipage: but, adieu my merry friends all; for, I am going to die, and I hope to meet you again in the other world, as happy as heart can wiſh."

After this adventure, which he ſo pleaſantly relates, nay even in his laſt moments, he dictated a moſt affectionate dedication to his patron, the count de Lemos, who was at that time preſident of the ſupreme council in Italy. He begins facetiouſly with a quotation from an old ballad, then proceeds to tell his excellency, that he had received extreme unction, and was on the brink of eternity; yet he wiſhed he could live to ſee the count's return,

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return, and even to finiſh the Weeks of the garden, and the Second part of Galatea, in which he had made ſome progreſs.

This dedication was dated April 19, 1617, and in all probability the author died the very next day, as the ceremony of the unction is never performed until the patient is ſuppoſed to be in extremity: certain it is, he did not long ſurvive this period; for, in September, a licence was granted to Donna Catalina de Salazar, widow of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, to print the Troubles of Perſiles and Sigiſmunda, a northern hiſtory, which was accordingly publiſhed at Madrid, and afterwards tranſlated into Italian.

Thus have I collected and related all the material circumſtances mentioned by hiſtory or tradition, concerning the life of Cervantes, which I ſhall conclude with the portrait of his perſon, drawn by his own pen, in the preface to his novels. His viſage was ſharp and aquiline, his hair of a cheſnut colour, his forehead ſmooth and high, his noſe hookiſh or hawkiſh, his eye briſk and chearful, his mouth little, his beard originally of a golden hue, his upper-lip furniſhed with large muſtachios, his complexion fair, his ſtature of the middling ſize: and he tells us, moreover, that he was thick in the ſhoulders, and not very light of foot.

In a word, Cervantes, whether conſidered as a writer or a man, will be found worthy of univerſal approbation and eſteem; as we cannot help applauding that fortitude and courage which no difficulty could diſturb, and no danger diſmay; while we admire that delightful ſtream of humour and invention, which flowed ſo plenteous and ſo pure, ſurmounting all the mounds of malice and adverſity.

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THE Tranſlator's aim, in this undertaking, was to maintain that ludicrous ſolemnity and ſelf-importance by which the inimitable Cervantes has diſtinguiſhed the character of Don Quixote, without raiſing him to the inſipid rank of a dry philoſopher, or debaſing him to the melancholy circumſtances and unentertaining caprice of an ordinary madman; and to preſerve the native humour of Sancho Panza, from degenerating into mere proverbial phlegm, or affected buffoonry.

He has endeavoured to retain the ſpirit and ideas, without ſervilely adhering to the literal expreſſion, of the original; from which, however, he has not ſo far deviated, as to deſtroy that formality of idiom, ſo peculiar to the Spaniards, and ſo eſſential to the character of the work.

The ſatire and propriety of many alluſions, which had been loſt in the change of cuſtoms and lapſe of time, will be reſtored in explanatory notes; and the whole conducted with that care and circumſpection, which ought to be exerted by every author, who, in attempting to improve upon a taſk already performed, ſubjects himſelf to the moſt invidious compariſon.

Whatever may be the fate of the performance, he cannot charge himſelf with careleſsneſs or precipitation; for it was begun, and the greateſt part of it actually finiſhed, four years ago; and he has been for ſome time employed in reviſing and correcting it for the preſs.

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PREFACE

TO THE

READER.

IDLE reader, without an oath thou mayeſt believe, that I wiſh this book, as the child of my underſtanding, were the moſt beautiful, ſprightly and diſcreet production that ever was conceived. But, it was not in my power to contravene the order of nature, in conſequence of which, every creature procreates its own reſemblance: what therefore could be engendered in my barren, ill-cultivated genius, but a dry, meagre offspring, wayward, capricious and full of whimſical notions peculiar to his own imagination, as if produced in a priſon, which is the ſeat of inconvenience, and the habitation of every diſmal * ſound. Quiet, ſolitude, pleaſant fields, ſerene weather, purling ſtreams, and tranquillity of mind, contribute ſo much to the fecundity even of the moſt barren genius, that it will bring forth productions ſo fair as to awaken the admiration and delight of mankind.

A man who is ſo unfortunate as to have an ugly child, deſtitute of every grace and favourable endowment, may be ſo hood-winked by paternal tenderneſs, that he cannot perceive his defects; but, on the contrary, looks upon every blemiſh as a beauty, and recounts to his friends every inſtance of his folly as a ſample of his wit: but I, who, tho' ſeemingly the parent, am no other than the ſtep-father of Don Quixote, will not ſail with the ſtream of cuſtom, nor like ſome others, ſupplicate the gentle reader, with the tears in my eyes, to pardon or conceal the faults which thou mayeſt ſpy in this production. Thou art neither its father nor kinſman; haſt thy own ſoul in thy own body, and a will as free as the fineſt; thou art in thy own houſe, of which I hold thee as abſolute maſter as the king of his revenue; and thou knoweſt the common ſaying, Under my cloak the king is a joke. Theſe conſiderations free and exempt thee from all man-

* This is a ſtrong preſumption, that the firſt part of Don Quixote was actually written in a jail.

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ner of reſtraint and obligation; ſo that thou mayeſt fully and frankly declare thy opinion of this hiſtory, without fear of calumny for thy cenſure, and without hope of recompenſe for thy approbation.

I wiſhed only to preſent thee with the performance, clean, neat and naked, without the ornament of a preface, and unincumbered with an innumerable catalogue of ſuch ſonnets, epigrams and commendatory verſes, as are generally prefixed to the productions of the preſent age; for, I can aſſure thee, that although the compoſition of the book hath coſt me ſome trouble, I have found more difficulty in writing this preface, which is now under thy inſpection: divers and ſundry times did I ſeize the pen, and as often laid it aſide, for want of knowing what to ſay; and during this uneaſy ſtate of ſuſpenſe, while I was one day ruminating on the ſubject, with the paper before me, the quill behind my ear, my elbow fixed on the table, and my cheek leaning on my hand; a friend of mine, who poſſeſſes a great fund of humour, and an excellent underſtanding, ſuddenly entered the apartment, and finding me in this muſing poſture, aſked the cauſe of my being ſo contemplative. As I had no occaſion to conceal the nature of my perplexity, I told him I was ſtudying a preface for the hiſtory of Don Quixote; a taſk which I found ſo difficult, that I was reſolved to deſiſt, and even ſuppreſs the adventures of ſuch a noble cavalier: for, you may eaſily ſuppoſe how much I muſt be confounded at the animadverſions of that antient lawgiver the vulgar, when it ſhall ſee me, after ſo many years that I have ſlept in ſilence and oblivion, produce, in my old age, a performance as dry as a ruſh, barren of invention, meagre in ſtile, beggarly in conceit, and utterly deſtitute of wit and erudition; without quotations in the margin, or annotations at the end; as we ſee in other books, let them be never ſo fabulous and profane: indeed they are generally ſo ſtuffed with apothegms from Ariſtotle, Plato, and the whole body of philoſophers, that they excite the admiration of the readers, who look upon ſuch authors as men of unbounded knowledge, eloquence and erudition. When they bring a citation from the holy ſcripture, one would take them for ſo many St. Thomas's, and other doctors of the church; herein obſerving ſuch ingenious decorum, that in one line they will repreſent a frantic lover, and in the very next begin with a godly ſermon, from which the chriſtian readers, and even the hearers receive much comfort and edification. Now, my book muſt appear without all theſe advantages; for, I can neither quote in the margin, nor note in the end: nor do I know what authors I have imitated, that I may, like the reſt of my brethren, prefix them to the work in alphabetical order, beginning

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ginning with Ariſtotle, and ending in Xenophon, Zoilus or Zeuxis, though one was a back-biter, and the other a painter. My hiſtory muſt likewiſe be publiſhed without poems at the beginning, at leaſt without ſonnets written by dukes, marquiſſes, counts, biſhops, ladies, and celebrated poets: although, ſhould I make the demand, I know two or three good natured friends, who would oblige me with ſuch verſes as ſhould not be equalled by the moſt famous poetry in Spain.

In a word, my good friend, ſaid I, ſignor Don Quixote ſhall be buried in the archives of la Mancha, until heaven ſhall provide ſome perſon to adorn him with thoſe decorations he ſeems to want; for, I find myſelf altogether unequal to the taſk, through inſufficiency and want of learning; and becauſe I am naturally too baſhful and indolent, to go in queſt of authors to ſay, what I myſelf can ſay as well without their aſſiſtance. Hence aroſe my thoughtfulneſs and meditation, which you will not wonder at, now that you have heard the cauſe. My friend having liſtened attentively to my remonſtrance, ſlapped his forehead with the palm of his hand, and burſting into a loud laugh: "'Fore God! brother, ſaid he, I am now undeceived of an error, in which I have lived during the whole term of our acquaintance; for, I always looked upon you as a perſon of prudence and diſcretion; but now, I ſee, you are as far from that character, as heaven is diſtant from the earth. What! is it poſſible that ſuch a trifling inconvenience, ſo eaſily remedied, ſhould have power to mortify and perplex a genius like yours, brought to ſuch maturity, and ſo well calculated to demoliſh and ſurmount much greater difficulties? in good faith this does not proceed from want of ability, but from exceſſive indolence, that impedes the exerciſe of reaſon. If you would be convinced of the truth of what I alledge, give me the hearing, and, in the twinkling of an eye, all your difficulties ſhall vaniſh, and a remedy be preſcribed for all thoſe defects which, you ſay, perplex your underſtanding, and deter you from uſhering to the light, your hiſtory of the renowned Don Quixote, the luminary and ſole mirrour of knight-errantry." Hearing this declaration, I deſired he would tell me in what manner he propoſed to fill up the vacuity of my apprehenſion, to diffuſe light, and reduce to order the chaos of my confuſion; and he replied, "Your firſt objection, namely the want of ſonnets, epigrams and commendatory verſes from perſons of rank and gravity, may be obviated by your taking the trouble to compoſe them yourſelf, and then you may chriſten them by any name you ſhall think proper to chooſe, fathering them upon Preſter John of the Indies, or the emperor of Trebiſond, who, I am well informed, were very famous poets;

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poets; and even ſhould this intelligence be untrue, and a few pedants and batchelors of arts ſhould back-bite and grumble at your conduct, you need not value them three farthings; for, although they convict you of a lie, they cannot cut off the hand that wrote it *.

With regard to the practice of quoting, in the margin, ſuch books and authors as have furniſhed you with ſentences and ſayings for the embelliſhment of your hiſtory, you have nothing to do, but, to ſeaſon the work with ſome Latin maxims, which your own memory will ſuggeſt, or a little induſtry in ſearching, eaſily obtain: for example, in treating of freedom and captivity, you may ſay, "Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro;" and quote Horace, or whom you pleaſe, in the margin. If the power of death happens to be your ſubject, you have at hand, "Pallida mors æquo pulſat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres." And in expatiating upon that love and friendſhip which God commands us to entertain even for our enemies, you may have recourſe to the holy ſcripture, though you ſhould have never ſo little curioſity, and ſay, in the very words of God himſelf, "Ego autem dico vobis, diligite inimicos veſtros." In explaining the nature of malevolence, you may again extract from the Goſpel, "De corde exeunt cogitationes malæ." And the inſtability of friends may be aptly illuſtrated by this diſtich of Cato, "Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos; tempora ſi fuerint nubila, ſolus eris." By theſe, and other ſuch ſcraps of Latin, you may paſs for an able grammarian; a character of no ſmall honour and advantage in theſe days. And as to the annotations at the end of the book, you may ſafely furniſh them in this manner: when you chance to write about giants, be ſure to mention Goliah, and this name alone, which coſts you nothing, will afford a grand annotation, couched in theſe words: "The giant Golias, or Goliat, was a "Philiſtine, whom the ſhepherd David ſlew with a ſtone from a ſling, in "the valley of Terebinthus, as it is written in ſuch a chapter of the book "of Kings."

If you have a mind to diſplay your erudition and knowledge of coſmography, take an opportunity to introduce the river Tagus into your hiſtory, and this will ſupply you with another famous annotation, thus expreſſed: "The river Tagus, ſo called from a king of Spain, takes its "riſe in ſuch a place, and is loſt in the ſea, after having kiſſed the walls "of the famous city of Liſbon; and is ſaid to have golden ſands, &c." If you treat of robbers, I will relate the ſtory of Cacus, which I have by rote. If of harlots, the biſhop of Mondoneda will lend you a Lamia, a

* Alluding to the loſs of his hand in the battle of Lepanto.

Lais,

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Lais, and a Flora, and ſuch a note will greatly redound to your credit. When you write of cruelty, Ovid will ſurrender his Medea. When you mention wizzards and enchanters, you will find a Calypſo in Homer, and a Circe in Virgil. If you have occaſion to ſpeak of valiant captains, Julius Cæſar ſtands ready drawn in his own Commentaries; and from Plutarch you may extract a thouſand Alexanders. If your theme be love, and you have but two ounces of the Tuſcan tongue, you will light upon Leon Hebreo, who will fill up the meaſure of your deſire: and if you do not chooſe to travel into foreign countries, you have at home Fonſeca's treatiſe, On the love of God, in which all that you, or the moſt ingenious critic, can deſire, is fully decyphered and diſcuſſed. In a word, there is nothing more to be done, than to procure a number of theſe names, and hint at their particular ſtories in your text; and leave to me the taſk of making annotations and quotations, with which I'll engage, on pain of death, to fill up all the margins, beſides four whole ſheets at the end of the book. Let us now proceed to the citation of authors, ſo frequent in other books, and ſo little uſed in your performance: the remedy is obvious and eaſy: take the trouble to find a book that quotes the whole tribe alphabetically, as you obſerved, from Alpha to Omega, and transfer them into your book; and though the abſurdity ſhould appear never ſo glaring, as there is no neceſſity for uſing ſuch names, it will ſignify nothing. Nay, perhaps, ſome reader will be weak enough to believe you have actually availed yourſelf of all thoſe authors, in the ſimple and ſincere hiſtory you have compoſed; and if ſuch a large catalogue of writers ſhould anſwer no other purpoſe, it may ſerve at firſt ſight to give ſome authority to the production: nor will any perſon take the trouble to examine, whether you have or have not followed thoſe originals, becauſe he can reap no benefit from his labour. But, if I am not miſtaken, your book needs none of thoſe embelliſhments in which you ſay it is defective; for, it is one continued ſatire upon books of chivalry; a ſubject which Ariſtotle never inveſtigated, St. Baſil never mentioned, and Cicero never explained. The punctuality of truth, and the obſervations of aſtrology, fall not within the fabulous relation of our adventures; to the deſcription of which, neither the proportions of geometry, nor the confirmation of rhetorical arguments, are of the leaſt importance; nor hath it any connection with preaching, or mingling divine truths with human imagination; a mixture which no chriſtian's fancy ſhould conceive. It only ſeeks to avail itſelf of imitation, and the more perfect this is, the more entertaining the book will be: now, as your ſole aim in writing, is to invalidate the authority, and ridicule the abſurdity of thoſe books of chivalry, which

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which have, as it were, faſcinated the eyes and judgment of the world, and in particular of the vulgar, you have no occaſion to go a begging maxims from philoſophers, exhortations from holy writ, fables from poets, ſpeeches from orators, or miracles from ſaints; your buſineſs is, with plain, ſignificant, well choſen and elegant words, to render your periods ſonorous, and your ſtile entertaining; to give ſpirit and expreſſion to all your deſcriptions, and communicate your ideas without obſcurity and confuſion. You muſt endeavour to write in ſuch a manner as to convert melancholy into mirth, increaſe good humour, entertain the ignorant, excite the admiration of the learned, eſcape the contempt of gravity, and attract applauſe from perſons of ingenuity and taſte. Finally, let your aim be levelled againſt that ill-founded bulwark of idle books of chivalry, abhorred by many, but applauded by more, which if you can batter down, you will have atchieved no inconſiderable exploit."

I liſtened to my friend's advice in profound ſilence, and his remarks made ſuch impreſſion upon my mind, that I admitted them without heſitation or diſpute, and reſolved that they ſhould appear inſtead of a preface. Thou wilt, therefore, gentle reader, perceive his diſcretion, and my good luck in finding ſuch a counſellor in ſuch an emergency; nor wilt thou be ſorry to receive, thus genuine and undiſguiſed, the hiſtory of the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, who, in the opinion of all the people that live in the diſtrict of Montiel, was the moſt virtuous and valiant knight who had appeared for many years in that neighbourhood. I ſhall not pretend to inhance the merit of having introduced thee to ſuch a famous and honourable cavalier; but I expect thanks for having made thee acquainted with Sancho Panza, in whom I think are united all the ſquiriſh graces, which we find ſcattered through the whole tribe of vain books written on the ſubject of chivalry. So, praying that God will give thee health, without forgetting ſuch an humble creature as me, I bid thee heartily farewell.

THE

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THE

LIFE and ATCHIEVEMENTS

Of the SAGE and VALIANT

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Of the quality and amuſements of the renowned DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

IN a certain corner of la Mancha, the name of which I do not chooſe to remember, there lately lived one of thoſe country gentlemen, who adorn their halls with a ruſty lance and worm-eaten target, and ride forth on the ſkeleton of a horſe, to courſe with a ſort of a ſtarved greyhound.

Three fourths of his income were ſcarce ſufficient to afford a diſh of hodge-podge, in which the mutton bore * no proportion to the beef, for dinner; a plate of ſalmagundy, commonly at ſupper †; gripes and grumblings ‡ on ſaturdays, lentils on fridays, and the addition of a pigeon or ſome

* Mutton in Spain is counted greatly preferable to beef.

† *Salpicon*, which is the word in the original, is no other than cold beef ſliced, and eaten with oil, vinegar and pepper.

‡ Gripes and grumblings, in Spaniſh *Duelos y Quebrantos*: the true meaning of which, the former tranſlators have been at great pains to inveſtigate, as the importance of the ſubject (no doubt) required. But their labours have, unhappily, ended in nothing elſe than conjectures, which, for the entertainment and inſtruction of our readers, we beg leave to repeat. One interprets the phraſe into collops and eggs, "being," ſaith he, "a very ſorry diſh." In this deciſion, however, he is contradicted by another commentator, who affirms, "it is a meſs too good to mortify withal;" neither can this virtuoſo agree with a late editor, who tranſlates the paſſage in queſtion, into an amlet, but takes occaſion to fall out with Boyer for his deſcription of that diſh, which he moſt ſagaciouſly underſtands to be a "bacon froize," or "rather fryze, from its being fried, from *frit* in French;" and concludes with this judicious query,

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ſuch thing on the Lord's-day. The remaining part of his revenue was conſumed in the purchaſe of a fine black ſuit, with velvet breeches and ſlippers of the ſame, for holy-days, and a coat of home-ſpun, which he wore in honour of his country, during the reſt of the week.

He maintained a female houſe-keeper turned of forty, a niece of about half that age, and a truſty young fellow, fit for field and market, who could turn his hand to any thing, either to ſaddle the horſe or handle the hough*.

Our ſquire, who bordered upon fifty, was of a tough conſtitution, extremely meagre and hard-featur'd, an early riſer, and in point of exerciſe, another Nimrod †. He is ſaid to have gone by the name of Quixada, or Queſada, (for in this particular, the authors who mention that circumſtance, diſagree) though, from the moſt probable conjectures, we may conclude, that he was called by the ſignificant name of Quixada ‡; but this is of ſmall importance to the hiſtory, in the courſe of which it will be ſufficient if we ſwerve not farther from the truth.

Be it known, therefore, that this ſaid honeſt gentleman, at his leiſure hours, which engroſſed the greateſt part of the year, addicted himſelf to the reading of books of chivalry, which he peruſed with ſuch rapture and application, that he not only forgot the pleaſures of the chaſe, but alſo utterly neglected the management of his eſtate: nay to ſuch a paſs did his curioſity and madneſs, in this particular, drive him, that he ſold many good acres of Terra firma, to purchaſe books of knight-errantry, with which he furniſhed his library to the utmoſt of his power; but, none of them pleaſed him ſo much as thoſe that were written by the famous Feliciano de Sylva, whom he admired as the pearl of all authors, for the brilliancy of his proſe, and the beautiful perplexity of his expreſſion. How was he tranſported, when he read thoſe amorous complaints, and doughty challenges, that ſo often occur in his works.

" The reaſon of the unreaſonable uſage my reaſon has met with, ſo unreaſons my reaſon, that I have reaſon to complain of your beauty:" and how did he enjoy the following flower of compoſition! " The high Heaven

" after all theſe learned diſquiſitions, who knows but the author means a diſh of nichils?" If this was his meaning indeed, ſurely we may venture to conclude, that faſting was very expenſive in la Mancha; for the author mentions the *Duelos y Quebrantos*, among thoſe articles that conſumed three fourths of the knight's income.

Having conſidered this momentous affair with all the deliberation it deſerves, we in our turn preſent the reader, with cucumbers, greens and peaſe porridge, as the fruit of our induſtrious reſearches; being thereunto determined by the literal ſignification of the text, which is not "grumblings and groanings," as the laſt mentioned ingenious annotator ſeems to think; but rather pains and breakings; and evidently points at ſuch eatables as generate and expel wind; qualities (as every body knows) eminently inherent in thoſe vegetables we have mentioned as our hero's ſaturday's repaſt.

* *Fadadera* literally ſignifies a pruning hook.

† In the original, a lover of hunting.

‡ *Quixadas* ſignifies jaws, of which our knight had an extraordinary proviſion.

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of your divinity, which with ſtars divinely fortifies your beauty, and renders you meritorious of that merit, which by your highneſs is merited!"

The poor gentleman loſt his ſenſes, in poring over, and attempting to diſcover the meaning of theſe and other ſuch rhapſodies, which Ariſtotle himſelf would not be able to unravel, were he to riſe from the dead for that purpoſe only. He could not comprehend the probability of thoſe direful wounds given and received by Don Bellianis, whoſe face, and whole carcaſe, muſt have remained quite covered with marks and ſcars, even allowing him to have been cured by the moſt expert ſurgeons of the age in which he lived.

He, notwithſtanding, beſtowed great commendations on the author, who concludes his book with the promiſe of finiſhing that interminable adventure; and was more than once inclined to ſeize the quill, with a view of performing what was left undone; nay, he would have actually accompliſhed the affair, and publiſhed it accordingly, had not reflexions of greater moment employed his imagination, and diverted him from the execution of that deſign.

Divers and obſtinate were the diſputes he maintained againſt the parſon of the pariſh, (a man of ſome learning, who had taken his degrees at Siguenza *) on that puzzling queſtion, whether Palmerin of England, or Amadis de Gaul, was the moſt illuſtrious knight-errant: but maſter Nicholas, who acted as barber to the village, affirmed, that none of them equalled the Knight of the Sun, or indeed could be compared to him in any degree, except Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul; for his diſpoſition was adapted to all emergencies; he was neither ſuch a preciſe, nor ſuch a puling coxcomb as his brother; and in point of valour, his equal at leaſt.

So eager and entangled was our Hidalgo † in this kind of hiſtory, that he would often read from morning to night, and from night to morning again, without interruption; till at laſt, the moiſture of his brain being quite exhauſted with indefatigable watching and ſtudy, he fairly loſt his wits: all that he had read of quarrels, enchantments, battles, challenges, wounds, tortures, amorous complaints, and other improbable conceits, took full poſſeſſion of his fancy; and he believed all thoſe romantic exploits ſo implicitly, that, in his opinion, the holy ſcripture was not more true. He obſerved that Cid Ruydias was an excellent knight; but not equal to the Lord of the Flaming-ſword, who with one back-ſtroke had cut two fierce and monſtrous giants through the middle. He had ſtill a

* Siguenza, a town ſituated on the banks of the Henarés, in New Caſtile; in which there is a ſmall univerſity.

† *Hidalgo* has much the ſame application in Spain, as [illegible] in England; though it literally ſignifies the ſon of ſomething, in contradiſtinction to thoſe who are the ſons of nothing.

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better opinion of Bernardo del Carpio, who, at the battle of Ronſevalles, put the enchanter Orlando to death, by the ſame means that Hercules uſed, when he ſtrangled the earth-born Anteon. Neither was he ſilent in the praiſe of Morgante, who, though of that gigantic race which is noted for inſolence and incivility, was perfectly affable and well-bred. But his chief favourite was Reynaldo of Montalvan, whom he hugely admired for his proweſs, in ſallying from his caſtle to rob travellers; and above all things, for his dexterity in ſtealing that idol of the impoſtor Mahomet, which, according to the hiſtory, was of ſolid gold. For an opportunity of pummelling the traitor * Galalon, he would willingly have given his houſekeeper, body and ſoul, nay, and his niece into the bargain. In ſhort, his underſtanding being quite perverted, he was ſeized with the ſtrangeſt whim that ever entered the brain of a madman. This was no other, than a full perſuaſion, that it was highly expedient and neceſſary, not only for his own honour, but alſo for the good of the public, that he ſhould profeſs knight-errantry, and ride through the world in arms, to ſeek adventures, and conform in all points to the practice of thoſe itinerant heroes, whoſe exploits he had read; redreſſing all manner of grievances, and courting all occaſions of expoſing himſelf to ſuch dangers, as in the event would entitle him to everlaſting renown. This poor lunatic looked upon himſelf already as good as ſeated, by his own ſingle valour, on the throne of Trebiſond; and intoxicated with theſe agreeable vapours of his unaccountable folly, reſolved to put his deſign in practice forthwith.

In the firſt place, he cleaned an old ſuit of armour, which had belonged to ſome of his anceſtors, and which he found in his garret, where it had lain for ſeveral ages, quite covered over with mouldineſs and ruſt: but having ſcoured and put it to rights, as well as he could, he perceived that, inſtead of a complete helmet, there was only a ſimple head-piece without a beaver. This unlucky defect, however, his induſtry ſupplied by a vizor, which he made of paſte-board, and fixed ſo artificially to the morrion, that it looked like an intire helmet. True it is that, in order to try if it was ſtrong enough to riſk his jaws in, he unſheathed his ſword, and beſtowed upon it two hearty ſtrokes, the firſt of which, in a twinkling, undid his whole week's labour: he did not at all approve of the facility with which he hewed it in pieces; and therefore, to ſecure himſelf from any ſuch danger for the future, went to work anew, and faced it with a plate of iron, in ſuch a manner, as that he remained ſatisfied of its ſtrength, without putting it to a ſecond trial, and looked upon it as a moſt finiſhed piece of armour.

* Galalon is ſaid to have betrayed the Spaniſh army at Ronſevalles.

He

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He next viſited his horſe, which (though he had more corners than a * rial, being as lean as Gonela's, that " tantum pellis et oſſa fuit)" nevertheleſs, in his eye, appeared infinitely preferable to Alexander's Bucephalus, or the Cid's Babieca. Four days he conſumed, in inventing a name for this remarkable ſteed; ſuggeſting to himſelf, what an impropriety it would be, if an horſe of his qualities, belonging to ſuch a renowned knight, ſhould go without ſome ſounding and ſignificant appellation: he therefore reſolved to accommodate him with one that ſhould not only declare his paſt, but alſo his preſent capacity; for he thought it but reaſonable, that ſince his maſter had altered his condition, he ſhould alſo change his name, and inveſt him with ſome ſublime and ſonorous epithet, ſuitable to the new order and employment he profeſſed: accordingly, after having choſen, rejected, amended, tortured and revolved a world of names, in his imagination, he fixed upon Rozinante †, an appellation, in his opinion, lofty, ſonorous and expreſſive, not only of his former, but likewiſe of his preſent ſituation, which intitled him to the preference over all other horſes under the ſun. Having thus denominated his horſe, ſo much to his own ſatisfaction, he was deſirous of doing himſelf the like juſtice, and, after eight days ſtudy, actually aſſumed the title of Don Quixote: from whence, as hath been obſerved, the authors of this authentic hiſtory, concluded, that his former name muſt have been Quixada, and not Queſada, as others are pleaſed to affirm: but recollecting, that the valiant Amadis, not ſatisfied with that ſimple appellation, added to it that of his country, and, in order to dignify the place of his nativity, called himſelf Amadis de Gaul; he reſolved, like a worthy knight, to follow ſuch an illuſtrious example, and aſſume the name of Don Quixote de la Mancha; which, in his opinion, fully expreſſed his generation, and, at the ſame time, reflected infinite honour on his fortunate country.

Accordingly his armour being ſcoured, his beaver fitted to his head-piece, his ſteed accommodated with a name, and his own dignified with theſe additions, he reflected, that nothing elſe was wanting but a lady to inſpire him with love; for a knight-errant without a miſtreſs, would be like a tree deſtitute of leaves and fruit, or a body without a ſoul. " If, ſaid he, for my ſins, or rather for my honour, I ſhould engage with ſome giant, an adventure common in knight-errantry, and overthrow him in the field, by cleaving him in twain, or in ſhort, diſarm and ſub-

* This is a joke upon the knight's ſteed, which was ſo meagre, that his bones ſtuck out like the corner of a Spaniſh rial, a coin of a very irregular ſhape, not unlike the figure in geometry, called *Trapezium*.

† *Rozinante* implies that which was formerly an horſe, though the *ante* ſeems to have been intended by the knight as a badge of diſtinction, by which he was ranked before all other horſes.

due

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due him; will it not be highly proper, that I ſhould have a miſtreſs, to whom I may ſend my conquered foe; who, coming into the preſence of the charming fair, will fall upon his knees, and ſay, in an humble and ſubmiſſive tone: "Incomparable princeſs, I am the giant Carculiambro, lord of the iſland Malindrania, who being vanquiſhed in ſingle combat by the invincible knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, am commanded by him to preſent myſelf before your beauty, that I may be diſpoſed of, according to the pleaſure of your highneſs?" How did the heart of our worthy knight dance with joy, when he uttered this addreſs; and ſtill more, when he found a lady worthy of his affection! This they ſay, was an hale, buxom country wench, called Aldonza Lorenço, who lived in the neighbourhood, and with whom he had formerly been in love; though, by all accounts, ſhe never knew, nor gave herſelf the leaſt concern about the matter. Her he looked upon as one qualified, in all reſpects, to be the queen of his inclinations; and putting his invention again to the rack, for a name that ſhould bear ſome affinity with her own, and at the ſame time become a princeſs or lady of quality, he determined to call her Dulcinea del Toboſo, ſhe being a native of that place, a name, in his opinion, muſical, romantic and expreſſive, like the reſt which he had appropriated to himſelf and his concerns.

CHAP.

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CHAP. II.

Of the ſage Don Quixote's firſt ſally from his own habitation.

THESE preparations being made, he could no longer reſiſt the deſire of executing his deſign; reflecting with impatience on the injury his delay occaſioned in the world, where there was abundance of grievances to be redreſſed, wrongs to be rectified, errors amended, abuſes to be reformed, and doubts to be removed; he therefore, without communicating his intention to any body, or being ſeen by a living ſoul, one morning before day, in the ſcorching month of July, put on his armour, mounted Rozinante, buckled his ill-contrived helmet, braced his target, ſeized his lance, and, thro' the back-door of his yard, ſallied into the fields, in a rapture of joy, occaſioned by this eaſy and ſucceſsful beginning of his admirable undertaking: but, ſcarce was he clear of the village, when he was aſſaulted by ſuch a terrible objection, as had well nigh induced our hero to abandon his enterprize directly: for, he recollected that he had never been knighted; and therefore, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could nor ought to enter the liſts with any antagoniſt of that degree; nay, even granting he had received that mark of diſtinction, it was his duty to wear white armour, like a new knight, without any device in his ſhield, until ſuch time as his valour ſhould intitle him to that honour *.

Theſe cogitations made him waver a little in his plan; but his madneſs prevailing over every other conſideration, ſuggeſted, that he might be dubbed by the firſt perſon he ſhould meet, after the example of many others who had fallen upon the ſame expedient; as he had read in thoſe miſchievous books which had diſordered his imagination †. With reſpect to the white armour, he propoſed, with the firſt opportunity, to ſcour his own, until it ſhould be fairer than ermine; and having ſatisfied his conſcience in this manner, he purſued his deſign, without following any other road than that which his horſe was pleaſed to chuſe; being perſuaded, that in ſo doing, he manifeſted the true ſpirit of adventure. Thus proceeded our flaming adventurer, while he uttered the following ſoliloquy.

" Doubtleſs, in future ages, when the true hiſtory of my famed exploits ſhall come to light, the ſage author, when he recounts my firſt and early ſally, will expreſs himſelf in this manner: " Scarce had ruddy Phœbus, o'er this wide and ſpacious earth, diſplay'd the golden threads of his refulgent hair; and

* According to the ancient rules of chivalry, no man was intituled to the rank and degree of knighthood, until he had been in actual battle, and taken a priſoner with his own hand.

† It was common for one knight to dub another. Francis I. king of France was knighted, at his own deſire, by the chevalier Bayard, who was looked upon as the flower of chivalry.

ſcarce

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ſcarce the little painted warblers with their forky tongues, in ſoft mellifluous harmony, had hail'd the approach of roſy-wing'd Aurora, who ſtealing from her jealous huſband's couch, thro' the balconies and aerial gates of Mancha's bright horizon, ſtood confeſſed to wondering mortals; when lo! the illuſtrious knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, up-ſpringing from the lazy down, beſtrode fam'd Rozinante his unrival'd ſteed! and thro' Montiel's ancient, well known field (which was really the caſe) purſu'd his way." Then he added, " O fortunate age! O happy times! in which ſhall be made-public my incomparable atchievements, worthy to be ingraved in braſs, on marble ſculptured, and in painting ſhewn, as great examples to futurity! and O! thou ſage enchanter, whoſoever thou may'ſt be, doom'd to record the wondrous ſtory! forget not, I beſeech thee, my truſty Rozinante, the firm companion of my various fate!" Then turning his horſe, he exclaimed, as if he had been actually in love, " O Dulcinea! ſovereign princeſs of this captive heart, what dire affliction haſt thou made me ſuffer, thus baniſhed from thy preſence with reproach, and fettered by thy rigorous command, not to appear again before thy beauteous face! Deign, princeſs, to remember this thy faithful ſlave, who now endures ſuch miſery for love of thee!" Theſe, and other ſuch rhapſodies, he ſtrung together; imitating, as much as in him lay, the ſtile of thoſe ridiculous books which he had read; and jogged along, in ſpite of the ſun which beam'd upon him ſo intenſely hot, that ſurely his brains, if any had remained, would have been fry'd in his ſkull: that whole day did he travel, without encountring any thing worth mentioning: a circumſtance that grieved him ſorely, for he had expected to find ſome object on which he could try the proweſs of his valiant arm*.

Some authors ſay his firſt adventure was that of the paſs of Lapice, but others affirm, that the Windmills had the maidenhead of his valour: all that I can aver of the matter, in conſequence of what I found recorded in the annals of la Mancha, is, that having travelled the whole day, his horſe and he, about twilight, found themſelves exceſſively wearied and half dead with hunger; and that, looking around for ſome caſtle or ſheep cot, in which he might allay the cravings of nature, by repoſe and refreſhment, he deſcried not far from the road, an inn, which he looked upon as the ſtar that would guide him to the porch, if not the palace, of his redemption: in this hope, he put ſpurs to his horſe, and juſt in the twilight reached the gate, where, at that time, there happened to be two ladies of the game, who being on their journey to Seville, with the carriers, had chanced to take up their night's lodging in this place.

* He might have imitated the young knight deſcribed in Perceforeſt, who having been dubbed by king Alexander, rode into a wood, and attacked the trees with ſuch fury and addreſs, that the king and his whole court were convinced of his proweſs and dexterity.

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As our hero's imagination converted whatſoever he ſaw, heard or conſidered, into ſomething of which he had read in books of chivalry; he no ſooner perceived the inn, than his fancy repreſented it as a ſtately caſtle with its four towers and pinnacles of ſhining ſilver, accommodated with a draw-bridge, deep moat, and all other conveniencies that are deſcribed as belonging to buildings of that kind.

When he was within a ſmall diſtance of this inn, which to him ſeemed a caſtle, he drew bridle, and ſtopt Rozinante, in hope that ſome dwarf would appear upon the battlements, and ſignify his arrival by ſound of trumpet: but, as this ceremony was not performed ſo ſoon as he expected, and his ſteed expreſſed great eagerneſs to be in the ſtable; he rode up to the gate, and obſerving the battered wenches before-mentioned, miſtook them for two beautiful maidens, or agreeable ladies, enjoying the cool breeze at the caſtle-gate. At that inſtant, a ſwine-herd, who, in a field hard by, was tending a drove of hogs, (with leave be it ſpoken) chanced to blow his horn, in order to collect his ſcattered ſubjects: immediately the knight's expectation was fulfilled, and concluding that now the dwarf had given the ſignal of his approach, he rode towards the inn with infinite ſatisfaction. The ladies no ſooner perceived ſuch a ſtrange figure, armed with lance and target, than they were ſeized with conſternation, and ran affrighted to the gate; but Don Quixote, gueſſing their terror by their flight, lifted up his paſte-board vizor, and diſcovering his meagre lanthorn jaws beſmeared with duſt, addreſſed them thus, with gentle voice and courteous demeanour: "Fly me not, ladies, nor dread the leaſt affront; for, it belongs not to the order of knighthood, which I profeſs, to injure any mortal, much leſs ſuch high-born damſels as your appearance declares you to be."

The wenches, who ſtared at him with all their curioſity, in order to diſcover his face, which the ſorry beaver concealed, hearing themſelves ſtiled HIGH-BORN DAMSELS, an epithet ſo foreign to their profeſſion, could contain themſelves no longer, but burſt out into ſuch a fit of laughing, that Don Quixote being offended, rebuked them in theſe words; "Nothing is more commendable in beautiful women than modeſty; and nothing more ridiculous than laughter proceeding from a ſlight cauſe: but this I mention not as a reproach, by which I may incur your indignation; on the contrary, my intention is only to do you ſervice."

This addreſs, which was wholly unintelligible to the ladies, together with the ludicrous appearance of him who pronounced it, increaſed their mirth, which kindled the knight's anger, and he began to wax wroth, when luckily the landlord interpoſed. This innkeeper, who, by reaſon of his unwieldy belly, was of a pacific diſpoſition, no ſooner beheld the prepoſte-

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rous figure of our hero, equipped with ſuch ill-ſuited accoutrements as his bridle, lance, target and corſlet compoſed, than he was ſeized with an inclination to join the nymphs in their unſeaſonable merriment; but, being juſtly afraid of incenſing the owner of ſuch unaccountable furniture, he reſolved to behave civilly, and accordingly accoſted him in theſe words: "Sir knight, if your worſhip wants lodging, you may be accommodated in this inn with every thing in great abundance, except a bed; for at preſent we have not one unengaged." Don Quixote perceiving the humility of the governor of the caſtle, for ſuch he ſuppoſed the landlord to be, anſwered, "For me, ſignor Caſtellano, any thing will ſuffice; my dreſs is armour, battles my repoſe, &c." Mine hoſt imagining that he called him Caſtellano *, becauſe he looked like a hypocritical rogue; tho' indeed he was an Andaluſian, born on the coaſt of St. Lucar, as great a thief as Cacus, and more miſchievous than a collegian or a page, replied with a ſneer, "If that be the caſe, I ſuppoſe your worſhip's couch is no other than the flinty rock, and your ſleep perpetual waking; ſo that you may alight with the comfortable aſſurance, that you will find, in this manſion, continual opportunities of defying ſleep, not only for one night, but for a whole year, if you pleaſe to try the experiment." With theſe words, he laid hold of the ſtirrup of Don Quixote, who diſmounting with infinite pain and difficulty, occaſioned by his having travelled all day long without any refreſhment, bad the landlord take ſpecial care of his ſteed; for, he obſerved, a better piece of horſe-fleſh had never broke bread.

The innkeeper, tho' with all his penetration he could not diſcern any qualities in Rozinante ſufficient to juſtify one half of what was ſaid in his praiſe, led him civilly into the ſtable, and having done the honours of the place, returned to receive the commands of his other gueſt, whom he found in the hands of the high-born damſels, who having by this time reconciled themſelves to him, were buſied in taking off his armour: they had already diſincumbered him of his back and breaſt-plates, but could fall upon no method of diſengaging his head and neck from his ill-contrived helmet and gorget, which were faſt tied with green ribbons, the gordian knots of which no human hands could looſe; and he would, by no means, allow them to be cut; ſo that he remained all night, armed from the throat upwards, and afforded as odd and comical a ſpectacle as ever was ſeen †. While theſe kind harridans, whom he ſuppoſed to be the conſtable's lady and daughter, were

* *Sano de Caſtella*, ſignifies a crafty knave.

† This circumſtance of the ladies diſarming the knight, is exactly conformable to the practice of chivalry: tho' his refuſing to lay aſide his helmet is no great argument of his courteſy or attachment to the laws and cuſtoms of his profeſſion; for, among knights, it was looked upon as an indiſpenſible mark of reſpect, to appear without the helmet in church, and in preſence of ladies, or reſpectable perſonages, and indeed, in thoſe iron times, this was conſidered as a neceſſary mark and proof of peaceable intention; hence we derive the cuſtom of uncovering the head in ſalutation.

employed

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employed in this hoſpitable office, he ſaid to them with a ſmile of inconceivable pleaſure, " Never was knight ſo honoured by the ſervice of ladies as Don Quixote when he firſt uſhered himſelf into the world; ladies miniſtred unto him, and princeſſes took charge of his Rozinante. O Rozinante! (for that, fair ladies, is the name of my ſteed, and Don Quixote de la Mancha the appellation of his maſter) not that I intended to have diſcloſed myſelf until the deeds atchieved in your ſervice ſhould have made me known; but, in order to accommodate my preſent ſituation to that venerable romance of Sir Lancelot, I am obliged to diſcover my name a little prematurely: yet, the time will come, when your highneſſes ſhall command, and I will obey, and the valour of this arm teſtify the deſire I feel of being your ſlave."

The charmers, whom nature never deſigned to expoſe to ſuch extraordinary compliments, anſwered not a ſyllable, but aſked if he choſe to have any thing for ſupper? To which kind queſtion Don Quixote replied, that from the information of his bowels, he believed nothing eatable could come amiſs. As it was unluckily a meagre day, the inn afforded no other fare than ſome bundles of that fiſh which is called Abadexo in Caſtile, Baccalao in Andaluſia, Curadillo in ſome parts of Spain, and Truchuela in others: ſo that they enquired if his worſhip could eat Truchuela; for there was no other fiſh to be had. A number of troutlings, anſwered the knight, will pleaſe me as much as one trout: for, in my opinion, eight ſingle rials are equivalent to one piece of eight; beſides, thoſe troutlings may be as much preferable to trouts, as veal is to beef, or lamb to mutton: be that as it will, let the fiſh be immediately produced; for, the toil and burthen of arms are not to be borne without ſatisfying the cravings of the ſtomach." A table being therefore covered at the inn-door, for the benefit of the cool air, mine hoſt brought out a cut of Baccalao, wretchedly watered, and villainouſly cooked, with a loaf as black and greaſy as his gueſt's own armour: but, his manner of eating afforded infinite ſubject for mirth; for, his head being incloſed in his helmet, and the beaver lifted up, his own hands could be of no ſervice in reaching the food to his mouth; and therefore, one of the ladies undertook to perform that office; but, they found it impoſſible to convey drink in the ſame manner; and our hero muſt have made an uncomfortable meal, if the landlord had not bored a cane, and putting one end of it in his mouth, poured ſome wine into the other; an operation he endured with patience, rather than ſuffer the ribbons of his helmet to be deſtroyed.

While they were thus employed, a ſow-gelder happened to arrive at the inn, and winding three or four blaſts with his horn, confirmed Don Quixote in his opinion, that he ſat in ſome ſtately caſtle, entertained with muſic, during his repaſt, which, conſiſting of delicate troutling and bread of the

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fineſt flour, was ſerved up, not by a brace of harlots, and a thieviſh innkeeper, but by the fair hands of two beautiful ladies, and the courteous governor of the place. This conceit juſtified his undertaking, and rendered him very happy in the ſucceſs of his firſt ſally; but, he was mortified when he recollected that he was not as yet knighted; becauſe he thought he could not lawfully atchieve any adventure without having been firſt inveſted with that honourable order.

CHAP. III.

The diverting expedient Don Quixote falls upon, in order to be knighted.

HArraſſed by this reflection, he abridged his ſorry meal, and called for the landlord, with whom having ſhut himſelf up in the ſtable, he fell upon his knees, and addreſſed the ſuppoſed conſtable in theſe words. "Never will I riſe from this ſuppliant poſture, thrice valiant knight, until your courteſy ſhall grant the boon I mean to beg; a boon! that will not only redound to your particular praiſe, but alſo to the ineſtimable benefit of mankind in general *." The innkeeper hearing ſuch diſcourſe proceed from the mouth of his gueſt, who kneeled before him, was aſtoniſhed; and gazed at our hero, without knowing what to ſay or do: at length, however, he intreated him to riſe; but this requeſt was abſolutely refuſed, until he aſſured him that his boon ſhould be granted. "Signor," ſaid Don Quixote, "I could expect no leſs from the courteſy of your magnificence: I will now therefore tell you, that the boon which I have begged, and obtained from your generoſity, is, that you will, tomorrow morning, vouchſafe to confer upon me the order of knighthood. This night will I watch my arms in the chapel of your caſtle; that the morning, as I ſaid, may fulfil my eager deſire, and enable me, as I ought, to traverſe the four corners of the world, in ſearch of adventures for the relief of the diſtreſſed, according to the duty and office of chivalry, and of thoſe knights-errant, whoſe genius, like mine, is ſtrongly addicted to ſuch atchievements."

The landlord, who, as we have already obſerved, was a ſort of a wag, and had from the beginning ſuſpected that his lodger's brain was none of the ſoundeſt, having heard him to an end, no longer entertained any doubts about the matter, and, in order to regale himſelf and the reſt of his gueſts with a diſh of mirth, reſolved to humour him in his extravagance. With this view, he told him, that nothing could be more juſt and reaſonable than his requeſt, his conceptions being extremely well ſuit-

* This requeſt was a little premature, inaſmuch as the practice of chivalry did not authoriſe the ſuppliant to aſk a boon of his godfather, until he was dubbed, and then he had a right to demand it.

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ed, and natural to ſuch a peerleſs knight as his commanding preſence and gallant demeanour demonſtrated him to be: that he himſelf had, in his youth, exerciſed the honourable profeſſion of errantry, ſtrolling from place to place, in queſt of adventures, in the courſe of which he did not fail to viſit the ſuburbs of Malaga, the iſles of Riaran, the booths of Seville, the market-place of Segovia, the olive-gardens of Valencia, the little tower of Grenada, the bay of St. Lucar, the ſpout of * Cordova, the public-houſes of Toledo, and many other places, in which he had exerciſed the dexterity of his hands as well as the lightneſs of his heels, doing infinite miſchief, courting widows without number, debauching damſels, ruining heirs, and in ſhort, making himſelf known at the bar of every tribunal in Spain: that, at length, he had retired to this caſtle, where he lived on his own means, together with thoſe of other people; accommodating knights-errant of every quality and degree, ſolely on account of the affection he bore to them, and to the coin which they parted with in return for his hoſpitality. He moreover informed him, that there was no chapel in the caſtle at preſent, where he could watch his armour, it having been demoliſhed in order to be rebuilt; but that, in caſe of neceſſity, as he very well knew, he might chooſe any other place; that the court-yard of the caſtle would very well ſerve the purpoſe, where, when the knight ſhould have watched all night, he, the hoſt, would in the morning, with God's permiſſion, perform all the other ceremonies required, and create him not only a knight, but ſuch an one as ſhould not have his fellow in the whole univerſe.

He then aſked, if he carried any money about with him, and the knight replied, that he had not a ſouſe; for he had never read in the hiſtory of knights-errant, that they had ever troubled themſelves with any ſuch incumbrance. The innkeeper aſſured him that he was very much miſtaken; for, that though no ſuch circumſtance was to be found in thoſe hiſtories, the authors having thought it ſuperfluous to mention things that were ſo plainly neceſſary as money and clean ſhirts, it was not to be ſuppoſed that their heroes travelled without ſupplies of both: he might, therefore, take it for granted and uncontrovertible, that all thoſe knights, whoſe actions are ſo voluminouſly recorded, never rode without their purſes well-lined in caſes of emergency †; not forgetting to carry a ſtock of linnen, with

* Literally the colt of Cordova, becauſe the water guſhes out of a fountain, reſembling an horſe's mouth. Theſe are places of reſort frequented by thieves and ſharpers.

† Here the landlord was more ſelfiſh than obſervant of the cuſtoms of chivalry; for, knights were actually exempted from all expence whatever; except when damages were awarded againſt them in a court of juſtice, and in that caſe they paid for their rank. This they looked upon as a mark of their preheminence; in conſequence of which, at the ſiege of *Dun le Roy*, in the year 1411, each knight was ordered to carry eight faſcines, while the ſquire was quit for half the number.

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a ſmall box of ointment to cure the wounds they might receive in the courſe of their adventures; for, it was not to be imagined, that any other relief was to be had every time they ſhould have occaſion to fight, and be wounded in fields and deſarts; unleſs they were befriended by ſome ſage enchanter, who would aſſiſt them by tranſporting through the air, in a cloud, ſome damſel, or dwarf, with a cordial of ſuch virtue, that one drop of it would inſtantly cure them of their bruiſes and wounds, and make them as ſound as if no ſuch miſchance had happened: but, the knights of former ages, who had no ſuch friend to depend upon, laid it down as a conſtant maxim, to order their ſquires to provide themſelves with money and other neceſſaries, ſuch as ointment and lint for immediate application: and when the knight happened to be without a ſquire, which was very ſeldom the caſe, he himſelf kept them in very ſmall bags, that hung ſcarce perceptible at his horſe's rump, as if it were a treaſure of much greater importance. Though indeed, except upon ſuch an occaſion, that of carrying bags was not much for the honour of knight-errantry; for which reaſon, he adviſed Don Quixote, and now that he was his god-ſon, he might command him, never thenceforward to travel without money, and thoſe other indiſpenſible neceſſaries, with which he ſhould provide himſelf as ſoon as poſſible; and then he would, when he leaſt thought of it, find his account in having made ſuch proviſion.

The knight promiſed to follow his advice with all deference and punctuality; and thereupon, received orders to watch his armour in a large court on one ſide of the inn, where, having gathered the ſeveral pieces on a heap, he placed them in a ciſtern that belonged to the well; then bracing on his target and graſping his lance, he walked with courteous demeanour backward and forward before the ciſtern, beginning this knightly exerciſe as ſoon as it was dark *. The roguiſh landlord having informed every lodger in his houſe, of our hero's frenzy, the watching of his armour, and his expectation of being dubbed a knight; they were aſtoniſhed at ſuch a peculiar ſtrain of madneſs, and going out to obſerve him at a diſtance, beheld him with ſilent geſture ſometimes ſtalking along, ſometimes leaning on his ſpear, with his eyes fixed upon his armour, for a conſiderable ſpace of time. Though it was now night, the moon ſhone with ſuch ſplendour as might even vie with the ſource from which ſhe derived her brightneſs; ſo that every motion of our noviciate was diſtinctly perceived by all preſent. At this inſtant, a carrier who lodged in

* This cuſtom of watching armour in church or chapel, was a religious duty impoſed upon knights, who uſed to conſume the whole night in prayer to ſome ſaint, whom they choſe as their patron; and this exerciſe of devotion was performed on the night preceding the ſaid ſaint's day. The ſame ceremony was obſerved by thoſe who were ſentenced to the combat-proof.

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the inn, took it in his head to water his mules, and it being neceſſary for this purpoſe to clear the ciſtern, he went to lift off Don Quixote's armour; when a loud voice accoſted him in theſe words: "O thou! whoſoever thou art, bold and inſolent knight, who preſumeſt to touch the armour of the moſt valiant errant that ever girded himſelf with cold iron, conſider what thou art about to attempt, and touch it not, unleſs thou art deſirous of yielding thy life as the price of thy temerity."

The carrier, far from regarding theſe threats, which had he regarded his own carcaſe he would not have deſpiſed, laid hold on the ſacred depoſit, and threw it piecemeal into the yard with all his might. Don Quixote no ſooner beheld this profanation, than lifting up his eyes to heaven, and addreſſing himſelf, in all likelihood, to his miſtreſs Dulcinea, he ſaid: "Grant me thy aſſiſtance, dear lady of my heart! in this inſult offered to thy lowly vaſſal, and let me not be deprived of thy favourable protection in this my firſt perilous atchievement." Having uttered this, and ſome other ſuch ejaculations, he quitted his target, and raiſing his lance with both hands, beſtowed it with ſuch good will upon the carrier's head, that he fell proſtrate on the ground, ſo effectually mauled, that, had the blow been repeated, there would have been no occaſion to call a ſurgeon. This exploit being performed, he replaced his armour, and returned to his walk, which he continued with his former compoſure.

It was not long before another carrier, not knowing what had happened to his companion, who ſtill lay without ſenſe or motion, arrived with the ſame intention of watering his mules, and went ſtraight up to the ciſtern, in order to remove the armour; when Don Quixote, without ſpeaking a ſyllable, or aſking leave of any living ſoul, once more quitted his target, and lifting up his lance, made another experiment of its hardneſs upon the pate of the ſecond carrier, which failed in the application, giving way in four different places. At the noiſe of this encounter, every body in the houſe, innkeeper and all, came running to the field, at ſight of whom Don Quixote, ſnatching up his target and drawing his ſword, pronounced aloud, "O lady! of tranſcendent beauty, the force and vigour of my enfeebled heart; now, if ever, is the time for thee to turn thy princely eyes on this thy caitif knight, who is on the eve of ſo mighty an adventure." So ſaying, he ſeemed to have acquired ſuch courage, that had he been aſſaulted by all the carriers in the univerſe, he would not have retreated one ſtep.

The companions of the wounded, ſeeing how their friends had been handled, began, at a diſtance, to diſcharge a ſhower of ſtones upon the knight, who, as well he could, ſheltered himſelf under his ſhield, not daring to leave the ciſtern, leſt ſome miſchance ſhould happen to his armour.

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armour. The innkeeper called aloud, entreating them to leave off, for, as he had told them before, the man being mad, would be acquitted on account of his lunacy, even tho' he ſhould put every ſoul of them to death. At the ſame time Don Quixote, in a voice louder ſtill, upbraided them as cowardly traitors, and called the conſtable of the caſtle a worthleſs and baſe-born knight, for allowing his gueſt to be treated in ſuch an inhoſpitable manner; ſwearing, that if he had received the honour of knighthood, he would make him repent his diſcourteous behaviour. " But, as for you, ſaid he, ye vile, ill-mannered ſcum, ye are beneath my notice. Diſcharge, approach, come forward, and annoy me as much as you can, you ſhall ſoon ſee what reward you will receive for your inſolent extravagance." Theſe words delivered in a bold and reſolute tone, ſtruck terror into the hearts of the aſſailants, who, partly for this menace, and partly on account of the landlord's perſuaſion, gave over their attack, while he, on his ſide, allowed the wounded to retire, and returned to his watch, with his former eaſe and tranquillity.

Theſe pranks of the knight were not at all to the liking of the landlord, who reſolved to abridge the ceremony, and beſtow this unlucky order of knighthood immediately, before any other miſchief ſhould happen. Approaching him therefore, he diſclaimed the inſolence with which his gueſt had been treated by thoſe ſaucy plebeians, without his knowledge or conſent; and obſerved that they had been juſtly chaſtiſed for their impudence: that, as he had told him before, there was no chapel in the caſtle, nor indeed, for what was to be done, was it at all neceſſary; nothing of the ceremony now remaining unperformed, except the cuff on the neck, and the thwack on the ſhoulders, as they are preſcribed in the ceremonial of the order; and that this part might be executed in the middle of a field: he aſſured him alſo, that he had punctually complied with every thing that regarded the watching of his armour, which might have been finiſhed in two hours, tho' he had already remained double the time on that duty. Don Quixote believing every ſyllable that he ſpoke, ſaid, he was ready to obey him in all things, and beſought him to conclude the matter as ſoon as poſſible; for, in caſe he ſhould be attacked again, after having been knighted, he would not leave a ſoul alive in the caſtle, except thoſe whom he ſhould ſpare at his requeſt.

The conſtable, alarmed at this declaration, immediately brought out his day-book, in which he kept an account of the barley and ſtraw that was expended for the uſe of the carriers, and attended by a boy with a candle's end in his hand, together with the two ladies before mentioned, came to the place where Don Quixote ſtood: then ordering him to kneel before him, mumbled in his manual, as if he had been putting up ſome very devout

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vout petition; in the midſt of which, he lifted up his hand, and gave him an hearty thump on the neck; then, with the flat of his own ſword, beſtowed an handſome application acroſs his ſhoulders, muttering all the time between his teeth, as if he had been employed in ſome fervent ejaculation *: this article being fulfilled, he commanded one of the ladies to gird on his ſword, an office ſhe performed with great dexterity and diſcretion, of which there was no ſmall need to reſtrain her laughter at each particular of this ſtrange ceremony: but, the effects they had already ſeen of the knight's diſpoſition, kept their mirth effectually under the rein.

When this good lady had girded on his ſword, "Heaven preſerve your worſhip! adventrous knight, ſaid ſhe, and make you fortunate in all your encounters." Don Quixote then begged to know her name, that he might thenceforward underſtand to whom he was obliged for the favour he had received at her hands, and to whom he might aſcribe ſome part of the honour he ſhould acquire by the valour of his invincible arm. She anſwered with great humility, that her name was Toloſa, daughter of an honeſt botcher in Toledo, who lived in one of the ſtalls of Sancho Minaya; that ſhe ſhould always be at his ſerviee, and acknowledge him for her lord and maſter. The knight profeſſed himſelf extremely obliged to her for her love; and begged ſhe would, for the future, dignify her name by calling herſelf Donna Toloſa. This requeſt ſhe promiſed faithfully to comply with; and a dialogue of the ſame kind, paſſed between him and the other lady who buckled on his ſpur; when he aſked her name, ſhe told him it was Mollinera, and that her father was an honourable miller of Antequera. Don Quixote entreated her alſo, to ennoble her name with the ſame title of Donna, loaded her with thanks, and made a tender of his ſervice. Theſe hitherto unſeen ceremonies being diſpatched, as it were, with poſt haſte, Don Quixote, impatient to ſee himſelf on horſeback, in queſt of adventures, ſaddled and mounted Rozinante forthwith, and embracing his hoſt, uttered ſuch a ſtrange rhapſody of thanks for his having dubbed him knight, that it is impoſſible to rehearſe the compliment. The landlord, in order to get rid of him the ſooner, anſwered in terms no leſs eloquent, tho' ſomething more laconic, and let him march off in happy hour, without demanding one farthing for his lodging.

* The ſlap on the ſhoulders, and the box on the ear being beſtowed, the god-father pronounced, "In the name of God, St. Michael and St. George, I dub thee knight, be worthy, bold and loyal."

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CHAP. IV.

Of what befel our knight, when he ſallied from the inn.

IT was early in the morning, when Don Quixote ſallied from the inn, ſo well ſatisfied, ſo ſprightly and ſo glad to ſee himſelf inveſted with the order of knighthood, that the very girths of his horſe vibrated with joy: But, remembering his landlord's advice with regard to the neceſſaries he ought to carry along with him, in particular, the money and clean ſhirts; he reſolved to return to his own houſe, and furniſh himſelf not only with theſe, but alſo with a ſquire, for which office, he fixed in his own mind, upon a poor ploughman who lived in his neighbourod, maintaining a family of children by his labour; a perſon in all reſpects qualified for the lower ſervices of chivalry: with this view, he ſteered his courſe homeward; and Rozinante, as if he had gueſſed the knight's intention, began to move with ſuch alacrity and nimbleneſs, that his hoofs ſcarce ſeemed to touch the ground.

He had not travelled far, when from the thickeſt part of a wood that grew on his right hand, his ear was ſaluted with ſhrill repeated cries, which ſeemed to iſſue from the mouth of ſome creature in grievous diſtreſs; and no ſooner did our hero hear this lamentation, than he exclaimed, "Heaven be praiſed for the favour with which it now indulges me, in giving me an opportunity ſo ſoon of fulfilling the duties of my profeſſion, and reaping the fruit of my laudable intention! Theſe cries doubtleſs proceed from ſome miſerable male, or female, who ſtands in need of my immediate aid and protection:" then turning Rozinante, he rode towards the place, whence the complaint ſeemed to come, and having entered the wood a few paces, he found a mare tyed to one oak, and a lad about fifteen naked from the waiſt upwards, made faſt to another. This was he who ſcreamed ſo piteouſly, and indeed not without reaſon, for, a ſturdy peaſant was employed in making applications to his carcaſe with a leathern ſtrap, accompanying each ſtripe with a word of reproof and advice. Above all things, laying upon him ſtrong injunctions, to uſe his tongue leſs, and his eyes more: the young fellow replied, with great fervency, "I will never do ſo again, maſter, ſo help me God! I won't do ſo any more; but, for the future, take more care, and uſe more diſpatch."

Don Quixote obſerving what paſſed, pronounced aloud, with great indignation: "Diſcourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to attack one who cannot defend himſelf: mount thy ſteed, couch thy lance, (for there was actually a lance leaning againſt the tree, to which the mare was tyed) and I will make

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make thee ſenſible of the cowardice of the action in which thou art now engaged." The peaſant ſeeing this ſtrange figure, buckled in armour, and brandiſhing a lance over his head, was mortally afraid, and with great humility replied; "Sir knight, this lad whom I am chaſtiſing, is my own ſervant, hired to keep a flock of ſheep, which feed in theſe fields; but, he is ſo negligent, that every day I loſe one of the number, and becauſe I puniſh him for his careleſſneſs, or knavery, he ſays that I ſcourge him out of avarice, rather than pay him his wages: tho', upon my conſcience, and as I ſhall anſwer to God, he tells a lye." "How! a lye, before me, baſe caitif, cried Don Quixote; by the ſun, that enlightens this globe, I have a good mind to thruſt this lance thro' thy body: pay the young man his wages ſtrait without reply, or by the power that rules us! I will finiſh and annihilate thee in an inſtant: unbind him, therefore, without heſitation."

The countryman hung his head, and without ſpeaking a ſyllable, untyed his man; who, being aſked by the knight, how much money was due to him, ſaid his maſter owed him for three quarters, at the rate of ſix rials a month. His deliverer having caſt it up, found that the whole amounted to ſixty-three rials, and ordered the peaſant to diſburſe them inſtantly, unleſs he had a-mind to periſh under his hands. The affrighted farmer affirmed, by the grievous ſituation in which he was, and the oath he had already taken, tho', by-the-bye, he had taken no oath at all, that the ſum did not amount to ſo much; for, that he was to diſcount and allow for three pair of ſhoes he had received, and a rial for two bleedings while he was ſick. "Granting that to be true, replied Don Quixote, the ſhoes and the bleeding ſhall ſtand for the ſtripes you have given him without cauſe; for, if he has wore out the leather of the ſhoes that you paid for, you have made as free with the leather of his carcaſe; and if the barber let out his blood when he was ſick, you have blooded him when he was well; he therefore ſtands acquitted of theſe debts." "The misfortune, Sir knight, ſaid the peaſant, is this: I have not coin about me, but, if Andrew will go home to my houſe, I will pay him honeſtly in ready money." Go with you, cried the lad, the devil fetch me, if I do! no, no, maſter, I muſt not think of that; were I to go home with him alone, he would flea me like another St. Bartholomew." "He won't do ſo, replied the knight, but ſhew more regard to my commands; and if he will ſwear to me by the laws of that order of knighthood which he has received, that he will pay you your wages, I will ſet him free, and warrant the payment." "Lord how your worſhip talks! ſaid the boy; this maſter of mine is no gentleman, nor has he received any order of knighthood, but, is known by the name of rich John Haldudo, and lives in the neighbourhood of Quintanar." "No matter, replied Don Quixote, there may be knights among the Haldudos, eſpecially as every

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one is the ſon of his own works." "True, ſaid Andrew; but what works is my maſter the ſon of, ſince he refuſes to pay me for my labour, and the ſweat of my brows?" "I don't refuſe, honeſt Andrew, anſwered the peaſant, thou wilt do me a pleaſure in going home with me; and I ſwear by all the orders of knighthood in the univerſe, that I will pay thee thy wages, as I ſaid before, in ready money; nay, you ſhall have it perfumed into the bargain." "Thank you for your perfumes, ſaid the knight, pay him in lawful coin, and I ſhall be ſatisfied; and be ſure you fulfil the oath you have taken: for, by the ſame obligation, I ſwear, that in caſe you fail, I will return to chaſtiſe you, and ferret you out, even tho' you ſhould be more concealed than a lizard. If you would underſtand, who it is that lays ſuch commands upon you, that you may find yourſelf under a neceſſity of performing them with reverence and awe, know, that I am the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redreſſer of wrongs, and ſcourge of injuſtice: ſo farewell, remember, not to belie your promiſe and oath, on pain of the penalty preſcribed." With theſe words, he clapped ſpurs to Rozinante, and was out of ſight in a moment.

The countryman followed him with his eyes, till he ſaw him quite clear of the wood; then turning to Andrew, ſaid, "Come hither, child, I muſt pay what I owe you, according to the orders of that redreſſer of wrongs." "And adad, ſaid Andrew, you had beſt not neglect theſe orders of that worthy knight, who (bleſſings on his heart) is equally valiant and upright; for odds-bobs, if you do not pay me, he will return, and be as good as his word." "In faith, I am of the ſame opinion, replied the peaſant; but, out of my infinite regard for you, I am deſirous of encreaſing the debt, that the payment may be doubled." So ſaying, he laid hold of his arm, and tying him again to the tree, flogged him ſo ſeverely, that he had like to have died on the ſpot. "Now is the time, Mr. Andrew, ſaid the executioner, to call upon the redreſſer of grievances, who will find it difficult to redreſs this, which by-the-bye I am loth to finiſh, being very much inclined to juſtify your fear of being flead alive." At length, however, he unbound, and left him at liberty to find out his judge, who was to execute the ſentence he had pronounced. Andrew ſneaked off, not extremely well ſatisfied; on the contrary, vowing to go in queſt of the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, and inform him punctually of every thing that had happened, an account which would certainly induce him to pay the countryman ſevenfold.

In ſpite of this conſolation, however, he departed blubbering with pain, while his maſter remained weeping with laughter. And thus was the grievance redreſſed by the valiant Don Quixote, who, tranſported with the ſucceſs, and the happy and ſublime beginning which he imagined his chivalry had been favoured with, jogged on towards his own village with infinite ſelf-

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ſelf-ſatisfaction, and pronounced with a low voice; "O Dulcinea del Toboſo, faireſt among the fair! well may'ſt thou be counted the moſt fortunate beauty upon earth, ſeeing it is thy fate, to keep in ſubjection, and wholly reſigned to thy will and pleaſure, ſuch a daring and renowned knight as Don Quixote de la Mancha now is, and always will remain. Who, as all the world knows, but yeſterday received the order of knighthood, and has this day redreſſed the greateſt wrong and grievance that ever injuſtice hatched, and cruelty committed! To day, he wreſted the laſh from the hand of the mercileſs enemy, who ſo unjuſtly ſcourged the body of that tender infant!" Having uttered this exclamation, he found himſelf in a road that divided into four paths, and ſtrait his imagination ſuggeſted thoſe croſs-ways that were wont to perplex knights-errant in their choice; in imitation of whom, he pauſed a little, and after mature deliberation, threw the reins on Rozinante's neck, leaving the deciſion to him, who following his firſt intention, took the path that led directly to his own ſtable.

Having travelled about two miles farther, Don Quixote deſcried a number of people, who, as was afterwards known, were ſix merchants of Toledo going to buy ſilks at Murcia, and who travelled with umbrelloes, attended by four ſervants on horſeback, and three muledrivers on foot. Don Quixote no ſooner perceived them at a diſtance, than he imagined them to be ſome new adventure, and, in order to imitate as much as in him lay, thoſe ſcenes he had read in his books of chivalry, he thought this was an occaſion expreſly ordained for him to execute his purpoſed atchievement.

He therefore, with gallant and reſolute deportment, ſeated himſelf firmly in his ſtirrups, graſped his lance, braced on his target, and poſting himſelf in the middle of the road, waited the arrival of thoſe knights-errant, for ſuch he judged them to be; and when they were near enough to hear him, pronounced in a loud and arrogant tone; "Let the whole univerſe ceaſe to move, if the whole univerſe refuſes to confeſs, that there is not in the whole univerſe a more beautiful damſel than the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, the high and mighty empreſs of la Mancha."

The merchants hearing this declaration, and ſeeing the ſtrange figure from which it proceeded, were alarmed at both, and halting immediately, at a diſtance reconnoitred the madneſs of the author; curious, however, to know the meaning of that confeſſion which he exacted, one of them, who was a ſort of a wag, tho' at the ſame time a man of prudence and diſcretion, accoſted him thus: "Sir knight, as we have not the honour to know who this worthy lady is, be ſo good as to produce her, and if we find her ſo beautiful as you proclaim her to be, we will gladly, and without any ſort of reward, confeſs the truth, according to your deſire." "If I produce her, replied Don Quixote, what is the mighty merit of your confeſſing ſuch a no-

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a notorious truth? The importance of my demand conſiſts in your believing, acknowledging, affirming upon oath, and defending her beauty before you have ſeen it. And this ye ſhall do, ye inſolent and uncivil race, or engage with me in battle forthwith. Come on then, one by one, according to the laws of chivalry, or all together, as the treacherous cuſtom is among ſuch wretches as you; here I expect you with full hope and confidence in the juſtice of my cauſe." "Sir knight, replied the merchant, I humbly beg in the name of all theſe princes here preſent, that your worſhip will not oblige us to burden our conſciences, by giving teſtimony to a thing that we have neither ſeen nor heard, eſpecially as it tends to the prejudice of the queens and princeſſes of Alcarria and Eſtremadura: but, if your worſhip will be pleaſed to ſhew us any ſort of a picture of this lady, tho' it be no bigger than a grain of wheat, ſo as we can judge the clue by the thread, we will be ſatisfied with this ſample, and you ſhall be obeyed to your heart's content: for, I believe we are already ſo prepoſſeſſed in her favour, that tho' the portrait ſhould repreſent her ſquinting with one eye, and diſtilling vermilion and brimſtone with the other, we will, notwithſtanding, in compliance to your worſhip, ſay what you deſire in her favour." "Her eyes, infamous wretch! replied Don Quixote in a rage, diſtil not ſuch productions, but teem with amber and rich perfume: neither is there any defect in her ſight, or in her body, which is more ſtrait than a Guadarrama-ſpindle: but, you ſhall ſuffer for the licentious blaſphemy you have uttered againſt the unparallelled beauty of my ſovereign miſtreſs." So ſaying, he couched his lance, and attacked the ſpokeſman with ſuch rage and fury, that, had not Rozinante luckily ſtumbled and fallen in the midſt of his career, the merchant would have had no cauſe to rejoice in his raſhneſs; but when the unhappy ſteed fell to the ground, the rider was thrown over his head, and pitched at a good diſtance upon the field, where he found all his endeavours to get up again, ineffectual, ſo much was he encumbered with his lance, target, helmet, and ſpurs, together with the weight of his ancient armour.

While he thus ſtruggled, but in vain, to riſe, he bellowed forth, "Fly not, ye cowardly crew; tarry a little, ye baſe caitifs; not thro' any fault of my own, but of my horſe, am I thus diſcomfited." One of the mule-drivers, who ſeems not to have been of a very milky diſpoſition, could not bear this arrogant language of the poor overthrown knight, without making a reply upon his ribs. Going up to him, therefore, he laid hold on his lance, and breaking it, began to threſh him ſo ſeverely, that in ſpite of the reſiſtance of his armour, he was almoſt beaten into mummy; and tho' the fellow's maſter called to him to forbear, he was ſo incenſed, that he could not leave off the game, untill he had exhauſted the whole of his choler;

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ler; but, gathering the other pieces of the lance, reduced them all to shivers, one after another, on the miserable carcase of the Don, who, notwithstanding this storm of blows which descended on him, never shut his mouth, but continued threatning heaven and earth, and those banditti, for such he took the merchants to be.

The driver was tired at length of his exercise, and his masters pursued their journey, carrying with them sufficient food for conversation about this poor battered knight, who no sooner found himself alone, than he made another effort to rise; but, if he found this design impracticable when he was safe and sound, much less could he accomplish it now, that he was disabled, and as it were wrought into a paste. He did not, however, look upon himself as unhappy, because this misfortune was, in his opinion, peculiar to knights-errant, and that he was not able to rise on account of the innumerable bruises he had received, he ascribed entirely to the fault of his horse.

CHAP. V.

In which the Story of our knight's misfortune is continued.

FInding it therefore impossible to move, he was fain to have recourse to his usual remedy, which was to amuse his imagination with some passages of the books he had read; and his madness immediately recalled to his memory, that of Valdovinos and the marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded on the mountain. A piece of history that every boy knows, that every young man is acquainted with, and which is celebrated, nay more, believed by old age itself, though it be as apocryphal as the miracles of Mahomet; nevertheless, it occurred to him, as an occasion expressly adapted to his present situation. And therefore with marks of extreme affliction, he began to roll about upon the ground, and with a languid voice, exclaim in the words of the wounded knight of the wood,

Where art thou, lady of my heart,
Regardless of my misery?
Thou little know'st thy lover's smart,
Or faithless art, and false, pardie!

In this manner he went on repeating the romance, until he came to these lines:

O noble prince of Mantuan plains,
My carnal kinsman, and my lord!

And

And before he could repeat the whole couplet, a peaſant who was a neighbour of his own, and lived in the ſame village, chanced to paſs, in his way from the mill where he had been with a load of wheat. This honeſt countryman ſeeing a man lying ſtretched upon the ground, came up, and aſked him who he was, and the reaſon of his lamenting ſo piteouſly? Don Quixote doubtleſs believed, that this was his uncle, the marquis of Mantua, and made no other reply, but the continuation of his romance, in which he gave an account of his own misfortune, occaſioned by the amour betwixt his wife and the emperor's ſon, exactly as it is related in the book. The peaſant, aſtoniſhed at ſuch a rhapſody, took off his beaver, which had been beaten to pieces by the mule-driver, and wiping his face, which was covered with duſt, immediately knew the unfortunate knight. "Signor Quixada," ſaid he, (for ſo he was called before he had loſt his ſenſes, and was transformed from a ſober country-gentleman into a knight-errant) who has left your worſhip in ſuch a woeful condition!" But, he, without minding the queſtion that was put to him, proceeded as before, with his romance; which the honeſt man perceiving, went to work, and took off his back and breaſt-plates, to ſee if he had received any wound; but, he could perceive neither blood, nor ſcar upon his body. He then raiſed him upon his legs, and with infinite difficulty mounted him upon his own beaſt, which appeared to him a ſafer carriage than the knight's ſteed.

Having gathered up his armour, even to the ſplinters of the lance, he tied them upon Rozinante, and taking hold of the reins, together with the halter of his own aſs, jogged on towards the village, not a little concerned to hear the mad exclamations of Don Quixote, who did not find himſelf extremely eaſy, for, he was ſo battered and bruiſed, that he could not ſit upright upon the beaſt; but, from time to time vented ſuch diſmal ſighs, as obliged the peaſant to aſk again what was the matter with him? And indeed one would have thought, that the Devil had aſſiſted his memory in ſupplying him with tales accommodated to the circumſtances of his own ſituation. For at that inſtant, forgetting Valdovinos, he recollected the ſtory of Abindar-raez, the moor, whom Rodrigo de Narvaez, governor of Antequera, took priſoner, and carried in captivity to the place of his reſidence: ſo, that when the countryman repeated his deſire of knowing where he had been, and what was the matter with him, he anſwered to the purpoſe; nay, indeed in the very words uſed by the captive Abencerraje to the ſaid Rodrigo de Narvaez, as may be ſeen in the Diana of George Monte-major, which he had read; and ſo well adapted for his purpoſe, that the countryman, hearing ſuch a compoſition of folly, wiſhed them both at the devil.

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It was then he diſcovered, that his neighbour was mad; and therefore made all the haſte he could to the village, that he might be the ſooner rid of his uneaſineſs at the unaccountable harangue of Don Quixote, who had no ſooner finiſhed this exclamation, than he accoſted his conductor in theſe words: "Know then, valiant Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, that this ſame beautiful Xarifa, whom I have mentioned, is no other than the fair Dulcinea del Toboſo, for whom I have performed, undertake, and will atchieve the moſt renowned exploits, that ever were, are, or will be ſeen on earth." To this addreſs the countryman replied with great ſimplicity: "How your worſhip talks? As I am a ſinner, I am neither Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, nor the marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonzo, your neighbour; nor is your worſhip either Valdovinos, or Abindarraez, but the worthy gentleman, ſignor Quixada." "I know very well, who I am, replied Don Quixote, and that it is poſſible for me to be not only thoſe whom I have mentioned, but alſo the whole twelve peers of France, and even the nine worthies, ſeeing that my atchievements will excel, not only thoſe of each of them ſingly, but even the exploits of them all joined together."

Diſcourſing in this manner, they arrived at the village about twilight; but the peaſant ſtaid till it was quite dark, that the poor rib-roaſted knight might not be ſeen in ſuch a woeful condition. Then he conducted Don Quixote to his own houſe, which was all in confuſion. When he arrived, the curate, and the barber of the village, two of his beſt friends and companions, were preſent, and his houſekeeper was juſt ſaying, with a woeful countenance; "Mr. Licentiate Pero Perez," that was the curate's name, "ſome misfortune muſt certainly have happened to my maſter *; for ſix days, both he and his horſe, together with the target, lance, and armour, have been miſſing; as I am a ſinner, it is juſt come into my head, and it is certainly as true as that every one is born to die, thoſe helliſh books of knight-errantry, which he uſed to read with ſo much pleaſure, have turned his brain: for, now I remember to have heard him ſay to himſelf more than once, that he longed to be a knight-errant, and ſtroll about in queſt of adventures. May the Devil and Barrabas lay hold of ſuch legends, which have perverted one of the ſoundeſt underſtandings in all La Mancha."

To this remark the niece aſſented, ſaying, "Moreover, you muſt know, Mr. Nicolas," this was the name of the barber, "my uncle would frequently, after having been reading in theſe profane books of miſadventures, for two whole days and nights together, ſtart up, throw the book

* The author ſeems to have committed a ſmall overſight in this paragraph; for the knight had not been gone above two days and one night, which he ſpent in waking his armour.

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upon the ground, and, drawing his ſword, fence with the walls, till he was quite fatigued; then affirm, that he had killed four giants as big as ſteeples; and ſwear that the ſweat of his brows, occaſioned by this violent exerciſe, was the blood of his enemies, whom he had ſlain in battle: then he would drink off a large pitcher of cold water, and remain quiet and refreſhed, ſaying, that the water was a moſt precious beverage, with which he was ſupplied by the ſage Iſquife, a mighty enchanter and friend of his: but I take the whole blame to myſelf, for not having informed your worſhip of my dear uncle's extravagances, that ſome remedy might have been applied, before they had proceeded to ſuch exceſs; and that you might have burnt all thoſe excommunicated books, which deſerve the fire as much as if they were crammed with hereſy."

"I am of the ſame opinion, ſaid the curate, and aſſure you, before another day ſhall paſs, they ſhall undergo a ſevere trial, and be condemned to the flames, that they may not induce other readers to follow the ſame path, which I am afraid, my good friend has taken." Every ſyllable of this converſation was overheard by Don Quixote and his guide, who had now no longer any doubt about his neighbour's infirmity, and therefore pronounced with a loud voice, "Open your gates to the valiant Valdovinos, and the great marquis of Mantua, who comes home wounded from the field, together with the Moor Abindarraez, who drags in captivity the valiant Rodrigo de Narvaez, governor of Antequera."

Alarmed at theſe words, they came all to the door, and perceiving who it was, the barber and curate went to receive their friend, and the women ran to embrace their maſter and kinſman, who, though he had not as yet alighted, for indeed it was not in his power, proclaimed aloud, "Let the whole world take notice, that the wounds I have received were owing to the fault of my horſe alone; carry me therefore to bed, and ſend, if poſſible, for the ſage *Urganda, to ſearch and cure them." See now in an evil hour," cried the houſekeeper, hearing theſe words, "if I did not truly foretel, of what leg my maſter was lame? Your worſhip ſhall underſtand in good time, that without the aſſiſtance of that ſame Urganda, we know how to cure the hurts you have received; and curſed, I ſay, nay, a hundred and a hundred times curſed be thoſe books of chivalry, which have ſo diſordered your honour's brain." Having carried him to his

* The name of an inchantreſs in Amadis de Gaul. During the age of knight-errantry, it was uſual for ladies to ſtudy the art of ſurgery, in order to dreſs the wounds of thoſe knights who were their ſervants. One of the heroines of Perceforeſt ſays to Norgal, "Fair nephew, methinks your arm is not at eaſe." "In faith, dear lady," anſwered Norgal, "you are in the right, and I beſeech you to take it under your care." Then ſhe called her daughter Helen, who entertained her couſin with good chear, and then reduced his arm which was diſlocated.

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F. Hayman inv. et del.

C. Grignion Sculp.

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bed, they began to ſearch for his wounds; but could find none: and he told them that his whole body was one continued bruiſe, occaſioned by the fall of his horſe Rozinante, during his engagement with ten of the moſt inſolent and outrageous giants, that ever appeared upon the face of the earth. "Ah, hah! cried the curate, have we got giants too in the dance! Now, by the faith of my function, I will reduce them all to aſhes before to-morrow night."

A thouſand queſtions did they aſk of the knight, who made no other anſwer, but deſired them to bring him ſome food, and leave him to his repoſe, which indeed was what he had moſt occaſion for. They complied with his requeſt, and the curate informed himſelf at large, of the manner in which he had been found by the countryman, who gave him full ſatisfaction in that particular, and repeated all the nonſenſe he had uttered, when he firſt found him; as well as what he afterwards ſpoke in their way home. This information confirmed the licentiate in his reſolution, which was executed next day, when he brought his friend maſter Nicolas the barber along with him, to Don Quixote's houſe.

CHAP. VI.

Of the diverting and minute ſcrutiny performed by the curate and the barber, in the library of our ſagacious hero.

WHILE the knight was aſleep, his friends came, and demanded of his niece the key of the cloſet in which thoſe books, the authors of his misfortune, were kept, and ſhe delivering it with great chearfulneſs, they went into it in a body, houſe-keeper and all, and found upwards of an hundred volumes, great and ſmall, extremely well bound; which were no ſooner perceived by the governante, than ſhe ran out with great eagerneſs, and immediately returned with a porringer of holy water, and a ſprig of hyſop, ſaying: "Here, maſter licentiate, pray take and ſprinkle the cloſet, leſt ſome one of the many enchanters contained in theſe books, ſhould exerciſe his art upon us, as a puniſhment for our burning, and baniſhing them from the face of the earth."

The licentiate, ſmiling at the old houſekeeper's ſimplicity, deſired the barber to hand him the books, one by one, that he might ſee of what ſubjects they treated, becauſe they might poſſibly find ſome that did not deſerve to be purged by fire. "There is not one of them, replied the niece, which deſerves the leaſt mercy, for they are all full of miſchief and deceit. You had better, therefore, throw them out of the window into the

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court-yard, and there ſet fire to them, in a heap: or, let them be carried into the back-yard, where the bonfire may be made, and the ſmoke will offend no body. The houſekeeper aſſented to this propoſal, ſo eager were they both to deſtroy thoſe innocents; but, the curate would by no means encourage ſuch barbarity, without reading firſt, if poſſible, the title-pages.

The firſt that maſter Nicolas delivered into his hand, were the four volumes of Amadis de Gaul. "There is, ſaid the good man, ſomething myſterious in this circumſtance; for, as I have heard, that was the firſt book of chivalry printed in Spain, from which all the reſt have derived their origin and plan; and therefore, in my opinion, we ought to condemn him to the fire, without heſitation, as the law-giver of ſuch a pernicious ſect." "By no means, cried the barber, for I have alſo heard, that this is the beſt book of the kind that was ever compoſed, and therefore ought to be pardoned, as an original and model in its way." "Right, ſaid the curate, and for that reaſon, he ſhall be ſpared for the preſent. Let us ſee that author, who ſtands next to him." "This, ſays the barber, contains the atchievements of Eſplandian, the lawful ſon of Amadis de Gaul." "Truly then, ſaid the curate, the virtues of the father ſhall not avail the ſon: here miſtreſs houſekeeper, open that window, and toſs him into the yard, where he ſhall ſerve as a foundation for the bonfire, we intend to make."

This taſk the houſekeeper performed with infinite ſatisfaction, and the worthy Eſplandian took his flight into the yard, to wait in patience for the fire, with which he was threatned. "Proceed", cried the curate. "This that comes next, ſaid the barber, is Amadis of Greece; and I believe all the authors on this ſhelf are of the ſame family." "To the yard then, with all of them, replied the curate; for, rather than not burn queen Pintiquinieſtra, and the ſhepherd Darinel with his Eclogues, together with the unintelligible and bedevilled diſcourſes of his author, I would even conſume the father who begat me, ſhould he appear in the figure of a knight-errant." "I am of your opinion, ſaid the barber." "And I," cried the niece. "Since that is the caſe, ſaid the houſekeeper, to the yard with them immediately." Accordingly they delivered a number into her hands, and ſhe out of tenderneſs for the ſtair-caſe, ſent them all out of the window.

"Who may that tun-like author be? ſaid the curate. "This here," anſwered the barber, is Don Olivante de Laura." "The very ſame, replied the curate, who compoſed the Garden of Flowers, and truly it is hard to determine, which of his two books is the moſt true, or rather which of them is leaſt falſe; all that I know is, that he ſhall go to the pile for his arrogance and folly." "He that follows, ſays the barber, is Floriſmarte

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of Hircania." "What! Signor Floriſmarte? replied the curate: in faith then he muſt prepare for his fate; notwithſtanding his ſurprizing birth, and mighty adventures, and the unparalelled ſtiffneſs and ſterility of his ſtile. Down with him, miſtreſs houſekeeper, and take this other along with you alſo." "With all my heart, dear ſir," replied the governante, who executed his commands with vaſt alacrity.

"He that comes next, ſaid the barber, is the knight Platir." "That is an old book, ſaid the clergyman, but, as I can find nothing in him, that deſerves the leaſt regard, he muſt e'en keep the reſt company." He was accordingly doomed to the flames, without farther queſtion. The next book they opened was entitled, The Knight of the Croſs, which the curate having read; "the ignorance of this author, ſaid he, might be pardoned on account of his holy title; but, according to the proverb, the devil ſkulks behind the croſs, and therefore let him deſcend into the fire." Maſter Nicolas taking up another book, found it was the Mirror of Chivalry. "Oh, ho, cried the curate, I have the honour to know his worſhip; away with Signor Rinaldos de Mont-alban, with his friends and companions, who were greater thieves than Cacus, not forgetting the Twelve peers, together with Turpin, their candid hiſtorian. Though truly, in my opinion, their puniſhment ought not to exceed perpetual baniſhment, becauſe they contain ſome part of the invention of the renowned Matteo Boyardo, on which was weaved the ingenious web of the chriſtian poet Ludovico Arioſto; to whom, ſhould I find him here ſpeaking in any other language than his own, I would pay no regard; but, if he talks in his own idiom, I will place him on my head in token of reſpect." "I have got him at home, ſaid the barber in Italian, but I don't underſtand that language." "Nor is it neceſſary you ſhould, replied the curate; and here let us pray heaven to forgive the captain, who has impoveriſhed him ſo much, by tranſlating him into Spaniſh, and making him a Caſtilian. And indeed, the ſame thing will happen to all thoſe who pretend to tranſlate books of poetry into a foreign language; for, in ſpite of all their care and ability, they will find it impoſſible to give the tranſlation the ſame energy, which is found in the original. In ſhort, I ſentence this book, and all thoſe which we ſhall find treating of French matters, to be thrown and depoſited in a dry well, until we can determine at more leiſure what fate they muſt undergo, except Bernardo del Carpio, and another called Roncevalles, which if they fall into my hands, ſhall paſs into thoſe of the houſekeeper, and thence into the fire, without any mitigation."

This was approved of as an equitable deciſion, and accordingly confirmed by the barber, who knew the curate to be ſuch a good chriſtian, and ſo much a friend to truth, that he would not be guilty of an equivocation.

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cation for the whole univerſe. The next volume he opened was Palmerin d'Oliva; and hard by him ſtood another called Palmerin of England, which was no ſooner perceived by the licentiate, than he cried, "Let that Oliva be hewn in pieces, and burned ſo, as not ſo much as a cinder of him ſhall remain; but let the Engliſh Palmerin be defended, and preſerved as an ineſtimable jewel, and ſuch another caſket be made for him as that which Alexander found among the ſpoils of Darius, and deſtined as a caſe for the works of Homer. That book, neighbour, is venerable for two reaſons: firſt, becauſe it is in itſelf excellent; and ſecondly, becauſe it is ſaid to have been compoſed by an ingenious king of Portugal. All the adventures of the caſtle of Miraguarda are incomparable, and contrived with infinite art: the language perſpicuous and elegant, and the characters ſupported with great propriety of ſentiment and decorum. I propoſe, Mr. Nicolas, ſaving your better judgment, to exempt this book and Amadis de Gaul from the flames, and let all the reſt periſh without farther inquiry."

"Pardon me, neighbour, replied the barber, I have here got in my hand the renowned Don Bellianis." "Even he, anſwered the prieſt, with the ſecond, third, and fourth parts, ſtands very much in need of a little rhubarb to purge his exceſſive choler, and ought to be pruned of that whole caſtle of fame, and other more important impertinencies. For which reaſon, let the ſentence be changed into tranſportation, and according as he reforms he ſhall be treated with lenity and juſtice. In the mean time, friend Nicolas, keep him ſafe in your houſe out of the reach of every reader." "With all my ſoul!" anſwered the barber; and without giving themſelves the trouble of reading any more titles, they ordered the houſekeeper to diſmiſs all the large books into the yard.

This direction was not given to a perſon who was either doting or deaf, but to one who was much more inclined to perform that office than to compoſe the largeſt and fineſt web that ever was ſeen. Taking up therefore ſeven or eight at a time, ſhe heaved them out of the window, with incredible diſpatch. While ſhe was thus endeavouring to lift a good many together, one of them chanced to fall at the feet of the barber, who being ſeized with an inclination of knowing the contents, found upon examination, that it was called the hiſtory of the famous knight Tirante the White. "Heaven be praiſed! cried the curate aloud, that we have diſcovered Tirante the White in this place; pray give it me, neighbour; for in this book I reckon I have found a treaſure of ſatisfaction, and a rich mine of amuſement." "Here is the famous Don Godamercy * of Mont-alban, and his brother Thomas of Mont-alban, and the knight Fon-

* In the original *Quirieleyſon*, from the two Greek words κύριε ἐλέησον, ſignifying, Lord have mercy.

ſeca,

ſeca, together with an account of the battle fought between Alano and the valiant Detriante, together with the witticiſms of the young lady, Joy of my Life, with the amorous ſtratagems of the widow Quiet, and her highneſs the empreſs, who was enamoured of her ſquire Hippolito. I do aſſure you, upon my word, Mr. Nicolas, that in point of ſtile, this is the beſt book that ever was written. Here the knights eat, ſleep, and die in their beds, after having made their wills, with many circumſtances, that are wanting in other books of the ſame kind. Notwithſtanding, the author who compoſed it, certainly deſerved to be ſent to the galleys for life, for having ſpent his time in writing ſo much nonſenſe. Take, and read him at home, and you ſhall find what I ſay is true." "Very like, replied the barber; what ſhall we do with theſe ſmall books that remain?"

"Theſe, ſaid the curate, cannot be books of chivalry, but muſt be poems." Accordingly, opening one, he found it was the Diana of George de Monte-mayor, and taking it for granted that all the reſt were of the ſame kind, ſaid, "Theſe books do not deſerve to be burnt with the reſt; for they neither are, nor ever will be guilty of ſo much miſchief, as thoſe of chivalry have done; being books of entertainment, and no ways prejudicial to religion." "Pray, ſir, ſaid the niece, be ſo good as to order theſe to be burnt with the reſt; for my uncle will no ſooner be cured of his knight-errantry, than, by reading theſe, he will turn ſhepherd, and wander about the groves and meadows piping and ſinging. Nay, what is worſe, perhaps turn poet, which, they ſay, is an infectious and incurable diſtemper." "The young woman is in the right, ſaid the curate, and therefore it won't be amiſs to remove this temptation and ſtumbling-block out of our friend's way. Since we have, therefore, begun with the Diana of Monte-mayor, I am of opinion, that we ſhould not burn him, but only expunge what relates to the ſage Felicia, and the inchanted water, together with all the larger poems, and leave to him, a God's-name, all the proſe, and the honour of being the ringleader of the writers of that claſs."

"This that follows, ſaid the barber, is called Diana the ſecond, of Salmantino, and this other that bears the ſame name, is written by Gil Polo." "Let Salmantino, replied the curate, increaſe the number of thoſe that are already condemned to the yard; but, let Gil Polo be preſerved as carefully as if it was the production of Apollo himſelf. Proceed, friend Nicolas, and let us diſpatch; for, it grows late." "This here book, ſaid the barber, opening the next, is called the ten books of the Fortune of Love, the Production of Antonio Lofraſco, a Sardinian poet." "By my holy orders! cried the curate, ſince Phœbus was Apollo, the muſes the daughters of Jove, and bards delighted in poetry, there never was ſuch

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ſuch a pleaſant and comical performance compoſed, as this, which is the beſt and moſt original of the kind, which ever ſaw the light: and he who has not read it, may aſſure himſelf, that he has never read any thing of taſte: reach it me, neighbour; it gives me more pleaſure to have found this, than if I had received a caſſock of Florence-ſilk."

Accordingly he laid it carefully by, with infinite pleaſure, and the barber proceeded in his taſk, ſaying, "Thoſe that come next, are the Shepherd of Iberia, the Nymphs of Henares, and the Undeceptions of jealouſy." "Then there is no more to do, ſaid the prieſt, but to deliver them over to the ſecular arm of the houſe-keeper; and do not ask me, why? elſe we ſhall never have done." "Here comes the Shepherd of Filida." "He is no ſhepherd, cried the curate, but a very elegant courtier; and therefore preſerve him as a precious jewel." Then the barber laid hold of a very large volume, which was entitled the treaſure of poetry. "If there was not ſo much of him he would be more eſteemed, ſaid the licentiate; that book ought to be weeded, and cleared of certain meanneſſes, which have crept into the midſt of its excellencies: take care of it, for the author is my friend, and deſerves regard for ſome other more heroic and elevated works, which he has compoſed." "And this, continued the barber, is a collection of ſongs by Lopez Maldonado." "That author is my very good friend alſo, replied the curate, and his own verſes out of his own mouth are the admiration of every body: for he chants them with ſo ſweet a voice, that the hearers are inchanted. His eclogues are indeed a little diffuſe, but there cannot be too much of a good thing. Let them be preſerved among the elect: but, pray what book is that next to it?" When the barber told him, it was the Galatea of Miguel de Cervantes; "that ſame Cervantes, ſaid he, has been an intimate friend of mine, theſe many years, and is, to my certain knowledge, more converſant with misfortunes than poetry. There is a good vein of invention in his book, which propoſes ſomething, though it concludes nothing. We muſt wait for the ſecond part, which he promiſes, and then perhaps his amendment may deſerve a full pardon, which is now denied: until that happens, let him be cloſe confined in your cloſet."

"With all my heart, replied the barber; but here come three more together, the Araucana of Don Alonzo de Ercilla, the Auſtriada of Juan Rufo Jurado de Cordova, and the Monſerrato of Chriſtoval de Virues, a Valentian poet." Theſe three books, ſaid the curate, are the beſt epic poems in the Caſtilian language, and may be compared with the moſt renowned performances of Italy. Let them be kept as the ineſtimable pledges of Spaniſh poetry." The curate grew tired of examining more books, and would have condemned all the reſt, contents unknown,

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if the barber had not already opened another, which was called the Tears of Angelica. " I ſhould have ſhed tears for my raſhneſs, ſaid the curate, hearing the name, if I had ordered that book to be burned: for, its author was one of the moſt celebrated poets not only of Spain, but of the whole world, and in particular, extremely ſucceſsful in tranſlating ſome of the metamorphoſes of Ovid."

CHAP. VII.

The ſecond ſally of our worthy knight Don Quixote de la Mancha.

WHILE they were buſied in this manner, Don Quixote began to cry aloud: " This way, this way, ye valiant knights, now is the time to ſhew the ſtrength of your invincible arms, that the courtiers may not carry off the honour of the tournament." The ſcrutiny of the books that remained, was deſerted by the curate and barber, who haſtened to the author of this noiſy exclamation; and it is believed, that all were committed to the flames, unſeen, unheard, not even excepting the Carolea, and Lyon of Spain, together with the exploits of the emperor, compoſed by Don Luis d'Avila, which were, doubtleſs, among thoſe committed to the fire, tho', perhaps, had the curate ſeen them, they would not have undergone ſo ſevere a ſentence.

When they arrived in Don Quixote's chamber, they found him on the floor, proceeding with his rhapſody, and fencing with the walls, as broad awake as if he had never felt the influence of ſleep. Laying hold on him, by force they reconveyed him to his bed, where, after having reſted a little, he returned to his ravings, and addreſſed himſelf to the curate in theſe words: " Certainly, my lord, archbiſhop Turpin, we who are called the twelve peers of France, will be greatly diſgraced, if we allow the court-knights to win the victory in this tournament, after we the adventurers have gained the prize in the three preceding days." " Give yourſelf no trouble about that conſideration, my worthy friend, ſaid the curate; for, providence may turn the ſcale, and what is loſt to-day may be retrieved to-morrow. In the mean time, have a reverend care of your health, for you ſeem to be exceſſively fatigued, if not wounded grievouſly." " I am not wounded, replied the knight; but, that I am battered and bruiſed, there is no manner of doubt; for, the baſtard Don Orlando has mauled me to mummy, with the trunk of an oak; and all out of meer envy, becauſe he ſaw, that I alone, withſtood his valour. But, may I no longer deſerve the name of Reynaldos de Mont-Alban, if, when I riſe from this bed, I do not repay him in his own coin, in ſpite of all his enchantments. Mean while, bring me ſome food,

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which is what I chiefly want at present; and let me alone, to take vengeance for the injury I have received."

In compliance with his desire, they brought him something to eat, and left him again to his repose, not without admiration of his madness and extravagance. That very night, the housekeeper set fire to, and consumed, not only all the books that were in the yard, but also every one she could find in the house: and no doubt many were burned, which deserved to have been kept as perpetual archives. But, this, their destiny, and the laziness of the inquisitors would not allow: so, that in them was fulfilled the old proverb, *a saint may sometimes suffer for a sinner*. Another remedy which the curate and barber prescribed for the distemper of their friend, was to alter and block up the closet where his books had been kept; that, upon his getting up, he should not find them, and the cause being taken away, the effect might cease: and that upon his enquiry, they should tell him, an enchanter had carried them off, closet and all. This resolution was executed with all imaginable dispatch, during the two days that Don Quixote kept his bed.

The first thing he did, when he got up, was to go and visit his books, and not finding the apartment where he had left it, he went from one corner of the house to the other in quest of his study. Coming to the place where the door stood, he endeavoured, but in vain, to get in, and cast his eyes all around, without uttering one syllable: but, after he had spent some time in this sort of examination, he enquired of his housekeeper whereabouts he might find his book-closet. She being well instructed, readily answered: "What closet, or what nothing is your worship in search of? There are neither books nor closet in this house; for, the devil himself has run away with both." "It was not the devil, cried the niece, but, an enchanter that conveyed himself hither in a cloud, one night after your worship's departure, and alighting from a dragon on which he was mounted, entered the closet, where I know not what he did, but having staid a very little while, he came flying thro' the roof, leaving the whole house full of smoke. And when we went to see what he had done, we could neither find books nor closet: only, the housekeeper and I, can very well remember, that when the old wicked conjurer went away, he cried in a loud voice, that for the hatred he bore to the master of those books and closet, he had done that mischief, which would afterwards appear: he said also, that his name was the sage Munaton." "You mean Freston," said Don Quixote. "I do not know, answered the house-keeper, whether it was Freston or Friton; but this I am certain of, that his name ended in ton." "The case then is plain, said the knight, that same sage enchanter is one of my greatest enemies, who bears me a grudge, because he knows by the mystery of his art, that the time

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time will come when I ſhall fight, and vanquiſh in ſingle battle, a certain knight whom he favours, in ſpite of all he can do to prevent my ſucceſs: and for this reaſon, he endeavours to give me every mortification in his power; but, let me tell him, he won't find it an eaſy matter to contradict, or evade what heaven has decreed." "Who ever doubted that? ſaid his niece; but, what buſineſs have you, dear uncle, with theſe quarrels? Would it not be better to live in peace at home, than to ſtray up and down the world in ſearch of ſuperfine bread, without conſidering that many a one goes out for wool, and comes home quite ſhorn." "My dear niece, replied Don Quixote, you are altogether out of your reckoning. Before I be ſhorn, I will pull and pluck off the beards of all thoſe who pretend to touch a ſingle hair of my muſtacho."

The two women did not chooſe to make any farther anſwer, becauſe they perceived, that his choler was very much inflamed. After this tranſaction, however, he ſtaid at home fifteen days in great tranquillity, without giving the leaſt ſign or inclination to repeat his folly; during which time, many infinitely diverting converſations paſſed between him and his friends, the curate and the barber: wherein he obſerved that the world was in want of nothing ſo much as of knights-errant, and that in him this honourable order was revived. The clergyman ſometimes contradicted him, and ſometimes aſſented to what he ſaid, becauſe, without this artful conduct, he would have had no chance of bringing him to reaſon.

About this time too, the knight tampered with a peaſant in the neighbourhood, a very honeſt fellow, if a poor man may deſerve that title, but, one who had a very ſmall quantity of brains in his ſkull. In ſhort, he ſaid ſo much, uſed ſo many arguments to perſuade, and promiſed him ſuch mountains of wealth, that this poor ſimpleton determined to follow, and ſerve him in quality of ſquire. Among other things, that he might be diſpoſed to engage chearfully, the knight told him, that an adventure might one day happen, in which he ſhould win ſome iſland in the twinkling of an eye, and appoint him governor of his conqueſt. Intoxicated with theſe, and other ſuch promiſes, Sancho Panza (ſo was the country-man called) deſerted his wife and children, and liſted himſelf as his neighbour's ſquire.

Thus far ſucceſsful, Don Quixote took meaſures for ſupplying himſelf with money, and what by ſelling one thing, mortgaging another, and making a great many very bad bargains, he raiſed a tolerable ſum. At the ſame time, accommodating himſelf with a target, which he borrowed of a friend, and patching up the remains of his vizor as well as he could, he advertiſed his ſquire Sancho of the day and hour in which he reſolved to ſet out, that he might provide himſelf with thoſe things which he thought moſt neceſſary for the occaſion: above all things, charging him to purchaſe a wallet. San-

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cho promiſed to obey his orders; and moreover, ſaid he was reſolved to carry along with him an excellent aſs which he had, as he was not deſigned by nature to travel far on foot.

With regard to the aſs, Don Quixote demurred a little, endeavouring to recollect ſome knight-errant who had entertained a ſquire mounted on an aſs: but, as no ſuch inſtance occured to his memory, he was nevertheleſs, determined to allow it on this occaſion, on a ſuppoſition, that he ſhould be able to accommodate him with a more honourable carriage, by diſmounting the firſt diſcourteous knight he ſhould meet with. He alſo laid in a ſtore of linen, and every thing elſe in his power, conformable to the advice of the innkeeper.

Every thing being thus ſettled and fulfilled, Panza, without taking leave of his children and wife; and Don Quixote, without bidding adieu to his niece and houſekeeper, ſallied forth from the village, one night, unperceived by any living ſoul, and travelled ſo hard, that before dawn, they found themſelves ſecure from all ſearch, if any ſuch had been made: Sancho Panza journeying upon his aſs, like a venerable patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, longing extremely to ſee himſelf ſettled in the goverment of that iſland which was promiſed to him by his maſter.

The knight happened to take the ſame route, and follow the ſame road in which he travelled at his firſt ſally thro' the field of Montiel, over which he now paſſed with much leſs pain than formerly, becauſe it was now early in the morning, the rays of the ſun were more oblique, conſequently he was leſs diſturbed by the heat. It was hereabouts that Sancho firſt opened his mouth, ſaying to his maſter, "Sir knight-errant, I hope your worſhip will not forget that ſame iſland which you have promiſed me, and which I warrant myſelf able to govern, let it be as great as it will." To this remonſtrance Don Quixote replied: "You muſt know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was an eſtabliſhed cuſtom among the ancient knights-errant to inveſt their ſquires with the government of ſuch iſlands and kingdoms, as they had laid under their ſubjection; and I am firmly reſolved, that ſuch a grateful practice ſhall never fail in me, who, on the contrary, mean to improve it by my generoſity: for, they ſometimes, nay generally, waited untill their ſquires turned grey-haired, and then after they were worn out with ſervice, and had endured many diſmal days, and doleful nights, beſtowed upon them the title of count, or marquis, at leaſt, of ſome valley or province, more or leſs: but, if heaven ſpares thy life and mine, before ſix days be at an end, I may chance to acquire ſuch a kingdom as ſhall have others depending upon it, as if expreſly deſigned for thee, to be crowned ſovereign in one of them. And thou oughteſt not to be ſurprized, that ſuch incidents and accidents happen to knights-errant, by means never before known

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or conceived, as will enable me even to exceed my promiſe." "In that caſe, replied Sancho Panza, if I ſhould ever become a king, by any of thoſe miracles which your worſhip mentions, my duck Juana Gutierez would alſo be a queen, and each of my daughters an infanta." "Certainly: ſaid the knight, who doubts that?" "That do I, ſaid the ſquire; for, certain I am, that tho' it were to rain kingdoms upon the earth, not one of them would ſit ſeemly on the head of Mary* Gutierez; your worſhip muſt know, ſhe is not worth a farthing for a queen; ſhe might do indeed for a counteſs, with the bleſſing of God, and good aſſiſtance." "Recommend the matter to providence, replied Don Quixote, which will beſtow upon thee what will be beſt adapted to thy capacity: but, let not thy ſoul be ſo far debaſed, as to content itſelf with any thing leſs than a vice-royalty." "That I will not, anſwered Sancho, eſpecially as I have a powerful maſter in your worſhip, who will load me with as much preferment as I can conveniently bear."

CHAP. VIII.

Of the happy ſucceſs of the valiant Don Quixote, and the dreadful and inconceivable adventure of the wind-mills, with other incidents worthy to be recorded by the moſt able hiſtorian.

IN the midſt of this their converſation, they diſcovered thirty or forty wind-mills all together on the plain, which the knight no ſooner perceived, than he ſaid to his ſquire, "Chance has conducted our affairs even better than we could either wiſh or hope for; look there, friend Sancho, and behold thirty or forty outrageous giants, with whom, I intend to engage in battle, and put every ſoul of them to death, ſo that we may begin to enrich ourſelves with their ſpoils; for, it is a meritorious warfare, and ſerviceable both to God and man, to extirpate ſuch a wicked race from the face of the earth." "What giants do you mean?" ſaid Sancho Panza in amaze? "Thoſe you ſee yonder, replied his maſter, with vaſt extended arms; ſome of which are two leagues long." "I would your worſhip would take notice, replied Sancho, that thoſe you ſee yonder are no giants, but wind-mills; and what ſeem arms to you, are ſails; which being turned with the wind, make the mill-ſtone work:" "It ſeems very plain, ſaid the knight, that you are but a novice in adventures: theſe I affirm to be giants; and if thou art afraid, get out of the reach of danger, and put up thy prayers for me, while I join with them in fierce and unequal combat." So ſaying, he put ſpurs to his ſteed Rozinante, without paying the leaſt regard to the cries of his ſquire Sancho, who aſſured him, that thoſe he was going to

* How comes Juana to be ſo ſuddenly metamorphoſed into Mary?

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attack were no giants, but innocent wind-mills: but, he was ſo much poſſeſſed with the opinion that they were giants, that he neither heard the advice of his ſquire Sancho, nor would uſe the intelligence of his own eyes, tho' he was very near them: on the contrary, when he approached them, he called aloud: "Fly not, ye baſe and cowardly miſcreants, for, he is but a ſingle knight who now attacks you." At that inſtant, a breeze of wind ſpringing up, the great ſails began to turn; which being perceived by Don Quixote, "Tho' you wield, ſaid he, more arms than ever belonged to the giant Briareus, I will make you pay for your inſolence." So ſaying, and heartily recommending himſelf to his lady Dulcinea, whom he implored to ſuccour him in this emergency, bracing on his target, and ſetting his lance in the reſt, he put his Rozinante to full ſpeed, and aſſaulting the neareſt wind-mill, thruſt it into one of the ſails, which was drove about by the wind with ſo much fury, that the lance was ſhivered to pieces, and both knight and ſteed whirled aloft, and overthrown in very bad plight upon the plain.

Sancho Panza rode as faſt as the aſs could carry him to his aſſiſtance, and when he came up, found him unable to ſtir, by reaſon of the bruiſes which he and Rozinante had received. "Lord have mercy upon us! ſaid the ſquire, did not I tell your worſhip to conſider well what you were about? did not I aſſure you, they were no other than wind-mills? indeed no body could miſtake them for any thing elſe, but one who has wind-mills in his own head!" "Prithee, hold thy peace, friend Sancho, replied Don Quixote; the affairs of war, are more than any thing, ſubject to change. How much more ſo, as I believe, nay, am certain, that the ſage Freſton, who ſtole my cloſet and books, has converted thoſe giants into mills, in order to rob me of the honour of their overthrow; ſuch is the enmity he bears me; but, in the end, all his treacherous arts will but little avail againſt the vigour of my ſword." "God's will be done!" replied Sancho Panza, who helped him to riſe, and mount Rozinante that was almoſt disjointed.

While they converſed together upon what had happened, they followed the road that leads to the paſs of Lapice, for in that, which was a great thoroughfare, as Don Quixote obſerved, it was impoſſible but they muſt meet with many and divers adventures. As he jogged along, a good deal concerned for the loſs of his lance, he ſaid to his ſquire, "I remember to have read of a Spaniſh knight, called Diego Perez de Vargos, who having broken his ſword in battle, tore off a mighty branch or bough from an oak, with which he performed ſuch wonders, and felled ſo many Moors, that he retained the name of Machuca, or the feller, and all his deſcendants from that day forward, have gone by the name of Vargos and Machuca. This circumſtance I mention to thee, becauſe, from the firſt aſh or oak that I met with, I am reſolved to rend as large and ſtout a bough as that, with which I expect, and

and intend to perform ſuch exploits, as thou ſhalt think thyſelf extremely happy in being thought worthy to ſee, and give teſtimony to feats, otherwiſe incredible." "By God's help, ſays Sancho, I believe that every thing will happen as your worſhip ſays; but pray, Sir, ſit a little more upright; for you ſeem to lean ſtrangely to one ſide, which muſt proceed from the bruiſes you received in your fall." "Thou art in the right, anſwered Don Quixote; and if I do not complain of the pain, it is becauſe knights-errant are not permitted to complain of any wound they receive, even tho' their bowels ſhould come out of their bodies." "If that be caſe, I have nothing to reply, ſaid Sancho, but God knows, I ſhould be glad your worſhip would complain when any thing gives you pain: this I know, that for my own part, the ſmalleſt prick in the world would make me complain, if that law of not complaining does not reach to the ſquires as well as the knights." Don Quixote could not help ſmiling at the ſimplicity of his ſquire, to whom he gave permiſſion to complain as much and as often as he pleaſed, whether he had cauſe or no; for, as yet, he had read nothing to the contrary, in the hiſtory of knight-errantry.

Then Sancho obſerving that it was dinner-time, his maſter told him, that for the preſent he had no occaſion for food; but, that he his ſquire might go to victuals when he pleaſed. With this permiſſion, Sancho adjuſted himſelf as well as he could, upon his aſs, and taking out the proviſion with which he had ſtuffed his wallet, he dropped behind his maſter a good way, and kept his jaws agoing as he jogged along, lifting the bottle to his head from time to time, with ſo much ſatisfaction, that the moſt pampered vintner of Malaga might have envied his ſituation.

While he travelled in this manner, repeating his agreeable draughts, he never thought of the promiſe which his maſter had made to him, nor conſidered it as a toil, but rather as a diverſion, to go in queſt of adventures, how dangerous ſoever they might be: in fine, that night they paſſed under a tuft of trees, from one of which Don Quixote tore a withered branch to ſerve inſtead of a lance; and fitted to it, the iron head he had taken from that which was broken: all night long, the knight cloſed not an eye, but muſed upon his lady Dulcinea, in order to accommodate himſelf to what he had read of thoſe errants who paſſed many ſleepleſs nights in woods and deſarts, entertaining themſelves with the remembrance of their miſtreſſes.

This was not the caſe with Sancho Panza, whoſe belly being well repleniſhed, and that not with plantane water, made but one nap of the whole night; and even then, would not have waked, unleſs his maſter had called to him, notwithſtanding the ſun-beams that played upon his face, and the ſinging of the birds, which in great numbers, and joyous melody, ſaluted the

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the approach of the new day. The firſt thing he did, when he got up, was to viſit his bottle, which finding conſiderably more lank than it was the night before, he was grievouſly afflicted, becauſe in the road, that they purſued, he had no hopes of being able in a little time to ſupply its defect. Don Quixote refuſing to breakfaſt, becauſe, as we have already ſaid, he regaled himſelf with the ſavoury remembrance of his miſtreſs, they purſued their journey towards the paſs, which after three days travelling, they diſcovered. "Here, cried Don Quixote, here, brother Sancho Panza, we ſhall be able to dip our hands up to the elbows, in what is called adventure; but, take notice, altho' thou ſeeſt me beſet with the moſt extreme danger, thou muſt by no means, even ſo much as lay thy hand upon thy ſword, with deſign to defend me, unleſs I am aſſaulted by vulgar and low-born antagoniſts, in which caſe, thou mayeſt come to my aſſiſtance; but, if they are knights, thou art by no means permitted or licenced, by the laws of chivalry, to give me the leaſt ſuccour, untill thou thyſelf haſt received the honour of knighthood*." "As for that matter, replied Sancho, your worſhip ſhall be obeyed to a tittle; for, I am a very peaceable man, and not at all fond of meddling with riots and quarrels. True indeed, in the defence of my own perſon, I ſhall not pay much regard to the ſaid laws, ſeeing every one that is aggrieved, is permitted to defend himſelf by all the laws of God and man." "I ſay nothing to the contrary, replied Don Quixote, but, in the affair of aſſiſting me againſt knights, thou muſt keep thy natural impetuoſity under the rein." "That will I, anſwered Sancho, and keep your honour's command as ſtrictly as I keep the Lord's-day."

While they were engaged in this converſation, there appeared before them two benedictine monks mounted upon dromedaries, for, their mules were not much leſs, with their travelling ſpectacles, and umbrellas; after them came a coach, accompanied by four or five people on horſeback, and two mule-drivers on foot. In this carriage, it was afterwards known, a Biſcayan lady was travelling to Sevile to her huſband, who was bound to the Indies with a rich cargo.

Don Quixote no ſooner perceived the fryars, (who, tho' they travelled the ſame road, were not of her company) than he ſaid to his ſquire, "If I am not very much miſtaken, this will be the moſt famous adventure that ever was known; for, thoſe black apparitions on the road, muſt doubtleſs be enchanters, who are carrying off in that coach, ſome princeſs they have ſtolen; and

* Here Don Quixote ſeems to have been too ſcrupulous: for, tho' no ſquire was permitted to engage with a knight on horſeback, yet they were allowed, and even injoined, to aſſiſt their maſters when they were unhorſed or in danger, by mounting them on freſh ſteeds, ſupplying them with arms, and warding off the blows that were aimed at them. Davy Gam, at the battle of Agincourt, loſt his life in defending Henry V. of England, and St. Severin met with the ſame fate in warding off the blows that were aimed at Francis I. of France, in the battle of Pavia.

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there is a neceſſity for my exerting my whole power in redreſſing her wrongs." "This will be worſe than the wind-mills, cried Sancho, for the love of God! Sir, conſider, that theſe are Benedictine fryars, and thoſe who are in the coach can be no other than common travellers. Mind what I ſay, and conſider what you do, and let not the devil deceive you." "I have told thee already, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, that with regard to adventures, thou art utterly ignorant: what I ſay is true, and in a moment thou ſhalt be convinced."

So ſaying, he rode forward, and placed himſelf in the middle of the highway thro' which the fryars were to paſs, and when he thought them near enough to hear what he ſaid, he pronounced, in a loud voice, "Monſtrous and diabolical race! ſurrender this inſtant, thoſe high-born princeſſes, whom you carry captives in that coach: or prepare to receive immediate death, as a juſt puniſhment for your miſdeeds." The fryars immediately ſtopped ſhort, aſtoniſhed as much at the figure, as at the diſcourſe of Don Quixote: to which they replied, "Sir knight, we are neither diabolical nor monſtrous, but innocent monks of the order of St. Benedict, who are going this way about our own affairs; neither do we know of any princeſſes, that are carried captives in that coach." "Theſe fawning ſpeeches, ſaid Don Quixote, ſhall not impoſe upon me, who know too well what a treacherous pack you are;" and without waiting for any other reply, he put ſpurs to Rozinante, and couching his lance, attacked the firſt fryar with ſuch fury and reſolution, that if he had not thrown himſelf from his mule, he would have come to the ground extremely ill-handled, not without ſome deſperate wound, nay, perhaps ſtone dead. The ſecond monk, who ſaw how his companion had been treated, clapped ſpurs to the flanks of his truſty mule, and flew thro' the field even ſwifter than the wind.

Sancho Panza ſeeing the fryar on the ground, leaped from his aſs with great agility, and beginning to uncaſe him with the utmoſt dexterity, two of their ſervants came up, and aſked for what reaſon he ſtripped their maſter? The ſquire replied, that the cloaths belonged to him, as the ſpoils that Don Quixote his lord had won in battle: but, the others, who did not underſtand raillery, nor know any thing of ſpoils and battles, ſeeing Don Quixote at a good diſtance, talking with the people in the coach, went to loggerheads with Sancho, whom they ſoon overthrew, and without leaving one hair of his beard, mauled him ſo unmercifully, that he lay ſtretched upon the ground, without ſenſe or motion. Then, with the utmoſt diſpatch, mounted the fryar, who was pale as a ſheet, and almoſt frightened to death, and who no ſooner found himſelf on horſeback, than he galloped towards his companion, who tarried at a good diſtance, to ſee the iſſue of this ſtrange adventure. However, being joined again, without waiting for the

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concluſion of it, they purſued their journey, making as many croſſes as if the devil had been at their backs.

Don Quixote, in the mean time, as we have already obſerved, was engaged in converſation with the lady in the coach, to whom he expreſſed himſelf in this manner: "Beautiful lady, you may now diſpoſe of your own perſon according to your pleaſure, for the pride of your raviſhers lyes level with the ground, being overthrown by this my invincible arm; and that you may be at no difficulty in underſtanding the name of your deliverer, know that I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, adventurer and captive of the unparalelled, and beautiful Dorma Dulcinea del Toboſo; and the only acknowledgment I expect for the benefit you have received, is, that you return to that place, and preſenting yourſelf before my miſtreſs, tell her what I have performed in behalf of your liberty." This whole addreſs of the knight, was overheard by a Biſcayan ſquire, who accompanied the coach, and who ſeeing, that he would not allow the carriage to paſs forward, but inſiſted upon their immediate returning to Toboſo, rode up to Don Quixote, and laying hold of his lance, ſpoke to him thus in bad Caſtilian, and worſe Biſcayan: "Get thee gone, cavalier, go to the devil, I zay, vor, by the God that made hur, if thou wilt not let the coach alone, che will kill thee dead, as zure as che was a Biſcayan." The knight underſtanding very well what he ſaid, replied with great compoſure; "If thou waſt a gentleman, as thou art not, I would chaſtiſe thy inſolence and raſhneſs, wretched creature." "I not a gentleman, replied the Biſcayan in great choler; by God in heaven! thou lieſt, as I am a Chriſtian; if thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy ſword, che will ſoon zee which be the better man *. Biſcayan by land, gentleman by zea, gentleman by devil, and thou lieſt, look ye, in thy throat, if thou zayeſt otherwiſe." "Thou ſhalt ſee that preſently, as Agragis ſaid," replied Don Quixote, who throwing his lance upon the ground, unſheathing his ſword, and bracing on his target, attacked the Biſcayan with full reſolution to put him to death †.

His antagoniſt, who ſaw him approach, fain would have alighted from his mule, which being one of the worſt that ever was let out for hire, could not much be depended upon: but, he ſcarce had time to draw his ſword; however, being luckily near the coach, he ſnatched out of it a cuſhion, which ſerved him as a ſhield, and then they flew upon each other as two mortal enemies. The reſt of the people who were preſent, endeavoured, but in vain, to appeaſe them; for, the Biſcayan ſwore, in his uncouth ex-

* The literal meaning of the Spaniſh, is, Thou ſhalt ſoon ſee who is to carry the cat to the water, or rather, in the corrupted Biſcayan phraſe, "The water, how ſoon thou wilt ſee, that thou carrieſt to the cat."

† This behaviour of Don Quixote, was exactly conformable to the rules of chivalry; which, tho' they hindered a knight from fighting in armour with a ſquire, did not prevent him from giving ſatisfaction to an inferior, at ſword and target; and every ſquire who was aggrieved, had a right to demand it.

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preſſions, that if they did not leave him to fight the battle, he would certainly murder his miſtreſs, and every body who ſhould pretend to oppoſe it. The lady in the coach, ſurprized and frightened at what ſhe ſaw, ordered the coachman to drive a little out of the road, to a place from whence ſhe could ſee at a diſtance this rigorous engagement. In the courſe of which, the Biſcayan beſtowed ſuch a huge ſtroke upon the ſhoulder of Don Quixote, that if it had not been for the defence of his buckler, he would have been cleft down to his girdle. The knight feeling the ſhock of ſuch an unconſcionable blow, exclaimed aloud: "O Dulcinea! lady of my ſoul, thou roſe of beauty, ſuccour thy knight, who, for the ſatisfaction of thy exceſſive goodneſs, is now involved in this dreadful emergency." To pronounce theſe words, to raiſe his ſword, to ſecure himſelf with his target, and attack the Biſcayan, was the work of one inſtant; for, he was determined to riſk his all upon a ſingle ſtroke. His antagoniſt, who ſaw him advance, and by this time, was convinced of his courage by his reſolution, determined to follow his example; and covering himſelf with his cuſhion, waited his aſſault, without being able to turn his mule either on one ſide or the other: for, ſhe was already ſo jaded, and ſo little accuſtomed to ſuch paſtime, that ſhe would not move one ſtep out of the way.

Don Quixote then, as we have ſaid, advanced againſt the cautious Biſcayan, his ſword lifted up with an intention to cleave him through the middle: the Biſcayan waited his attack in the ſame poſture, being ſhielded with his cuſhion. The frightened by-ſtanders ſtood aloof, intent upon the ſucceſs of thoſe mighty ſtrokes that threatened each of the combatants; and the lady in the coach, with the reſt of her attendants, put up a thouſand prayers to heaven, and vowed an offering to every image, and houſe of devotion in Spain, provided God would deliver the ſquire and them from the imminent danger in which they were: but the misfortune is, that in this very critical inſtant, the author of the hiſtory has left this battle in ſuſpence, excuſing himſelf, that he could find no other account of Don Quixote's exploits, but what has already been related. True it is, that the ſecond author of this work, could not believe that ſuch a curious hiſtory was conſigned to oblivion; nor, that there could be ſuch a ſcarcity of curious virtuoſi in La Mancha, but that ſome papers relating to this famous knight ſhould be found in their archives or cabinets: and therefore, poſſeſſed of this opinion, he did not deſpair of finding the concluſion of this delightful hiſtory, which indeed he very providentially lighted upon, in the manner which will be related in the ſecond book.

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THE

LIFE and ATCHIEVEMENTS

Of the Sagacious HIDALGO

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

The concluſion and conſequence of the ſtupendous combat between the gallant Biſcayan, and the valiant knight of La Mancha.

IN the firſt book of this hiſtory, we left the valiant Biſcayan and renowned Don Quixote with their gleaming ſwords brandiſhed aloft, about to diſcharge two ſuch furious ſtrokes, as muſt (if they had cut ſheer) have cleft them both aſunder, from top to toe, like a couple of pomegranates; and in this dubious and critical conjuncture, the delicious hiſtory abruptly breaks off, without our being informed by the author, where or how that which is wanting may be found.

I was not a little concerned at this diſappointment; for, the pleaſure I enjoyed in the little I had read, was changed into diſguſt, when I reflected on the ſmall proſpect I had of finding the greater part of this reliſhing ſtory, which, in my opinion, was loſt: and yet it ſeemed impoſſible, and contrary to every laudable cuſtom, that ſuch an excellent knight ſhould be unprovided with ſome ſage to undertake the hiſtory of his unheard-of exploits; a convenience which none of thoſe knights-errant who went in queſt of adventures ever wanted, each of them having been accommodated with one or two negromancers, on purpoſe to record not only his atchievemets, but even his moſt hidden thoughts and amuſements. Surely then ſuch a compleat errant could not be ſo unlucky as to want that, which even Platil, and other ſuch ſecond-rate warriors enjoyed.

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I could not therefore prevail upon myſelf to believe that ſuch a ſpirited hiſtory was left ſo lame and unfiniſhed, but laid the whole blame on the malignity of time, which waſtes and devours all things, and by which, no doubt, this was either conſumed or concealed: on the other hand, I conſidered, that as ſome books had been found in his library, ſo modern as the Undeceptions of jealouſy, together with the Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares; his own hiſtory muſt alſo be of a modern date, and the circumſtances, tho' not committed to writing, ſtill freſh in the memory of his neighbours and townſmen. This conſideration perplexed and inflamed me, with the deſire of knowing the true and genuine account of the life and wonderful exploits of our Spaniſh worthy Don Quixote de la Mancha, the ſun and mirrour of Manchegan chivalry, the firſt who in this our age, and theſe degenerate times, undertook the toil and exerciſe of errantry and arms, to redreſs grievances, ſupport the widow, and protect thoſe damſels who ſtroll about with whip and palfrey, from hill to hill, and from dale to dale, on the ſtrength of their virginity alone: for, in times paſt, unleſs ſome libidinous clown with hatchet and morrion, or monſtrous giant, forced her to his brutal wiſhes, a damſel might have lived fourſcore years, without ever lying under any other cover than that of heaven, and then gone to her grave as good a maiden as the mother that bore her. I ſay, therefore, that for theſe and many other conſiderations, our gallant Don Quixote merits inceſſant and immortal praiſe; and even I myſelf may claim ſome ſhare, for my labour and diligence in finding the concluſion of this agreeable hiſtory; tho' I am well aware, that if I had not been favoured by fortune, chance or providence, the world would have been deprived of that pleaſure and ſatisfaction which the attentive reader may enjoy for an hour or two, in peruſing what follows:

While I was walking, one day, on the exchange of Toledo, a boy coming up to a certain mercer, offered to ſell him a bundle of old papers he had in his hand: now, as I have always a ſtrong propenſity to read even thoſe ſcraps that ſometimes fly about the ſtreets, I was led by this my natural curioſity, to turn over ſome of the leaves: I found them written in Arabic, which not being able to read, tho' I knew the characters, I looked about for ſome Portugeze Moor who ſhould underſtand it; and indeed, tho' the language had been both more elegant and ancient, I might eaſily have found an interpreter. In ſhort, I lighted upon one, to whom expreſſing my deſire, and putting the pamphlet into his hands, he opened it in the middle, and after having read a few lines, began to laugh; when I asked the cauſe of his laughter, he ſaid it was occaſioned by a whimſical annotation in the margin of the book: I begged he would tell me what it was, and he anſwered, ſtill laughing. What I find written in the margin, is to this purpoſe: "This ſame Dulcinea ſo often mentioned in the hiſtory, is,

ſaid:

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ſaid to have had the beſt hand at ſalting pork of any woman in la Mancha."

Not a little ſurpriſed at hearing Dulcinea del Toboſo mentioned, I immediately conjectured that the bundle actually contained the hiſtory of Don Quixote: poſſeſſed with this notion, I bad him, with great eagerneſs, read the title page, which having peruſed, he tranſlated it extempore from Arabic to Spaniſh, in theſe words: "The hiſtory of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Cid Hamet Benengeli, an Arabian author." No ſmall diſcretion was requiſite to diſſemble the ſatisfaction I felt, when my ears were ſaluted with the title of theſe papers, which, ſnatching from the mercer, I immediately bought in the lump, for half a rial; tho', if the owner had been cunning enough to diſcover my eagerneſs to poſſeſs them, he might have laid his account with getting twelve times the ſum by the bargain.

I then retired with my Moor, thro' the cloyſters of the cathedral, and deſired him to tranſlate all thoſe papers that related to Don Quixote into the Caſtilian tongue, without addition or diminution, offering to pay any thing he ſhould charge for his labour: his demand was limited to two quarters of raſins, and as many buſhels of wheat, for which he promiſed to tranſlate them with great care, conciſeneſs and fidelity: but, I, the more to facilitate the buſineſs, without parting with ſuch a rich prize, conducted him to my own houſe, where, in little leſs than ſix weeks, he tranſlated the whole, in the ſame manner as ſhall here be related.

In the firſt ſheet, was painted to the life, the battle betwixt Don Quixote and the Biſcayan, who were repreſented in the ſame poſture as the hiſtory has already deſcribed, their ſwords brandiſhed aloft, one of the antagoniſts covered with his ſhield, the other with his cuſhion, and the Biſcayan's mule ſo naturally ſet forth, that you might have known her to have been an hireling, at the diſtance of a bow-ſhot. Under the feet of her rider, was a label, containing theſe words, Don Sancho de Azpetia, which was doubtleſs his name; and beneath our knight was another, with the title of Don Quixote. Rozinante was moſt wonderfully delineated, ſo long and raw-boned, ſo lank and meagre, ſo ſharp in the back, and conſumptive, that one might eaſily perceive, with what propriety and penetration the name of Rozinante had been beſtowed upon him. Hard by the ſteed was Sancho Panza, holding his aſs by the halter, at whoſe feet was a third label, inſcribed Sancho Zancas, who, in the picture, was repreſented as a perſon of a ſhort ſtature, ſwag belly, and long ſpindle ſhanks: for this reaſon, he ought to be called indiſcriminately by the names of * Panza and Zancas; for by both theſe ſirnames is he ſometimes mentioned in hiſtory.

* Panza, in Caſtilian, ſignifies Paunch; and Zancas, ſpindleſhanks.

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There were divers other minute circumſtances to be obſerved, but, all of them of ſmall importance and concern to the truth of the hiſtory, tho' indeed nothing that is true can be impertinent: however, if any objection can be ſtarted to the truth of this, it can be no other, but that the author was an Arabian, of a nation but too much addicted to falſehood, tho' as they are at preſent our enemies, it may be ſuppoſed, that he has rather failed than exceeded in the repreſentation of our hero's exploits: for, in my opinion, when he had frequently opportunities, and calls to exerciſe his pen in the praiſe of ſuch an illuſtrious knight, he ſeems to be induſtriouſly ſilent on the ſubject; a circumſtance very little to his commendation, for, all hiſtorians ought to be punctual, candid and diſpaſſionate, that neither intereſt, rancour, fear, or affection may miſlead them from the road of truth, whoſe mother is hiſtory, that rival of time, that depoſitory of great actions, witneſs of the paſt, example and pattern of the preſent, and oracle of future ages. In this, I know, will be found whatſoever can be expected in the moſt pleaſant performance; and if any thing ſeems imperfect, I affirm it muſt be owing to the fault of the infidel its author, rather than to any failure of the ſubject itſelf: in ſhort, the ſecond book in the tranſlation begins thus:

The flaming ſwords of the two valiant and incenſed combatants, brandiſhed in the air, ſeemed to threaten heaven, earth, and hell, ſuch was the rage and reſolution of thoſe that wielded them: but, the firſt blow was diſcharged by the choleric Biſcayan, who ſtruck with ſuch force and fury, that if the blade had not turned by the way, that ſingle ſtroke would have been ſufficient to have put an end to this dreadful conflict, and all the other adventures of our knight; but, his good genius, which preſerved him for mightier things, turned the ſword of his antagoniſt aſide, ſo, that tho' it fell upon his left ſhoulder, it did no other damage than diſarm that whole ſide, ſlicing off in its paſſage the greateſt part of his helmet, with half of his ear, which fell to the ground, with hideous ruin, leaving him in a very uncomfortable ſituation. Good heavens! where is the man, who can worthily expreſs the rage and indignation which entered into the heart of our Manchegan, when he ſaw himſelf handled in this manner? I ſhall only ſay, his fury was ſuch, that raiſing himſelf again in his ſtirrups, and graſping his ſword with both hands, he diſcharged it ſo full upon the cuſhion, and head of the Biſcayan, which it but ill-defended, that, as if a mountain had fallen upon him, he began to ſpout blood from his noſtrils, mouth and ears, and ſeemed ready to fall from his mule, which would certainly have been the caſe, if he had not laid hold of the mane: yet, notwithſtanding this effort, his feet falling out of the ſtirrups, and his arms quitting their hold, the mule, which was frightened at the terrible ſtroke, began to run acroſs the field, and after a few plunges, came with her maſter to the ground. Don Quixote, who

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who ſat obſerving him, with great tranquillity, no ſooner perceived him fall, than leaping from his horſe, he ran up to him with great agility, and ſetting the point of his ſword to his throat, bad him ſurrender, on pain of having his head cut off. The Biſcayan was ſo confounded by the blow and fall he had ſuſtained, that he could not anſwer one ſyllable, and as Don Quixote was blinded by his rage, he would have fared very ill, if the ladies of the coach, who had hitherto, in great conſternation, been ſpectators of the battle, had not run to the place where he was, and requeſted, with the moſt fervent entreaties, that his worſhip would grant them the favour to ſpare the life of their ſquire.

To this petition, the knight replied, with great ſtatelineſs and gravity, " Aſſuredly, moſt beautiful ladies, I am very ready to do what you deſire, but, it ſhall be upon condition and proviſo, that this cavalier promiſe to go ſtrait to Toboſo, and preſent himſelf, in my behalf, before the unparalelled Donna Dulcinea, that ſhe may uſe him according to her good pleaſure." The timorous and diſconſolate ladies, without entering into the detail of what Don Quixote deſired, or enquiring who this Dulcinea was, promiſed that the ſquire ſhould obey the knight's commands in every thing. " Upon the faith of your word, then, ſaid Don Quixote, I will do him no farther damage, tho' he has richly deſerved it at my hand."

CHAP. II.

Of what further happened between Don Quixote and the Biſcayan.

ALL this time, Sancho Panza, having got up, tho' very roughly handled by the lacquies of the fryars, ſtood very attentively beholding the battle of his maſter Don Quixote, and put up ejaculatory petitions to heaven, that it would pleaſe to grant him the victory, and that he might gain by it ſome iſland, of which he himſelf might be made governor, in conſequence of the knight's promiſe. Seeing therefore the battle ended, and his maſter returning to mount Rozinante, he went to hold his ſtirrup, and before he got up, fell on his knees before him; then laying hold of his hand, and kiſſing it, pronounced with great fervency, " Sir Don Quixote, will your worſhip be pleaſed to beſtow on me, the government of that iſland which you have won in this dreadful combat; for, let it be ever ſo great, I find I have ſtrength enough to govern it, as well as any he who governed an iſland in this world." To this requeſt, Don Quixote replied; " You muſt know, brother Sancho, that ſuch as theſe are not adventures,

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ventures of iſlands, but frays that happen on the high road, in which there is nothing to be got but a broken head, with the loſs of an ear: have a little patience, and we ſhall meet with adventures, which will enable me to make you not only a governor, but ſomething more." Sancho made him many hearty acknowledgments for his promiſe, then kiſſing his hand again, and his coat of mail, helped him to mount Rozinante; and he himſelf getting upon his aſs, followed his maſter, who ſet off at a round pace, and without biding adieu, or ſpeaking one ſyllable to thoſe in the coach, entered a wood that was in the neighbourhood.

Sancho followed him as hard as his beaſt would trot; but Rozinante exerted ſuch ſpeed, that ſeeing himſelf left behind, he was obliged to call to his maſter to wait for him. The knight complied with his requeſt, and checked his horſe until he was overtaken by his weary ſquire; who, when he approached him: "Sir, ſaid he, methinks it would be the wiſeſt courſe for us to retreat to ſome church; for, as he with whom you fought, remains but in a ſorry condition, 'tis odds, but they inform the *holy brotherhood of the affair, and have us apprehended: and verily, if they do, before we get out of priſon, we may chance to ſweat for it." "Peace, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, where didſt thou ever ſee or hear, that a knight-errant was brought to juſtice for the greateſt homicides he had committed?" "I known othing of your honey-ſeeds, anſwered Sancho, nor in my life did I ever ſee one of them: this only, I know, that the holy brotherhood commonly looks after thoſe who quarrel and fight up and down the country; and as to the other affair, I have no buſineſs to intermeddle in it."

"Set your heart at eaſe then, friend Sancho, replied Don Quixote; for, I will deliver you from the hands of the Philiſtines, much more from the clutches of the brotherhood: but, tell me, on thy life, haſt thou ever ſeen a more valiant knight than me, in any country of the known world? Haſt thou ever read in ſtory of any other who poſſeſſes, or has poſſeſſed, more courage in attacking, more breath in perſevering, more dexterity in wounding, and more agility in overthrowing his antagoniſt?" "The truth is, anſwered Sancho, I never read a hiſtory ſince I was born; for, indeed I can neither read nor write; but what I will make bold to wager upon, is, that a more daring maſter than your worſhip I never ſerved in the days of my life; and I wiſh to God, that your courage may not meet with that reward I have already mentioned. What I beg of your worſhip at preſent, is, that you would allow me to dreſs that ear, which bleeds very much; for, I have got ſome lint, and a little white ointment in my wallet." "Theſe would

* Santa Hermandad was a brotherhood or ſociety inſtituted in Spain in times of confuſion, to ſuppreſs robbery, and render travelling, ſafe.

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have been altogether needleſs, anſwered the knight, if I had remembered to make a vial of the balſam of Fierabras, one ſingle drop of which, would ſave abundance of time and trouble." "What ſort of a vial and balſam is that?" ſaid Sancho Panza. "It is a balſam, replied Don Quixote, the receipt of which I retain in my memory, and he that poſſeſſes the valuable compoſition, needs be in no fear of death, nor think of periſhing by any wound whatſoever: and therefore, when I ſhall have made it, and delivered it into thy keeping, thou haſt no more to do, when thou ſeeſt me in any combat, cut thro' the middle, a circumſtance that very often happens, but to ſnatch up that part of the body which falls to the ground, and before the blood ſhall congeal, ſet it upon the other half that remains in the ſaddle, taking care to join them with the utmoſt nicety and exactneſs: then making me ſwallow a couple of draughts of the aforeſaid balſam, thou wilt ſee me in a twinkling, as whole and ſound as an apple."

"If that be the caſe, ſaid Sancho Panza, I henceforth renounce the government of that iſland you promiſed me, and deſire no other reward for my long and faithful ſervice, but that your worſhip will give me the receipt of that ſame moſt exceeding liquor; for, I imagine, that it will ſell for two rials an ounce at leaſt, and that will be ſufficient to make me ſpend the reſt of my days in credit and eaſe: but, it will be neceſſary to know, if the compoſition be coſtly." "I can make a gallon of it for leſs than three rials," replied the knight: "Sinner that I am! cried Sancho, what hinders your worſhip from teaching me to make it, this moment." "Hold thy tongue, friend, ſaid the knight, I intend to teach thee greater ſecrets, and beſtow upon thee more conſiderable rewards than that: but, in the mean time, let us dreſs my ear, which pains me more than I could wiſh."

The ſquire accordingly took out his lint and ointment; but when his maſter found, that his helmet was quite demoliſhed, he had almoſt run ſtark mad: he laid his hand upon his ſword, and lifting up his hands to heaven, pronounced aloud; "I ſwear by the creator of all things, and by all that is written in the four holy evangeliſts! to lead the life which the great marquis of Mantua led, when he ſwore to revenge the death of his couſin Valdovinos: neither to eat food upon a table, nor enjoy his wife, with many other things, which, tho' I do not remember, I here conſider as expreſſed, until I ſhall have taken full vengeance upon him who has done me this injury*." Sancho hearing this invocation, "Sir Don Quixote,

* Theſe ridiculous oaths or vows are not confined to romances. Philip the good duke of Burgundy, at a public banquet, vowed to God, the holy virgin, the peacock and the ladies, that he would declare war againſt the infidels; and a great number of perſons who were preſent liſted themſelves under the ſame vow, and incurred voluntary penance until it ſhould be accompliſhed. Some ſwore they would never lye upon a bed, others renounced the uſe of a table cloth, a third ſet obliged themſelves to faſt one particular day in the week, a fourth went without one particular piece of armour, a fifth wore his armour night and day, and many confined themſelves to ſhirts of ſackcloth and hair.

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ſaid he, I hope your worſhip will conſider, that if the knight ſhall accompliſh what he was ordered to do; namely, to preſent himſelf before my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, he will have done his duty, and certainly deſerves no other puniſhment, unleſs he commits a new crime." " Thou haſt ſpoke very much to the purpoſe, and hit the nail on the head, replied Don Quixote, therefore I annul my oath, ſo far as it regards my revenge, but I make and confirm it anew, to lead the life I have mentioned, until ſuch time as I can take by force as good a helmet as this from ſome other knight; and thou muſt not think, Sancho, that I am now making a ſmoke of ſtraw; for, I know very well whom I imitate in this affair; the ſame thing having literally happened about the helmet of Mambrino, which coſt Sacripante ſo dear *."

" Sir, Sir, replied Sancho with ſome heat, I wiſh your worſhip would ſend to the devil, all ſuch oaths, which are ſo miſchievous to the health, and prejudicial to the conſcience; for, tell me now, if we ſhould not find in many days, a man armed with a helmet, what muſt we do? muſt we perform this vow, in ſpite of all the rubs and inconveniencies in the way: ſuch as to lye in one's cloaths, and not to ſleep in an inhabited place, with a thouſand other penances contained in the oath of that old mad marquis of Mantua, which your worſhip now wants to renew? Pray, Sir, conſider that there are no armed people in theſe roads, none but carriers and carters, which far from wearing helmets themſelves, perhaps never heard of any ſuch thing during the whole courſe of their lives." " There thou art egregiouſly miſtaken, replied Don Quixote, for, before we are two hours in theſe croſs ways, we ſhall ſee armed men more numerous than thoſe that came to Albraca, in order to win Angelica the fair." " On then, and be it ſo, ſaid Sancho, and pray God we may ſucceed, and that the time may come, when we ſhall gain that iſland which has coſt me ſo dear, and then I care not how ſoon I die." " I have already adviſed thee, Sancho, ſaid the knight, to give thyſelf no trouble about that affair; for, ſhould we be diſappointed in the expectation of an iſland, there is the kingdom of Denmark, or that of Sobrediza, which will ſuit thee as well as ever a ring fitted a finger, and ought to give thee more joy, becauſe it is ſituated on terra firma; but, let us leave theſe things to the determination of time; and ſee if thou haſt got any thing in thy wallet; for, we muſt go preſently in queſt of ſome caſtle, where we

* Geoffroi de Rançon having been injured by the Count de la Marche, ſwore by the ſaints that he would wear his buſkin like a woman, and never ſuffer himſelf to be ſhaved, in the manner of chivalry, until he ſhould be revenged. This oath he ſcrupulouſly obſerved, until he ſaw his adverſary with his wife and children kneeling in diſtreſs before the king, and imploring his forgiveneſs; then he called for a ſtool, adjuſted his buſkin, and was ſhaved in preſence of his majeſty and all the court.

The knight's forehead was commonly ſhaved, that in caſe he ſhould loſe his helmet in combat, his antagoniſt ſhould have no hold by which he might be pulled off his horſe.

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may procure a night's lodging, and ingredients to make that ſame balſam I mentioned; for, I vow to God! my ear gives me infinite pain."

"I have got here in my bags, ſaid Sancho, an onion, a ſlice of cheeſe, and a few cruſts of bread; but, theſe are eatables which do not ſuit the palate of ſuch a valiant knight-errant as your worſhip." "How little you underſtand of the matter, anſwered Don Quixote? Thou muſt know, Sancho, that it is for the honour of knights-errant, to abſtain whole months together from food, and when they do eat, to be contented with what is next at hand; this thou wouldſt not have been ignorant of, hadſt thou read ſo many hiſtories as I have peruſed, in which, numerous as they are, I have never found any account of knights-errant eating, except occaſionally, at ſome ſumptuous banquet made on purpoſe for them; at other times, living upon air: and tho' it muſt be taken for granted, that they could not altogether live without eating, or complying with the other neceſſities of nature, being in effect men as we are; yet we are likewiſe to conſider, that as the greateſt part of their lives was ſpent in travelling thro' woods and deſarts, without any cook or caterer, their ordinary diet was no other than ſuch ruſtic food as thou haſt now got for our preſent occaſions*: therefore, friend Sancho, give thyſelf no uneaſineſs, becauſe thou haſt got nothing to gratify the palate, nor ſeek to unhinge or alter the conſtitution of things." "I beg your worſhip's pardon, ſaid Sancho, for, as I can neither read nor write, as I have already obſerved, I may have miſtaken the rules of your knightly profeſſion; but, from henceforward, I will ſtore my budget with all ſorts of dry fruits for your worſhip, who are a knight, and for myſelf who am none, I will provide other more volatile and ſubſtantial food." "I do not ſay, Sancho, that knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing except theſe fruits, but only that their moſt ordinary ſuſtenance is compoſed of them, and ſome certain herbs, which they know how to gather in the fields; a ſpecies of knowledge which I myſelf am no ſtranger to." "Surely, anſwered Sancho, it is a great comfort to know thoſe ſame herbs; for, it comes into my head, we ſhall one day or another, have occaſion to make uſe of the knowledge;" and taking out the contents of his wallet, they ate together with great harmony and ſatisfaction; but, being deſirous of finding ſome place for their night's lodging, they finiſhed their humble repaſt in a hurry, and mounting their beaſts, put on at a good rate, in order to reach ſome village before it ſhould be dark: but, the hope of gratifying that deſire failed them with day-light, juſt when they happened to be near a goat-

* We read in Perceforeſt, that there were flat ſtones placed at certain diſtances in uninhabited parts of the country, for the uſe of knights-errant, who having killed a roebuck, preſſed the blood out of it upon one of theſe tables, by the help of another ſmooth ſtone, and then ate it with ſome ſalt and ſpices which they carried along with them for that purpoſe. This diet is called, in the French romances, *Chevraux de preſſe, nourriture des Heraux.*

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herd's hut, in which they reſolved to paſs the night: and in the ſame proportion, that Sancho was diſguſted at not being able to reach ſome village, his maſter was rejoiced at an opportunity of ſleeping under the cope of heaven; becauſe he looked upon every occaſion of this kind, as an act of poſſeſſion, that ſtrengthened the proof of his knight-errantry.

CHAP. III.

Of what happened to Don Quixote, while he remained with the goat-herds.

HE received a very hearty welcome from the goatherds, and Sancho having, as well as he could, accommodated Rozinante and his aſs, was attracted by the odour, that iſſued from ſome pieces of goat's-fleſh, that were boiling in a kettle; but though he longed very much, at that inſtant, to ſee if it was time to transfer them from the kettle to the belly, he checked his curioſity, becauſe the landlord took them from the fire, and ſpreading ſome ſheep-kins upon the ground, ſet out their ruſtic table without loſs of time; inviting their two gueſts to a ſhare of their meſs, with many expreſſions of good will and hoſpitality. Then thoſe who belonged to the cot, being ſix in number, ſeated themſelves round the ſkins, having firſt, with their booriſh ceremony, deſired Don Quixote to ſit down on a trough, which they had overturned for that purpoſe.

The knight accepted their offer, and Sancho remained ſtanding, to adminiſter the cup, which was made of horn: but, his maſter perceiving him in this attitude; "That thou mayſt ſee, Sancho, ſaid he, the benefit which is concentred in knight-errantry; and how near all thoſe, who exerciſe themſelves in any ſort of miniſtry belonging to it, are to preferment and eſteem of the world, I deſire thee to ſit down here by my ſide, in company with theſe worthy people: and that thou may'ſt be on an equal footing with me thy natural lord and maſter, eating in the ſame diſh, and drinking out of the ſame cup that I uſe; for what is ſaid of love may be obſerved of knight-errantry, that it puts all things upon a level."

"I give you a thouſand thanks, ſaid Sancho, but, I muſt tell your worſhip, that provided I have plenty, I can eat as much, nay, more to my ſatisfaction, ſtanding on my legs, and in my own company, than if I was to ſit by the ſide of an emperor: and, if all the truth muſt be told, I had much rather dine by myſelf in a corner, though it ſhould be upon a bit of bread and an onion, without all your niceties and ceremonies, than eat turky-cocks at another man's table, where I am obliged to chew ſoftly, to drink ſparingly, to wipe my mouth every minute, to abſtain from.

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from ſneezing or coughing, though I ſhould be never ſo much inclined to either, and from a great many other things, which I can freely do, when alone: therefore, ſir maſter of mine, I hope theſe honours which your worſhip would put upon me, as being the ſervant and abettor of knight-errantry, which to be ſure I am, while I remain in quality of your ſquire, may be converted into other things of more eaſe and advantage to me, than thoſe which, though I hold them as received in full, I renounce from henceforth for ever, amen." "Thou muſt nevertheleſs, ſit thee down, ſaid his maſter; for, him that is humble God will exalt;" and, ſeizing him by the arm, he pulled him down to the ſeat on which he himſelf ſat.

The goatherds, who underſtood not a word of all this jargon of ſquire and knights-errant, did nothing but eat in ſilence, and gaze upon their gueſts, who with keen appetite, and infinite reliſh, ſolaced their ſtomachs, by ſwallowing pieces as large as their fiſts. This ſervice of meat being finiſhed, they ſpread upon their ſkins great quantities of acorns, and half a cheeſe, harder than plaiſter of Paris: all this time, the horn was not idle, but went, round ſo faſt, ſometimes full, ſometimes empty, like the buckets of a well, that they ſoon voided one of the two ſkins of wine that hung in view.

Don Quixote having ſatisfied his appetite, took up an handful of the acorns, and after looking at them attentively, delivered himſelf to this purpoſe: "Happy age, and happy days were thoſe, to which the ancients gave the name of golden; not, that gold, which in theſe our iron-times, is ſo much eſteemed, was to be acquired without trouble, in that fortunate period; but, becauſe people then, were ignorant of thoſe two words MINE and THINE: in that ſacred age, all things were in common; no man was neceſſitated, in ſearch of his daily food, to undergo any other trouble than that of reaching out his hand, and receiving it from the ſturdy oak, that liberally invited him to pull his ſweet and ſalutary fruit. The limpid fountains and murmuring rills afforded him their ſavoury and tranſparent waters in magnificent abundance. In clefts of rocks and hollow trees, the prudent and induſtrious bees formed their commonwealths, offering without intereſt, to every hand the fruitful harveſt of their delicious toil. The ſtately cork-trees voluntarily ſtripped themſelves of their light extended bark, with which men began to cover their rural cottages, ſupported upon ruſtic poles, with a view only to defend themſelves from the inclemencies of the weather. All was then peace, all was harmony, and all was friendſhip. As yet, the ponderous coulter of the crooked plough, had not preſumed to open, or viſit the pious entrails of our firſt mother, who, without compulſion, preſented, on every part of her wide and fertile boſom, every thing that could ſatisfy, ſuſtain and delight her ſons, who then poſſeſſed

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poſſeſſed her. Then did the ſimple and beautiful ſhepherdeſſes rove from hill to hill, and dale to dale, without any other cloaths than what were neceſſary to cover modeſtly that which modeſty commands, and always has commanded to be covered. Neither were their ornaments ſuch as are uſed now-a-days, enhanced in value by the Tyrian purple, and the many ways martyred ſilk; but compoſed of verdant dock-leaves and ivy interwove together; with which they appeared, perhaps with as great pomp and contrivance, as the courtiers of our days, dreſſed in all the rare and foreign faſhions, which idle curioſity has invented. Then were the amorous dictates of the ſoul, expreſſed in ſenſible ſimplicity, juſt as they were conceived, undiſguiſed by the artificial cloak of ſpecious words. There was no fraud, no deceit, no malice intermixed with plain-dealing truth: juſtice then, kept within her proper bounds, undiſturbed and unbiaſſed by intereſt and favour, which now impair, confound, and perſecute her ſo much: law was not then, centered in the arbitrary boſom of the judge, for, at that time, there was neither cauſe nor conteſt. Damſels and decency, as I have already ſaid, went about ſingle, and without fear of being injured by inſolence or luſt; and their ruin, when it happened, was the fruit of their own will and pleaſure. But, now-a-days, in this deteſtable age, no maid is ſecure, though ſhe was concealed, and ſhut up in ſuch another labyrinth as was that of Crete; for, even there, the amorous peſtilence, with the zeal of miſchievous importunity, would enter, either by the help of wings, or by gliding through ſome chink or other, and all her barricadoed chaſtity would go to wreck. For the ſecurity of this virtue, in proceſs of time, when miſchief grew to a greater head, the order of knight-errantry was firſt inſtituted to defend damſels, protect widows, and ſuccour the needy and the fatherleſs. This order, brother goatherds, I profeſs, and thank you for this kind entertainment and reception, which I and my ſquire have received at your hands: for, though by the law of nature, all mankind are obliged to favour and aſſiſt knights-errant, during the whole courſe of their lives; yet, as you have received and regaled me, before you knew yourſelves to be under that obligation, I think it my duty to return my moſt ſincere acknowledgment for your hoſpitality."

The whole of this tedious harangue, which might very well have been ſpared, was pronounced by our knight, becauſe the acorns they preſented recalled to his memory the golden age: therefore he took it in his head to make theſe uſeleſs reflections to the goatherds, who without anſwering one ſyllable, liſtened with ſuſpence and aſtoniſhment. Sancho was alſo ſilent, but, kept his teeth employed upon the acorns, and paid many a viſit to the ſecond wine-bag, which that the contents might be the cooler, was hung upon a cork-

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cork-tree. Don Quixote was leſs tedious in his diſcourſe than at his meal, which being ended, one of the goatherds ſaid, " That your worſhip knight-errant, may be convinced of our readineſs and good will to give you all the entertainment in our power, you ſhall have the pleaſure and ſatisfaction of hearing a ſong from one of our companions, who will ſoon be here. He is an underſtanding young fellow, very much in love, who moreover, can read and write, and play upon the rebec *, that it will delight you to hear him." Scarce had the goat-herd pronounced theſe words, when their ears were ſaluted with the ſound of this inſtrument, and preſently after, appeared the muſician, who was a young fellow of about twenty, or twenty two years of age, and of a very graceful appearance. His companions aſked him if he had ſupped, and he anſwering in the affirmative, one of them, who made the offer to the knight, ſaid to him, " If that be the caſe, Antonio, you will do us the pleaſure to ſing a ſong, that this gentleman our gueſt may ſee, there are ſome even among theſe woods and mountains, who underſtand muſic. We have already informed him, of thy uncommon talents, and we deſire thou wouldſt ſhew them, in order to juſtify what we have ſaid in thy praiſe; I therefore, earneſtly beſeech thee to ſit down, and ſing the ballad of thy love, compoſed by thy uncle the curate, which is ſo much commended in our village." " With all my heart, replied the young man," who without farther intreaty ſat down upon the trunk of an ancient oak, and tuning his inſtrument, began in a very graceful manner to ſing and accompany the following ſong.

I.

YOU love, Olalla, nay adore me;
In ſpite of all your art I know it,
Although you never ſmile before me,
And neither tongue nor eyes avow it.

II.

For, ſure to ſlight a lover's paſſion,
So try'd as that which lives this heart in,
Were but ſmall proof of penetration;
And that you are no fool is certain.

III.

Sometimes, indeed, and 'tis amazing,
Though prov'd by evidence of twenty,
You've plainly ſhewn your ſoul was brazen,
And eke your ſnowy boſom flinty.

* A ſort of ſmall fiddle of one piece, with three ſtrings, uſed by ſhepherds.

IV.

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IV.

Yet, in the midſt of maiden ſhyneſs,
Affected ſcorn and decent ſcolding,
Kind Hope appear'd with proffer'd ſpy-glaſs,
The border of her robe unfolding.

V.

Then balance in the ſcales of reaſon,
My love unſhaken and untainted,
Unapt to change from truth to treaſon,
By frowns impair'd, by ſmiles augmented.

VI.

If love be courteſy refin'd,
And you be civil to profuſion,
That you will to my hopes prove kind,
Is but a natural concluſion.

VII.

If gratitude that breaſt can ſoften,
Which bids to other arts defiance,
The ſervices I've render'd often,
Muſt melt your ſoul to kind compliance.

VIII.

For, more than once, had you attended,
You might have ſeen me wear on Monday,
My beſt apparel ſcour'd and mended,
With which I wont to honour Sunday.

IX.

As love delights in finery,
And women oft are won by tightneſs,
I've ſtill endeavour'd in your eye,
To ſhine the mirror of politeneſs.

X.

That I have danc'd the ſwains among,
To pleaſe your pride what need I mention,
Or with the cock begun my ſong,
To wake my ſleeping fair's attention.

XI.

Or that, enamour'd of your beauty,
I've loudly ſounded forth it's praiſes;
A taſk which though a lover's duty,
The ſpite of other women raiſes.

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XII.

For, once, Tereſa of the hill,
Beneath all notice would have ſunk ye,
" You think Olalla angel ſtill,
(Said ſhe) but others ſcorn the monkey.

XIII.

Thanks to her beads of glittering glaſs,
And her falſe locks in ringlets curling,
And the falſe colour of her face,
Which Love himſelf might take for ſterling."

XIV.

She ly'd, I told her in her throat;
And when her kinſman kept a racket,
You know, I made him change his note,
And ſoundly threſh'd the booby's jacket.

XV.

Your lovely perſon, not your wealth,
At firſt engag'd my inclination;
Nor would I now poſſeſs by ſtealth,
The guilty joys of fornication.

XVI.

The church has ſilken ties in ſtore,
Then yield thy neck to Hymen's fetters;
Behold, I put my own before,
And truſt the nooſe that binds our betters.

XVII.

Elſe, by each bleſſed ſaint I ſwear,
And Heav'n forbid I prove a lyar!
Never to quit this deſart drear,
Except in form of hooded fryar.

The reader will perceive that I have endeavoured to adapt the verſification to the plainneſs and ruſticity of the ſentiment, which are preſerved through the whole of this ballad; though all the other tranſlators ſeem to have been bent upon ſetting the poetry at variance with the paſtoral ſimplicity of the thoughts. For example, who would ever dream of a goatherd's addreſſing his miſtreſs in theſe terms:

With rapture on each charm I dwell,
And daily ſpread thy beauty's fame;
And ſtill my tongue thy praiſe ſhall tell,
Though envy ſwell, or malice blame.

The original ſentiments which this courtly ſtanza is deſigned to tranſlate, are literally theſe.

" I do not mention the praiſes I have ſpoke of your beauty, which, though true in fact, are the occaſion of my being hated by ſome other women."

Thus

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Thus ended the goatherd's ditty, and though Don Quixote desired him to sing another, yet Sancho Panza would by no means give his consent, being more inclined to take his natural rest, than to hear ballads; and therefore, he said to his master, "Your worship had better consider where you are to lodge this night; for, the labour that these honest men undergo in the day, will not suffer them to pass the night in singing." "I understand thee, Sancho, replied the knight, it plainly appears that the visits thou hast made to the wine-bag, demand the consolation of sleep, rather than that of music." "They agreed with us all very well, blessed be God;" replied Sancho. "I do not deny it, said the knight, and thou mayst bestow thyself in the best manner thou canst; but it is more seemly for those of my profession to watch than to sleep: it would not be amiss, however, Sancho, to dress my ear again; for, it gives me more pain than I could wish." Sancho did as he desired: when one of the goatherds perceiving the wound, bad him give himself no trouble about it, for, he would apply a remedy that would heal it in a trice; so saying, he took some leaves of rosemary, which grew in great plenty round the hut, and having shewed, and mixed them with a little salt, applied the poultice to his ear, and binding it up carefully, assured him, as it actually happened, that it would need no other plaister.

CHAP. IV.

What was related by a goatherd, who chanced to come into the hut.

IN the mean time, one of the lads who brought them victuals from the village, entering the hut, said, "Do you know what has happened in our town, comrades?" When one of them answered, "How should we." "Know then, continued he, that the famous student Chrysostom died this morning; and it is murmured about, that his death was occasioned by his love for that devilish girl Marcella, daughter of William the Rich. She that roves about these plains in the habit of a shepherdess." "For Marcella, said you?" cried one, "The same, answered the goatherd, and it is certain, that in his last will, he ordered himself to be buried in the field, like a Moor, (God bless us!) at the foot of the rock hard by the cork-tree-spring; for, the report goes, and they say, he said so himself, as how the first time he saw her, was in that place; and he has also ordained many other such things, as the clergy say, must not be accomplished, nor is it right they should be accomplished; for truly, they seem quite heathenish: to all which objections his dear friend, Ambrosio the student,

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who alſo dreſſed himſelf like a ſhepherd, to keep him company, replies that he will perform every thing without fail, that Cryſoſtom has ordered; and the whole village is in an uproar about it. But, it is believed, that every thing at laſt, will be done according to the deſire of Ambroſio, and all the reſt of the ſhepherds, his friends; and that to-morrow, he will be interred with great pomp in the very ſpot I have mentioned. I am reſolved therefore, as it will be a thing well worth ſeeing, to go thither without fail, even though I thought, I ſhould not be able to return to the village that night." "We will do ſo too, replied the goatherds, and caſt lots to ſee which of us muſt ſtay and take care of our flocks." "You are in the right, Pedro, ſaid one, but, there will be no occaſion to uſe that ſhift; for, I myſelf will ſtay, and take care of the whole, and you muſt not impute my tarrying to virtue, or the want of curioſity, but, to the plaguy thorn that ran into my foot the other day, and hinders me from walking." "We are obliged to thee, however," anſwered Pedro, whom Don Quixote deſired to tell him, who that ſame dead ſhepherd, and living ſhepherdeſs were.

To this queſtion the goatherd replied, all that he knew of the matter, was, that the deceaſed was the ſon of a rich farmer, who lived in the neighbourhood of a village, in theſe mountains; that he had ſtudied in Salamanca many years, at the end of which he had returned to his family with the character of a great ſcholar: in particular, they ſaid, he was very knowing in the ſcience of the ſtars, and what paſſed betwixt the ſun and moon, and the heavens; for, he had punctually foretold the clipſe of them both! "The obſcuration of thoſe two great luminaries, ſaid the knight, is called the eclipſe, and not the clipſe, friend." But, Pedro without troubling his head with theſe trifles, proceeded, ſaying, "he likewiſe, foreſaw when the year would be plentiful or ſtaril": "You mean ſterile," ſaid Don Quixote. "Sterile, or ſtaril, replied Pedro, comes all to the ſame purpoſe; and I ſay, that his father and his friends taking his advice, became very rich; for, they gave credit to his words, and followed his counſel in all things. When he would ſay, this year you muſt ſow barley, and no wheat; here you muſt ſow carabances, but no barley: next year there will be a good harveſt of oil; but, for three years to come there will not be a drop." "That ſcience, replied Don Quixote, is called aſtrology." "I know not how it is called, replied Pedro; but, this I know, that he knew all this; and much more. In ſhort, not many months after he came from Salamanca, he appeared all of a ſudden, in ſhepherd-weeds, with his woolly jacket, and a flock of ſheep, having laid aſide the long dreſs of a ſtudent. And he was accompanied by a friend of his in the ſame habit, whoſe name was Ambroſio, and who had been his

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his fellow-ſtudent at college. I forgot to tell you, that Chryſoſtom the defunct, was ſuch a great man at compoſing couplets, that he made carols for Chriſtmaſs-eve, and plays for the Lord's-day, which were repreſented by the young men in our village; and every body ſaid, that they were tip-top. When the people of the village ſaw the two ſcholars, ſo ſuddenly clothed like ſhepherds, they were ſurprized, and could not gueſs their reaſon for ſuch an odd chance. About that time, the father of this Chryſoſtom dying, he inherited great riches, that were in moveables and in lands, with no ſmall number of ſheep more or leſs, and a great deal of money: of all which, this young man remained deſolate lord and maſter; and truly he deſerved it all; for, he was an excellent companion, very charitable, a great friend to good folks, and had a moſt bleſſed countenance. Afterwards, it came to be known, that his reaſon for changing his garb, was no other, than with a view of ſtrolling through the woods, and deſarts after that ſame ſhepherdeſs Marcella, whoſe name my friend mentioned juſt now, and with whom the poor defunct Chryſoſtom was woundily in love: and I will now tell you, for, it is neceſſary, that you ſhould know, who this wench is: for, mayhap, nay even without a mayhap you never heard of ſuch a thing in all the days of your life, though you be older than * St. Paul." "Say Paul's," replied Don Quixote, offended at the goatherd's perverting of words. "St. Paul was no chicken, replied Pedro, and if your worſhip be reſolved to correct my words every moment, we ſhall not have done in a twelvemonth." "I aſk your pardon, friend, ſaid the knight; I only mention this, becauſe there is a wide difference between the perſon of St. Paul, and a church that goes by his name: but, however, you made a very ſenſible reply; for, to be ſure, the ſaint lived long before the church was built; therefore go on with your ſtory, and I promiſe not to interrupt you agen."

"Well then, my good maſter, ſaid the goatherd, there lived in our village a farmer, ſtill richer than Chryſoſtom's father; his name was William, and God gave him, over and above great wealth, a daughter, who at her birth was the death of her mother, the moſt worthy dame in all the country. Methinks I ſee her now with that face of hers, which ſeemed to have the ſun on one ſide, and the moon on the other; ſhe was an excellent houſewife, and a great friend to the poor, for which reaſon I believe her ſoul is enjoying the preſence of God in paradiſe. Her huſband died of grief for the loſs of ſo good a wife, leaving his daughter Marcella, young and rich, to the care of an uncle, who has got a living in our

* In the original Spaniſh, the goatherd, inſtead of ſaying as old as Sarah, ſays as old as Sarna, which in that language ſignifies the itch; but as it impoſſible to preſerve theſe miſtakes in the Tranſlation, I have ſubſtituted another in its room, which I apprehended is equally natural and expreſſive.

village.

village. The girl grew up with ſo much beauty, that ſhe put us in mind of her mother, who had a great ſhare, and yet it was thought, it would be ſurpaſſed by the daughter's. It happened accordingly, for when ſhe came to the age of fourteen or fifteen, nobody could behold her without bleſſing God, for having made ſo beautiful a creature; and every body almoſt grew deſperately in love with her. Her uncle kept her up with great care; but, for all that, the fame of her exceeding beauty ſpread in ſuch a manner, that both for her perſon and her fortune, not only the richeſt people in our town, but likewiſe in many leagues about, came to aſk her in marriage of her uncle, with much importunity and ſollicitation. But, he, who to give him his due, was a good chriſtian, although he wanted to diſpoſe of her as ſoon as ſhe came to an age fit for matrimony, would not give her away without her own conſent; neither had he a view in deferring her marriage, to the gain and advantage which he might enjoy in managing the girl's fortune. And truly I have heard this ſpoken in more companies than one, very much to the praiſe of the honeſt prieſt. For, I would have you know, ſir traveller, that in theſe ſmall towns, people intermeddle and grumble about every thing. And this you may take for certain, as I know it to be ſo, that a clergyman muſt be exceſſively good indeed, if he can oblige his flock to ſpeak well of him, eſpecially in country villages." " You are certainly in the right, ſaid Don Quixote, and pray go on, for your ſtory is very entertaining, and you, honeſt Pedro, relate it with a good grace." " May I never want God's grace, ſaid the ſhepherd; for, that is the main chance: and you muſt know, moreover, that though the uncle propoſed to his niece, and deſcribed the good qualities of each in particular who aſked her in marriage, deſiring her to give her hand to ſome one, or other, and chuſe for herſelf; ſhe never would give him any other anſwer, but that ſhe did not chuſe to marry, for, ſhe was too young to bear the burden of matrimony. On account of theſe excuſes, which ſeemed to have ſome reaſon in them, her uncle forbore to importune her, and waited till ſhe ſhould have more years, and diſcernment to make choice of her own company; for, he ſaid, and to be ſure, it was well ſaid, that parents ſhould never diſpoſe of their children againſt their own inclinations. But, behold, when we leaſt thought of it, the timorous Marcella, one day, appeared in the habit of a ſhepherdeſs; and without imparting her deſign to her uncle, or any body in the village, for fear they might have diſſuaded her from it, ſhe took to the field with her own flock, in company of the other damſels of the village. As ſhe now appeared in public, and her beauty was expoſed to the eyes of every body, you cannot conceive what a number of rich youths, gentlemen, and farmers immediately took the garb of Chryſoſtom, and went wooing

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wooing her through the fields. One of theſe ſuitors, as you have heard, was the deceaſed, who they ſay, left off loving to adore her; and you muſt not think, that becauſe Marcella took to this free and unconfined way of living, ſhe brought the leaſt diſparagement upon her chaſtity and good name; on the contrary, ſuch is the vigilance with which ſhe guards her honour, that of all thoſe who ſerve and ſollicit her, not one has boaſted, nor indeed can boaſt with any truth, that ſhe has given him the ſmalleſt hope of accompliſhing his deſire; for, though ſhe neither flies, or avoids the company and converſation of the ſhepherds, but, treats them in a courteous and friendly manner; whenever any one of them comes to diſcloſe his intention, let it be ever ſo juſt and holy, even marriage itſelf, ſhe throws him from her, like a ſtone from a ſling: and being of this diſpoſition, does more damage in this country, than if a peſtilence had ſeized it; for, her affability and beauty allures all the hearts of thoſe that converſe with her to ſerve and love her; but, her coyneſs and plain-dealing drives them even to the borders of deſpair; therefore, they know not what to ſay, but, upbraid her with cruelty and ingratitude, and give her a great many ſuch titles, as plainly ſhew the nature of her diſpoſition: and if your worſhip was but to ſtay here one day, you would hear theſe hills and dales reſound with the lamentations of her rejected followers. Not far from this place, there is a tuft of about a dozen of tall beeches, upon every one of which, you may read engraved the name of Marcella, and over ſome a crown cut out in the bark, as if her lover would have declared, that Marcella wears, and deſerves to wear, the crown of all earthly beauty. Here one ſhepherd ſighs, there another complains; in one place you may hear amorous ditties; in another the dirges of deſpair; one lover ſits muſing through all the hours of the night, at the foot of ſome tall aſh, or rugged rock, and there, without having cloſed his weeping eyes, ſhrunk up as it were, and entranced in his own reflections, he is found by the riſing ſun; a ſecond, without giving reſpite, or truce to his ſighs, expoſed to the heat of the moſt ſultry ſummer's ſun, lies ſtretched upon the burning ſand, breathing his complaints to pitying Heaven; and over this and that, and theſe and thoſe, the free, the unconcerned, the fair Marcella triumphs. We who are acquainted with her diſpoſition, wait with impatience to ſee the end of all this diſdain, and long to know what happy man will tame ſuch an unſociable humour, and enjoy ſuch exceeding beauty. As every thing that I have recounted is true to a tittle, I have no reaſon to doubt the truth of what our comrades ſaid concerning the cauſe of Chryſoſtom's death; and therefore, I adviſe you, ſir, not to fail being to-morrow at his burial, which will be well worth ſeeing; for, Chryſoſtom had a great many friends,

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friends, and the ſpot in which he ordered himſelf to be buried is not more than half a league from hence."

"I will take care to be preſent, ſaid the knight, and thank you heartily for the pleaſure you have given me in relating ſuch an intereſting ſtory." "Oh! as for that, cried the goatherd, I do not know one half of what has happened to the lovers of Marcella; but, to-morrow perhaps, we may light upon ſome ſhepherd on the road, who is better acquainted with them. In the mean time you will do well to go to ſleep under ſome cover, though the remedy I have applied is ſuch, that you have nothing elſe to fear."

Sancho Panza, who wiſhed the goatherd's loquacity at the devil, earneſtly intreated his maſter to go to ſleep in Pedro's hut. This requeſt the knight complied with, and ſpent the greateſt part of the night in thinking of his lady Dulcinea, in imitation of Marcella's lovers. While Sancho Panza taking up his lodging betwixt Rozinante and his aſs, ſlept ſoundly, not like a diſcarded lover, but, like one who had been battered and bruiſed the day before.

CHAP. V.

The concluſion of the ſtory of the ſhepherdeſs Marcella, and other incidents.

SCARCE had Aurora diſcloſed herſelf through the balconies of the eaſt, when five of the ſix goatherds, ariſing, went to waken Don Quixote, and told him, that if he continued in his reſolution of going to ſee the famous funeral of Chryſoſtom, they would keep him company. The knight, who deſired nothing better, aroſe, and commanded Sancho to ſaddle his horſe and pannel his aſs immediately. This order was executed with great diſpatch, and they ſet out without loſs of time. They had not travelled more than a quarter of a league, when, upon croſſing a path, they ſaw coming towards them ſix ſhepherds, clothed in jackets of black ſheep-ſkin, and crowned with garlands of cypreſs, and bitter-bay, each having a club of holly in his hand. Along with them, came alſo two gentlemen on horſeback very well equipped for travel, accompanied by three young men on foot.

When they advanced, they ſaluted one another, and underſtanding, upon enquiry, that they were all bound to the place of interment, they joined company, and travelled together. One of the horſemen ſaid to his companion, "Signor Vivaldo, we ſhall not have reaſon to grudge our tarrying to ſee this famous funeral, which muſt certainly be very extraordinary,

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dinary, by the ſtrange account we have received from theſe people, of the dead ſhepherd, and the murderous ſhepherdeſs." "I am of the ſame opinion, anſwered Vivaldo, and would not only tarry one day, but even four or five, on purpoſe to ſee it." Don Quixote aſking what they had heard of Marcella and Chryſoſtom, the traveller replied, that, early in the morning, they had met with theſe ſhepherds, of whom enquiring the cauſe of their being clothed in ſuch melancholy weeds, they had been informed of the coyneſs and beauty of a certain ſhepherdeſs called Marcella, and the hapleſs love of many who courted her, together with the death of that ſame Chryſoſtom to whoſe funeral they were going. In ſhort, he recounted every circumſtance of what Pedro had told Don Quixote before.

This converſation being ended, another began by Vivaldo's aſking Don Quixote, why he travelled thus in armour, in a peaceable country? To this queſtion the knight replied, "The exerciſe of my profeſſion will not permit, or allow me to go in any other manner. Revels, feaſting, and repoſe were invented by effeminate courtiers; but, toil, anxiety, and arms are peculiar to thoſe whom the world calls knights-errant, of which order I, though unworthy, and the leaſt, am one." He had no ſooner pronounced theſe words, than all preſent took him for a madman: but, in order to confirm their opinion, and diſcover what ſpecies of madneſs it was, Vivaldo deſired to know what he meant by knights-errant." "What! ſaid Don Quixote, have you never read the annals and hiſtory of England, which treat of the famous exploits of Arthur, who, at preſent, in our Caſtilian language, is called king Artus, and of whom, there is an ancient tradition, generally believed all over Great-Britain, that he did not die, but was, by the art of enchantment, metamorphoſed into a raven: and, that the time will come, when he ſhall return, and recover his ſcepter and throne. For which reaſon, it cannot be proved, that from that period to this, any Engliſhman has killed a raven: In the reign of that excellent king was inſtituted that famous order of chivalry, called the Knights of the Round-Table; and thoſe amours punctually happened, which are recounted of Don Lancelot of the Lake, with queen Ginebra, by the help and mediation of that ſage and venerable duenna Quitaniona; from whence that delightful ballad, ſo much ſung in Spain, took its riſe:

For never ſure was any knight
So ſerv'd by damſel, or by dame,
As Lancelot, that man of might,
When he at firſt from Britain came:

With the reſt of that moſt reliſhing and delicious account of his amours, and valiant exploits. From that time, the order of knight-errantry was

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extended, as it were, from hand to hand, and ſpread thro' divers and ſundry parts of the world, producing, among many other worthies celebrated for their atchievements, the valiant Amadis de Gaul, with all his ſons and nephews even to the fifth generation; the couragious Fleximarte of Hircania, the never-enough to be commended Tirante the white, and he whom, in this our age, we have as it were ſeen, heard, and converſed with, the invincible and valorous knight Don Belianis of Greece. This, gentlemen, is what I meant by knight-errant; and ſuch as I have deſcribed, is the order of chivalry, which, as I have already told you, I, tho' a ſinner, have profeſſed, and the very ſame which thoſe knights I mentioned, profeſſed, I profeſs alſo. On which account, I am found in theſe deſarts and ſolitudes, in queſt of adventures, fully determined to lift my arm, and expoſe my perſon to the greateſt danger, that my deſtiny ſhall decree, in behalf of the needy and oppreſſed."

By this declaration, the travellers were convinced that the knight had loſt his wits, and eaſily perceived the ſpecies of folly which had taken poſſeſſion of his brain, and which ſtruck them with the ſame ſurprize, that always ſeized thoſe who became acquainted with our knight. Vivaldo, who was a perſon of diſcretion, and a great deal of archneſs, in order to travel agreeably the reſt of the road which they had to go, till they ſhould come to the place of interment, wanted to give him an opportunity of proceeding in his extravagance, and in that view, ſaid to him: "Sir knight-errant, methinks your worſhip profeſſes one of the ſtricteſt orders upon earth, nay, I will affirm more ſtrict than that of the Carthuſian friars."

"The order of the Carthuſians, anſwered Don Quixote, may be as ſtrict, but, that it is as beneficial to mankind, I am within a hair's breadth of doubting; for, to be plain with you, the ſoldier who executes his captain's command, is no leſs valuable than the captain who gave the order: I mean, that the monks pray to God for their fellow-creatures in peace and ſafety; but, we ſoldiers and knights put in execution that for which they pray, by the valour of our arms, and the edge of our ſwords; living under no other cover than the cope of heaven, ſet up in a manner as marks for the intolerable heat of the ſun in ſummer, and the chilling breath of froſty winter: we are therefore God's miniſters, and the arms by which he executes his juſtice upon earth; and as the circumſtances of war, and what has the leaſt affinity and concern with it, cannot be accompliſhed without ſweat, anxiety and fatigue; it follows, that thoſe who profeſs it, are doubtleſs more ſubject to toil than thoſe, who in reſt and ſecurity implore the favour of God for perſons who can do nothing for themſelves: not, that I would be thought to ſay, or imagine, the condition of a knight-errant is equal to that of a recluſe monk; I would only infer from what we ſuffer, that it

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is without doubt more troubleſome, more battered, more famiſhed, more miſerable, ragged, and louſy; for, the knights-errant of paſt times, certainly underwent numberleſs misfortunes in the courſe of their lives: and if ſome of them came to be emperors by the valour of their arms, conſidering the blood and ſweat it coſt them; in faith, it was a dear purchaſe: and if thoſe who attained ſuch a ſupreme ſtation, had been without their ſage enchanters to aſſiſt them, they might have been defrauded by their deſires, and grievouſly baulked of their expectations."

"I am very much of your opinion, anſwered the traveller; but, there is one thing among you knights-errant, that I cannot approve of, and that is, when any great and dangerous adventure occurs, in which you run a manifeſt riſk of loſing your lives, in the inſtant of engagement, you never think of recommending your ſouls to God, as every chriſtian ought to do on ſuch occaſions; but, on the contrary, put up your petitions to your miſtreſſes, with as much fervour and devotion as if they were your deities; a circumſtance which in my opinion ſmells ſtrong of paganiſm." "Sir, replied Don Quixote, that practice muſt in no degree be altered; and woe be to that knight-errant, who ſhould do otherwiſe; for, according to the practice and cuſtom of chivalry, every knight, when he is upon the point of atchieving ſome great feat, muſt call up the idea of his miſtreſs, and turning his eyes upon her with all the gentleneſs of love, implore, as it were, by his looks, her favour and protection in the doubtful dilemma in which he is about to involve himſelf: nay, even tho' no body ſhould hear him, he is obliged to mutter between his teeth, an ejaculation, by which he heartily and confidently recommends himſelf to her good wiſhes: and of this practice we have innumerable examples in hiſtory; but, I would not have you think, that we are to forbear recommending ourſelves to God alſo; there will be time and opportunity enough for that duty, in the courſe of action."

"But, nevertheleſs, ſaid the traveller, I have ſtill one ſcruple remaining, which is, that I have often read of a diſpute between two knights, which proceeding to rage from one word to another, they have turned about their ſteeds, to gain ground for a good career, and then, without any more ceremony, returned to the encounter at full gallop, recommending themſelves to their miſtreſſes by the way; and the common iſſue of ſuch an engagement is, that one of them is thrown down by his horſe's crupper, ſtuck thro' and thro' with his adverſary's lance, while the other, with difficulty, avoids a fall by laying hold of his horſe's main: now, I cannot comprehend how the dead man could have time to recommend himſelf to God in the courſe of ſo ſudden an attack; ſurely, it would have been better for his ſoul, if, inſtead of the words he uttered in his career, he had put up

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a petition to heaven, according to the duty and obligation of every Chriſtian; eſpecially, as I take it for granted, that every knight-errant has not a miſtreſs, for, all of them cannot be in love." "That's impoſſible, anſwered Don Quixote. I affirm, that there never could be a knight-errant without a miſtreſs; for, to be in love is as natural and peculiar to them, as the ſtars are to the heavens. I am very certain, that you never read an hiſtory that gives an account of a knight-errant without an amour; for, he that has never been in love, would not be held as a legitimate member, but ſome adulterate brood, who had got into the fortreſs of chivalry, not thro' the gate, but over the walls, like a thief in the night."

"Yet, notwithſtanding, ſaid the traveller, I have read that Don Galaor, brother of the valiant Armadis de Gaul, never had any known miſtreſs to whom he could recommend himſelf: and he was not diſregarded, but, looked upon as a very valiant and famous knight." "Signor, anſwered our hero Don Quixote, one ſwallow makes not a ſpring: beſides, to my certain knowledge, that knight was privately very much in love; indeed he made love to every handſome woman who came in his way; for, that was his natural diſpoſition, which he by no means could reſiſt: in ſhort, it is very well atteſted, that he had one miſtreſs, whom he enthroned, as ſovereign of his heart, and to whom he recommended himſelf with great caution and privacy, becauſe he piqued himſelf upon being a ſecret knight."

"Since then it is eſſential to every knight to be in love, we may conclude that your worſhip being of that profeſſion, is no ſtranger to the paſſion; and if you do not value yourſelf upon being as ſecret a knight a Don Galaor, I earneſtly entreat you, in behalf of myſelf, and the reſt of the company, to tell us the name, country, ſtation and qualities of your miſtreſs, who muſt think herſelf extremely happy in reflecting that all the world knows, how much ſhe is beloved and adored by ſo valiant a knight as your worſhip appears to be."

Here, Don Quixote uttered a grievous ſigh, ſaying: "I am not poſitively certain, whether or not, that beauteous enemy of mine, takes pleaſure in the world's knowing I am her ſlave; this only I can ſay, in anſwer to the queſtion you aſked, with ſo much civility, that her name is Dulcinea; her native country a certain part of Valencia called Toboſo; her ſtation muſt at leaſt be that of a princeſs, ſince ſhe is queen and lady of my ſoul; her beauty, ſupernatural, in that it juſtifies all thoſe impoſſible, and chimerical attributes of excellence, which the poets beſtow upon their nymphs; her hair is of gold, her forehead the Elyſian fields, her eyebrows heavenly arches, her eyes themſelves ſuns, her cheeks roſes, her lips of coral, her teeth of pearl, her neck alabaſter, her breaſt marble, her hands ivory, her ſkin whiter than ſnow, and thoſe parts which decency conceals from human view,

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view, are ſuch, according to my belief and apprehenſion, as diſcretion ought to inhance above all compariſon."

" I wiſh we knew her lineage, race, and family," replied Vivaldo. To this hint the knight anſwered, " She is not deſcended of the ancient Caii, Curtii, and Scipios of Rome, nor of the modern Colonas and Urſini, nor of the Moncadas and Requeſenes of Catalonia, much leſs of the Rebellas and Villanovas of Valencia; or the Palafaxes, Nucas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Fozes and Gurreas of Arragon, or the Cerdas, Manriquez, Mendozas and Guſmans of Caſtile, or the Alencaſtros, Pallas and Meneſis of Portugal: but, ſhe ſprung from the family of Toboſo de La Mancha, a lineage, which tho' modern, may give a noble riſe to the moſt illuſtrious families of future ages; and let no man contradict what I ſay, except upon the conditions expreſſed in that inſcription placed by Cerbino under the trophy of Orlando's arms.

That knight alone theſe arms ſhall move,
Who dares Orlando's proweſs prove *.

" Altho' I myſelf am deſcended from the † Cachopines of Laredo, ſaid the traveller, I won't preſume to compare with that of Toboſo de La Mancha; tho', to be plain with you, I never before heard of any ſuch generation." " How, not heard!" replied Don Quixote. The reſt of the company jogged on, liſtening with great attention to this diſcourſe, and all of them, even the very goatherds, by this time, were convinced, that our knight's judgment was grievouſly impaired. Sancho alone believed that every thing his maſter ſaid was true; becauſe he knew his family, and had been acquainted with himſelf from his cradle. The only doubt that he entertained, was of this ſame beautiful Dulcinea del Toboſo; for, never had ſuch a name or ſuch a princeſs come within the ſphere of his obſervation, altho' he lived in the neighbourhood of that place.

* When a knight challenged the whole world, he wore an emprize, conſiſting of a gold chain, or ſome other badge of love and chivalry; and ſometimes this emprize was fixed in a public place, to attract the attention of ſtrangers: when any perſon accepted the challenge for a trial of chivalry, called the combat of courteſy, he touched this emprize; but, if he tore it away, it was conſidered as a reſolution to fight the owner to extremity or outrance. The combat of courteſy is ſtill practiſed by our prize-fighters and boxers, who ſhake hands before the engagement, in token of love.

But no defiance of this kind could be either publiſhed or accepted without the permiſſion of the prince, at whoſe court the combatants chanced to be. Accordingly we are told by Oliver de La Marche, that the lord of Ternant having publiſhed a defiance at the court of Burgundy, in the year 1445, Galiot aſked the duke's permiſſion to touch the challenger's emprize; which being granted, he advanced and touched it, ſaying to the bearer, while he bowed very low, " Noble knight, I touch your emprize, and, with God's permiſſion, will do my utmoſt to fulfil your deſire either on horſeback or on foot." The lord of Ternant humbly thanked him for his condeſcenſion, ſaid he was extremely welcome, and promiſed to ſend him that ſame day a cartel, mentioning the arms they ſhould uſe.

† Cachopines is the name given to Europeans by the Indians of Mexico.

While

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While they travelled along, converſing in this manner, they perceived about twenty ſhepherds deſcending thro' a cleft made by two high mountains. They were all clad in jackets of ſheep-ſkin, covered with black wool, and each of them crowned with a garland, which was compoſed, as we afterwards learned, partly of cypreſs, and partly of yew: ſix of the foremoſt carried a bier; upon which they had ſtrewed a variety of branches and flowers. And this was no ſooner perceived by one of the goatherds, than he ſaid, "Theſe are the people who carry the corps of Chryſoſtom, and the foot of that mountain is the place where he ordered himſelf to be interred."

Upon this information, they made haſte, and came up juſt at the time that the bearers having laid down the body, began to dig the grave with pick-axes on one ſide of a flinty rock. They received our travellers with great courteſy, and Don Quixote, with his company, went towards the bier, to look at the dead body, which was covered with flowers, clad in ſhepherds weeds, and ſeemingly thirty years old. Notwithſtanding he was dead, they could plainly perceive, that he had been a man of an engaging aſpect, and genteel ſtature; and could not help wondering at the ſight of a great many papers both ſealed and looſe, that lay round him in the coffin.

While the new-comers were obſerving this phænomenon, and the ſhepherds buſied in digging a grave, a wonderful and univerſal ſilence prevailed, till ſuch time as one of the bearers ſaid to another: "Conſider, Ambroſio, if this be the very ſpot which Chryſoſtom mentioned, that his laſt will may be punctually fulfilled." "This, anſwered Ambroſio, is the very place, in which my unhappy friend has often recounted to me the ſtory of his misfortunes. Here it was, he firſt beheld that mortal enemy of human race; here alſo did he firſt declare his amorous and honourable intention; and here, at laſt, did Marcella ſignify her diſguſt and diſdain, which put an end to the tragedy of his wretched life: and in this place, as a monument of his miſhap, did he deſire to be depoſited in the bowels of eternal oblivion."

Then addreſſing himſelf to Don Quixote, and the travellers, he thus proceeded: "This coarſe, gentlemen, which you behold with compaſſionate eyes, was the habitation of a ſoul, which poſſeſſed an infinite ſhare of the riches of heaven: this is the body of Chryſoſtom, who was a man of unparalelled genius, the pink of courteſy and kindneſs; in friendſhip a very phœnix, liberal without bounds, grave without arrogance, gay without meanneſs; and, in ſhort, ſecond to none in every thing that was good, and without ſecond in all that was unfortunate. He loved, and was abhored; he adored, and was diſdained; he implored a ſavage; he importuned a ſtatue; he hunted the wind; cried aloud to the deſart; he was a ſlave to the moſt ungrateful of women; and the fruit of his ſervitude was death, which overtook

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took him in the middle of his career: in ſhort, he periſhed by the cruelty of a ſhepherdeſs, whom he has eterniſed in the memory of all the people in this country; as theſe papers, which you gaze at would ſhew, if he had not ordered me to commit them to the flames as ſoon as his body ſhall be depoſited in the earth."

"You will uſe them then with more cruelty and rigour, ſaid Vivaldo, than that of the author himſelf: ſeeing it is neither juſt nor convenient to fulfil the will of any man, provided it be unreaſonable. Auguſtus Cæſar would have been in the wrong, had he conſented to the execution of what the divine Mantuan ordered on his death-bed. Wherefore, ſignor Ambroſio, while you commit the body of your friend to the earth, you ought not likewiſe to conſign his writings to oblivion; nor perform indiſcreetly, what he in his affliction ordained: on the contrary, by publiſhing theſe papers, you ought to immortalize the cruelty of Marcella, that it may ſerve as an example in time to come, and warn young men to ſhun and avoid ſuch dangerous precipices: for, I, and the reſt of this company, already know the hiſtory of that enamoured and unhappy friend, the nature of your friendſhip, the occaſion of his death, together with the orders that he left upon his death-bed: from which lamentable ſtory, it is eaſy to conclude, how exceſſive muſt have been the cruelty of Marcella, the love of Chryſoſtom, the faith of your friendſhip, and the check which thoſe receive, who precipitately run thro' the path exhibited to them by idle and miſchievous love. Laſt night, we underſtood the death of Chryſoſtom, who, we were informed, was to be buried in this place; and therefore, out of curioſity and concern, have turned out of our way, reſolving to come, and ſee with our eyes, what had affected us ſo much in the hearing: and in return for that concern, and the deſire we felt in remedying it, if it had been in our power, we intreat thee, O diſcreet Ambroſio! at leaſt, for my own part, I beg of thee not to burn theſe papers, but, allow me to preſerve ſome of them."

Accordingly, without ſtaying for an anſwer, he reached out his hand, and took ſome of thoſe that were neareſt him: which Ambroſio perceiving, ſaid, "Out of civility, ſignor, I will conſent to your keeping what you have taken up; but, to think that I will fail to burn the reſt, is a vain ſuppoſition." Vivaldo being deſirous of ſeeing the contents, immediately opened one, intitled, A ſong of deſpair: which Ambroſio hearing, ſaid, "That is the laſt poem my unhappy friend compoſed; and that you may ſee, ſignor, to what a paſs his misfortunes had reduced him, read it aloud, and you'll have time enough to finiſh it before the grave be made!" "That I will do with all my heart," ſaid Vivaldo, and every body preſent being ſeized with the ſame deſire, they ſtood around him in a circle, and he read what follows, with an audible voice.

A SONG

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A SONG of Deſpair.

I.

SINCE then, thy pleaſure, cruel maid!
Is, that thy rigour and diſdain
Should be from clime to clime convey'd;
All hell ſhall aid me to complain!
The torments of my heart to tell,
And thy atchievements to record,
My voice ſhall raiſe a dreadful yell,
My bowels burſt at every word:
Then liſten to the baleful ſound
That iſſues from my throbbing breaſt,
Thy pride perhaps, it may confound,
And yield my madd'ning ſoul ſome reſt.

II.

Let the ſnake's hiſs and wolf's dire howl,
The bull's harſh note, the lyon's roar,
The boding crow and ſcreeching owl,
The tempeſt rattling on the ſhore,
The monſter's ſcream, the turtle's moan,
The ſhrieks of the infernal crew,
Be mingled with my dying groan,
A concert terrible and new!
The hearer's ſenſes to appall,
And reaſon from her throne depoſe;
Such melody will ſuit the gall
That from my burning liver flows!

III.

Old Tagus with his yellow hair,
And Betis with her olive wreath,
Shall never eccho ſuch deſpair,
Or liſten to ſuch notes of death,
As here I'll utter and repeat,
From hill to dale, from rock to cave,
In wilds untrod by human feet,
In dungeons dreary as the grave.
The beaſts of prey that ſcour the plain,
Shall thy more ſavage nature know,
The ſpacious earth reſound my ſtrain;
Such is the privilege of woe!

IV.

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IV.

Diſdain is death, and doubt o'erturns
The patience of the firmeſt mind;
But, jealouſy ſtill fiercer burns,
Like all the flames of hell combin'd!
The horrors of that curſed fiend,
In abſence to diſtraction rage,
And all the ſuccour hope can lend,
The direful pangs will not aſſuage.
Such agonies will ſurely kill;
Yet, 'ſpite of abſence, doubts and ſcorn,
I live a miracle, and ſtill
Thoſe deadly flames within me burn!

V.

Hope's ſhadow ne'er refreſh'd my view,
Deſpair attends with wakeful ſtrife;
The firſt let happier ſwains purſue,
The laſt my conſort is for life.
Can hope and fear at once prevail,
When fear on certainty is fed?
To ſhut mine eyes will nought avail,
When thunder burſts around my head:
When cold diſdain in native dye,
Appears, and falſehood's cunning lore
Perverts the tale of truth, ſhall I
Againſt deſpondence ſhut the door?

VI.

O jealouſy! love's tyrant lord,
And thou ſoul-chilling, dire diſdain!
Lend me the dagger and the cord,
To ſtab remembrance, ſtrangle pain.
I die bereft of hope in death,
Yet ſtill thoſe are the freeſt ſouls,
(I'll vouch it with my lateſt breath)
Whom love's old tyranny controuls.
My fatal enemy is fair,
In body and in mind, I'll ſay,
And I have earn'd the woes I bear:
By rigour love maintains the ſway.

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VII.

With this opinion let me fall
A prey to unrelenting ſcorn;
No fun'ral pomp ſhall grace my pall,
No laurel my pale corſe adorn.
O thou! whoſe cruelty and hate
The tortures of my breaſt proclaim,
Behold how willingly to fate
I offer this devoted frame.
If thou, when I am paſt all pain,
Should'ſt think my fall deſerves a tear,
Let not one ſingle drop diſtain
Thoſe eyes ſo killing and ſo clear.

VIII.

No! rather let thy mirth diſplay
The joys that in thy boſom flow;
Ah! need I bid that heart be gay
Which always triumph'd in my woe.
Come then, for ever barr'd of bliſs,
Ye, who with ceaſeleſs torment dwell,
And agoniſing, howl and hiſs
In the profoundeſt ſhades of hell;
Come, Tantalus, with raging thirſt,
Bring, Syſiphus, thy rolling ſtone,
Come, Titius, with thy vulture curſt,
Nor leave Ixion rack'd, alone:

IX.

The toiling ſiſters too, ſhall join,
And my ſad, ſolemn dirge repeat,
When to the grave my friends conſign
Theſe limbs deny'd a winding ſheet;
Fierce Cerberus ſhall clank his chain,
In chorus with chimæras dire:
What other pomp, what other ſtrain
Should he who dies of love, require?
Be huſh'd my ſong, complain no more
Of her whoſe pleaſure gave thee birth;
But let the ſorrows I deplore
Sleep with me in the ſilent earth.

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F. Hayman inv.t et delin.

G. Scotin Sculp.

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This ditty of Chryſoſtom was approved by all the hearers; but, he who read it obſerved, that it did not ſeem to agree with the report he had heard of Marcella's virtue and circumſpection; inaſmuch as the author complained of jealouſy, abſence, and ſuſpicion, which tended to the prejudice of her morals and reputation. To this objection Ambroſio, as one that was acquainted with the moſt ſecret ſentiments of his friend, anſwered, "Signor, for your ſatisfaction in this point, it is neceſſary you ſhould know, that the forlorn ſhepherd compoſed this ſong in the abſence of Marcella, from whoſe preſence he had gone into voluntary exile, in order to try if he could reap the uſual fruits of abſence, and forget the cauſe of his deſpair; and as one in that ſituation is apt to be fretted by every circumſtance, and invaded by every apprehenſion, poor Chryſoſtom was haraſſed by groundleſs jealouſy and imaginary fears, which tormented him as much as if they had been real; for which reaſon, this circumſtance ought not to invalidate the fame of Marcella's virtue, againſt which, excluſive of her cruelty, arrogance, and diſdain, envy itſelf hath not been able to lay the leaſt imputation."

"That may be very true," replied Vivaldo, who being about to read another of the papers he had ſaved from the flames, was diverted from his purpoſe by a wonderful viſion, for ſuch it ſeemed, that all of a ſudden preſented itſelf to their eyes. This was no other than the ſhepherdeſs Marcella, who appeared upon the top of the rock, juſt above the grave they were digging, ſo beautiful that ſhe ſurpaſſed all report. Thoſe who had never ſeen her before, gazed with ſilent admiration; nor were the reſt who had been accuſtomed to ſee her, leſs aſtoniſhed at her appearance. But, no ſooner did Ambroſio perceive her, than with indignation in his looks, he cried:

"Comeſt thou hither, fierce baſiliſk of theſe mountains! to ſee if the wounds of this unhappy youth, whom thy cruelty hath ſlain, will bleed at thy approach? or art thou come to rejoice in the exploits of thy barbarity, and from the top of that mountain behold, like another Nero, the flames which thy impiety hath kindled? or inhumanly to trample upon this unfortunate corſe, as the unnatural daughter inſulted the dead body of her father Tarquin? Tell us, at once, the cauſe of thy approach, and deign to ſignify thy pleaſure, that I, who know how devoutly Chryſoſtom obeyed thee, when alive, may, now that he is dead, diſpoſe his friends to yield the ſame obedience."

"I come not, anſwered Marcella, for any of the purpoſes you have mentioned, Ambroſio; but, rather perſonally to demonſtrate how unreaſonably I am blamed for the death and ſufferings of Chryſoſtom. I beg therefore, that all preſent will give me the hearing, as it will be unne-

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ceſſary to ſpend much time, or waſte many words, to convince thoſe that are unprejudiced, of the truth. Heaven, you ſay, hath given me beauty, nay, ſuch a ſhare of it, as compels you to love me, in ſpite of your reſolutions to the contrary; from whence you draw this inference, and inſiſt upon it, that it is my duty to return your paſſion. By the help of that ſmall capacity which nature has beſtowed upon me, I know that which is beautiful is lovely; but, I can by no means conceive, why the object which is beloved for being beautiful, is bound to be enamoured of it's admirer: more eſpecially, as it may happen that this ſame admirer is an object of diſguſt and abhorrence; in which caſe, would it be reaſonable in him to ſay, " I love thee becauſe thou art beautiful, and thou muſt favour my paſſion, although I am deformed?" But, granting the beauty equal on both ſides, it does not follow, that the deſires ought to be mutual; for, all ſorts of beauty do not equally affect the ſpectator; ſome, for example, delighting the eye only, without captivating the heart. And well it is for mankind, that things are thus diſpoſed; otherwiſe, there would be a ſtrange perplexity and confuſion of deſires, without power of diſtinguiſhing and chooſing particular objects; for, beauty being infinitely diverſified, the inclination would be infinitely divided, and I have heard, that true love muſt be undivided and unconſtrained; if this be the caſe, as I believe it is, why ſhould I conſtrain my inclination, when I am under no other obligation ſo to do, but your ſaying that you are in love with me? Otherwiſe, tell me, if heaven that made me handſome, had created me a monſter of deformity, ſhould I have had cauſe to complain of you for not loving me? Beſides, you are to conſider, that I did not chooſe the beauty I poſſeſs; ſuch as it is, God was pleaſed of his own free will and favour to beſtow it upon me, without any ſolicitation on my part. Therefore, as the viper deſerves no blame for its ſting, although it be mortal, becauſe it is the gift of nature; neither ought I to be reviled for being beautiful: for, beauty in a virtuous woman, is like a diſtant flame, and a ſharp ſword afar off, which prove fatal to none but thoſe who approach too near them. Honour and virtue are the ornaments of the ſoul; without which the body, though never ſo handſome, ought to ſeem ugly: if chaſtity then be one of the virtues which chiefly adorns and beautifies both body and ſoul, why ſhould ſhe that is beloved, loſe that jewel for which ſhe is chiefly beloved, meerly to ſatisfy the appetite of one who, for his own ſelfiſh enjoyment, employs his whole care and induſtry to deſtroy it? I was born free, and to enjoy that freedom, have I choſen the ſolitude of theſe fields. The trees on theſe mountains are my companions; and I have no other mirrour than the limpid ſtreams of theſe cryſtal brooks. With the trees and the ſtreams I ſhare my contemplation

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and my beauty: I am a diſtant flame and a ſword afar off: thoſe whom my eyes have captivated my tongue has undeceived; and if hope be the food of deſire, as I gave none to Chryſoſtom or to any other perſon, ſo neither can his death nor that of any other of my admirers, be juſtly imputed to my cruelty, but, rather, to their own obſtinate deſpair. To thoſe who obſerve that his intentions were honourable; and that therefore I was bound to comply with them, I anſwer, when he declared the honeſty of his deſigns in that very ſpot where now his grave is digging, I told him, my purpoſe was to live in perpetual ſolitude, and let the earth alone enjoy the fruits of my retirement, and the ſpoils of my beauty: Wherefore, if he, notwithſtanding this my explanation, perſevered without hope, and ſailed againſt the wind; it is no wonder that he was overwhelmed in the gulph of his raſhneſs. Had I cajoled him, I ſhould have been perfidious; had I gratified his inclination, I ſhould have acted contrary to my own reaſon and reſolution. But, becauſe he perſiſted after I had explained myſelf, and deſpaired before he had cauſe to think I abhored him, I leave you to judge whether or not it be reaſonable to lay his misfortune at my door. Let him whom I have deceived complain, and let him deſpair to whom I have broke my promiſe: if I call upon any man, he may depend upon me; if I admit of his addreſſes, he may rejoice in his ſucceſs; but, why ſhould I be ſtiled a barbarous homicide by him whom I never ſoothed, deceived, called, or admitted? Hitherto heaven has not thought fit that I ſhould love by deſtiny; and the world muſt excuſe me from loving by election. Let this general declaration ſerve as an anſwer to all thoſe who ſollicit me in particular, and henceforward give them to underſtand, that whoſoever dies for me, periſhes not by jealouſy or diſdain, for, ſhe who never gave her love, can never give juſt cauſe of jealouſy; neither ought her plain-dealing to be interpreted into diſdain. Let him who terms me a fierce baſiliſk, ſhun me as an evil being; if any man thinks me ungrateful, let him refuſe his ſervices when I aſk them. If I have diſowned any one, let him renounce me, in his turn; and let him who has found me cruel, abandon me in diſtreſs: this fierce baſiliſk, this ungrateful, cruel, ſupercilious wretch, will neither ſeek, ſerve, own, nor follow you in any ſhape whatever. If Chryſoſtom periſhed by the impatience of his own extravagant deſire, why ſhould my innocent reſerve be inveighed againſt? If I have preſerved my virginity in theſe deſarts, why ſhould he that loves me, wiſh me to loſe it among mankind! I have riches of my own, as you all know, and covet no man's wealth. I am free, and will not be ſubjected: I neither love nor hate any man: I do not cajole this one; nor teize that, nor do I joke with one or diſcourſe with another; but amuſe myſelf with the care of my goats, and the in-

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nocent converſation of the ſhepherdeſſes belonging to the neighbouring villages. My deſires are bounded by theſe mountains; or if my meditation ſurpaſſes theſe bounds, it is only to contemplate the beauty of the heavens, thoſe ſteps by which the ſoul aſcends to it's original manſion." So ſaying, without waiting for any reply, ſhe turned her back, and vaniſhed into a thicket on a neighbouring mountain, leaving all that were preſent equally ſurprized with her beauty and diſcretion.

Some of the byſtanders being wounded by the powerful ſhafts that were darted from her fair eyes, manifeſted an inclination to follow her, without availing themſelves of the ingenuous declaration they had heard; which being perceived by Don Quixote, who thought this a proper occaſion for exerciſing his chivalry, in defence of diſtreſſed damſels; he laid his hand upon the hilt of his ſword, and in a lofty and audible voice, pronounced, "Let no perſon, of whatſoever rank or degree, preſume to follow the beautiful Marcella, on pain of incurring my moſt furious indignation. She has demonſtrated, by clear and undeniable arguments, how little, if at all, ſhe is to be blamed for the death of Chryſoſtom; and how averſe ſhe is to comply with the deſires of any of her admirers; for which reaſon, inſtead of being purſued and perſecuted, ſhe ought to be honoured and eſteemed by all virtuous men, as the only perſon in the univerſe who lives in ſuch a chaſte and laudable intention." Whether it was owing to theſe menaces of the knight, or to the advice of Ambroſe, who deſired them to perform the laſt office to their deceaſed friend, not one of the ſhepherds attempted to ſtir from the ſpot, until the grave being finiſhed, and the papers burnt, the body of poor Chryſoſtom was interred, not without abundance of tears ſhed by his ſurviving companions. The grave was ſecured by a large fragment of the rock which they rolled upon it, 'till ſuch time as a tomb-ſtone could be made, under the direction of Ambroſe, who was reſolved to have the following epitaph engraved upon it.

The body of a wretched ſwain,
Kill'd by a cruel maid's diſdain,
In this cold bed neglected lies.
He liv'd, fond hapleſs youth! to prove
Th' inhuman tyranny of love,
Exerted in Marcella's Eyes.

Having ſtrewed the place with a profuſion of flowers and branches, every body preſent condoled, and took leave of the afflicted executor; and Don Quixote bad farewell to his kind landlords, as well as to the travellers, who would have perſuaded him to accompany them to Seville, which, they ſaid, was a city ſo well adapted for adventures, that they occurred

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occurred in every ſtreet, nay at the corner of every blind alley. Our hero thanked them moſt courteouſly for their advice, and the inclination they expreſſed to give him pleaſure; but, aſſured them, he neither could nor would ſet out for Sevil, until he ſhould have cleared theſe deſarts of the robbers and banditti, of whom they were reported to be full.

The travellers ſeeing him thus laudably determined, importuned him no further, but, taking leave of him anew, purſued their journey, during which they did not fail to diſcuſs the ſtory of Marcella and Chryſoſtom, as well as the madneſs of Don Quixote, who, on his part, reſolved to go in queſt of the ſhepherdeſs, and offer her all the ſervice in his power: but, this ſcheme did not turn out according to his expectation; as will be related in the courſe of this faithful hiſtory, the ſecond book of which is here concluded.

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THE

LIFE and ATCHIEVEMENTS

Of the Sage and Valiant KNIGHT

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Wherein is recounted the unlucky adventure which happened to Don Quixote, in meeting with certain unmerciful Yangueſians.

THE ſage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, that Don Quixote, having bid adieu to his entertainers, and to all who were preſent at the funeral of the ſhepherd Chryſoſtom, entered, with his ſquire, the ſame wood to which Marcella had retreated; where, when they had wandered about upwards of two hours, without ſeeing her, they chanced to find themſelves in a delightful ſpot, overgrown with verdant graſs, and watered by a cool and pleaſant ſtream; which was ſo inviting as to induce them to ſtay in it, during the heat of the day, that now began to be very ſultry; the knight and ſquire therefore, diſmounting, and leaving the aſs and Rozinante at pleaſure to regale themſelves with the rich paſture, emptied their knapſack, and without any ceremony, attacked the contents, which they ate together like good friends, laying aſide all vain diſtinction of maſter and man.

Sancho had been at no pains to tether Rozinante, ſecure as he thought, in knowing him to be ſo meek and peaceable, that all the mares in the meadows of Cordova could not provoke his concupiſcence. Chance, however, or the devil, who is not often found napping, ordered it ſo, as that a drove of Gallician fillies, belonging to certain Yangueſian carriers, happened, at that very inſtant, to be feeding in that very valley; for, it being

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ing the cuſtom of theſe people to halt and refreſh themſelves and their beaſts in places where there is plenty of water and graſs, they could not have lighted on a more convenient ſpot than that where Don Quixote chanced to be. It was then that Rozinante, ſeized with an inclination to ſolace himſelf with ſome of thoſe ſkittiſh females, no ſooner had them in the wind, than deviating from his natural diſpoſition and accuſtomed deliberation, without aſking leave of his lord and maſter, he went off at a ſmall trot, to communicate his occaſions to the objects of his deſire. But they, it ſeems, more fond of their paſture, than of his addreſſes, received him ſo uncivilly with their hoofs and teeth, that in a twinkling, his girth was broke, his ſaddle kicked off, and he himſelf remained in cuerpo. But, what he chiefly ſuffered was from the carriers, who ſeeing violence offered to their mares, ran to their aſſiſtance with long ſtaves, which they exerciſed upon him ſo unmercifully, that he fell proſtrate to the ground, almoſt battered to death.

The knight and Sancho ſeeing their ſteed thus baſtinadoed, made all the haſte they could to his reſcue; the former addreſſing the latter in this manner, "I perceive, friend Sancho, that theſe are no knights, but fellows of low degree and infamous deſcent: this particular I mention, becauſe thou mayeſt now aſſiſt me, in taking juſt vengeance upon them, for the injury they have done to Rozinante before my face." "What a devil of vengeance can we pretend to take, anſwered the ſquire, when they are more than twenty, and we but two? nay, I believe, if it was put to the trial, no better than one and a half." "I myſelf am worth an hundred of ſuch vagabonds," cried Don Quixote; and, without uttering another ſyllable, he unſheath'd his ſword, and aſſaulted the Yangueſians, being ſeconded by Sancho, who ſuffered himſelf to be rouzed and encouraged by the example of his maſter: and indeed the knight lent the firſt he met with ſuch a hearty ſtroke, as laid open a leathern jacket he wore, together with a large portion of his ſhoulder.

The carriers ſeeing themſelves thus maltreated by two men only, took the benefit of their numbers, and ran to ſuſtain one another with their ſtaves, then ſurrounding the two aſſailants, began to drum upon their carcaſes with infinite eagerneſs and dexterity. True it is, at the ſecond application, Sancho fell to the earth: a misfortune that alſo happened to his maſter; who, in ſpite of all his own addreſs, together with the aſſiſtance of his good friend, ſoon found himſelf ſtretched at the feet of Rozinante, who had not as yet been able to riſe: from whence we may learn, what furious execution is often done by pack-ſtaves, when managed by the hands of ſuch enraged clowns.

The carriers perceiving the havock they had made, thought proper to load again with all diſpatch, and purſue their journey, leaving our adven-

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turers in miſerable plight and doleful dilemma. The firſt that recovered the uſe of his ſenſes, was Sancho Panza, who finding himſelf laid along by the ſide of his maſter, pronounced, with a weak and lamentable voice, "Sir Don Quixote! ah Sir Don Quixote!" What wouldſt thou have, brother Sancho?" replied the knight, in the ſame feeble and complaining tone. "I wiſh, reſumed Sancho, your worſhip would, if it be poſſible, comfort me with a couple of gulps of that ſame balſam made by fairy blas, if you have got any of it about you: perhaps it may be ſerviceable in bruiſes and broken bones, as well as in wounds and running ſores." "Would to God I had it here, unfortunate wight that I am! cried Don Quixote, but I ſwear to thee Sancho, on the faith of a knight-errant, that e'er two days paſs, if ſome miſchievous accident does not intervene, I will have it in my poſſeſſion, if my hands do not very much miſgive me." "In how many days does your worſhip think we ſhall be able to move our feet?" ſaid the ſquire. "With regard to myſelf, anſwered the battered knight, I really cannot fix any number of days; but this I know, that I alone am to blame for what has happened, in condeſcending to uſe my ſword againſt antagoniſts, who were not dubbed and knighted like myſelf. I therefore firmly believe, that as a puniſhment for having tranſgreſſed the laws of chivalry, the God of battles hath permitted me to receive this diſgraceful chaſtiſement: for which reaſon, brother Sancho, it is proper that thou ſhouldſt be appriſed of what I am going to ſay, as it may be of great importance to the ſafety of us both: whenever thou ſhalt ſee us inſulted or aggrieved for the future, by ſuch raſcally ſcum, thou ſhalt not wait for my drawing upon them, for I will in no ſhape meddle with ſuch unworthy foes; but, lay thy hand upon thy ſword, and with thy own arm, chaſtiſe them to thy heart's content: but ſhould any knights make up to their defence and aſſiſtance, then ſhall I know how to protect thee, and aſſault them with all my might; and thou art already convinced, by a thouſand amazing proofs, how far extends the valour of this my invincible arm." So arrogant was the poor knight become, by his victory over the valiant Biſcayan.

This wholeſome advice, however, was not ſo much reliſhed by Sancho, but that he replied, "Sir, I am a quiet, meek, peaceable man, and can digeſt any injury, be it never ſo hard; for, I have a wife and ſmall children to maintain and bring up: wherefore, let me alſo apprize, (though I cannot lay my commands upon your worſhip) that I will in no ſhape whatever, uſe my ſword againſt either knight or knave; and that henceforward, in the ſight of God, I forgive all injuries, paſt, preſent, or to come, which I have already received, at this preſent time ſuffer, or may hereafter undergo, from any perſon whatſoever, high or low, rich or poor, gentle or ſimple, without exception to rank or circumſtance."

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His maſter hearing this declaration, anſwered, " I wiſh the grievous pain I feel in this rib, would abate a little, ſo as that I could ſpeak for a few moments with eaſe, and convince thee of thy damnable error, Panza. Hark ye me, ſinner! ſuppoſe the gale of fortune, which hath been hitherto ſo adverſe, ſhould change in our favour, and ſwelling the ſails of our deſire, conduct us ſafely, without the leaſt impediment, into the haven of ſome one of thoſe iſlands which I have promiſed thee: what would become of thy wretched affairs, if, after I had won and given it into thy poſſeſſion, thou ſhouldſt fruſtrate my intention, by thy lack of knighthood, ambition, valour and courage to revenge thy wrongs, or defend thy government? for, I would have thee to know, that in all new conquered kingdoms or provinces, the friends of their natural maſters are never ſo quiet or reconciled to their new ſovereign, as to diſpel all fear of ſome freſh inſurrection, to alter the government again, and as the ſaying is, Try fortune once more: it is therefore requiſite, that the new poſſeſſor ſhould have underſtanding to govern, reſolution to puniſh, and valour to defend himſelf, in caſe of any ſuch accident."

" In this laſt accident which hath befallen us, ſaid Sancho, I wiſh the Lord had pleaſed to give me that ſame underſtanding and valour your worſhip mentions: but, I proteſt, upon the word of a poor ſinner, that I am at preſent more fit for a ſearcloth than ſuch converſation. See if your worſhip can make ſhift to riſe, and then we will give ſome aſſiſtance to Rozinante, tho' it be more than he deſerves; for, he was the principal cauſe of all this plaguy ribroaſting: never could I believe ſuch a thing of Rozinante, who, I always thought, was as chaſte and ſober a perſon as myſelf: but, this verifies the common remark, that you muſt keep company a long time with a man, before you know him thoroughly; and that there is nothing certain in this life. Who could have thought, that thoſe huge back-ſtrokes your worſhip dealt ſo heartily to the unlucky traveller, would be followed, as it were, poſt haſte, by ſuch a mighty tempeſt of blows, as juſt now diſcharged itſelf upon our ſhoulders." " Thy carcaſe, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, was formed for enduring ſuch rough weather; but, my limbs were tenderly nurſed in ſoft wool and fine linen; and therefore muſt feel more ſenſibly the pain of this diſcomfiture: and if I did not believe (believe ſaid I) if I were not certain, that all theſe inconveniences are inſeparably annexed to the exerciſe of arms, I would lie ſtill where I am, and die with pure vexation."

To this proteſtation, the ſquire replied, " Seeing theſe misfortunes are the natural crops of chivalry, pray good your worſhip, do they happen at all times of the year, or only fall at an appointed ſeaſon; becauſe, in my ſimple conjecture, two ſuch harveſts will leave us altogether incapable of

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reaping a third, if God, of his infinite mercy, will not be pleaſed to ſend us extraordinary ſuccour." "Thou muſt know, friend Sancho, anſwered Don Quixote, that the life of a knight-errant is ſubject to a thouſand dangers and miſhaps; but then, he enjoys the ſelf-ſame chance of being a king or emperor, as experience demonſtrates to have been the caſe of divers and ſundry knights, the hiſtory of whoſe lives I am perfectly well acquainted with; and I could now relate, if this pain would give me leave, the fortunes of ſome, who, by their valour alone, have riſen to that ſupreme degree: and thoſe very perſons, both before and after their ſucceſs, have undergone various calamities and affliction; witneſs the valiant Amadis de Gaul, who ſaw himſelf in the power of his mortal enemy Arcalaus the enchanter, of whom it is poſitively affirmed, that while the knight was his priſoner, he cauſed him to be bound to a pillar in his court-yard, and gave him two hundred ſtripes with the reins of his horſe's bridle. There is likewiſe a certain ſecret author of no ſmall credit, who relates that the knight of the ſun was caught in a trap in a certain caſtle, and falling, found himſelf tied hand and foot in a deep dungeon below ground, where was adminiſtred unto him, one of thoſe things they call glyſters, compoſed of ſand and water, which had well nigh coſt him his life; and if he had not been ſuccoured in that perilous conjuncture, by a ſage who was his good friend, the poor knight would have fared very ill. Wherefore, what hath happened to me, may eaſily paſs unheeded, among thoſe much greater affronts, that ſuch worthy people have undergone: beſides, I would have thee know, Sancho, that it is never reckoned an affront, to be wounded by thoſe inſtruments which are caſually in the hands of our enemies; for, it is expreſly mentioned in the laws of duelling, that if a ſhoemaker beats a man with the laſt he has by accident in his hand, the man cannot properly be ſaid to be cudgelled, altho' the ſaid laſt was made of wood. This particular I mention, that thou mayſt not ſuppoſe us affronted, altho' we have been mauled in this unlucky fray; for, the weapons with which thoſe men threſhed us ſo ſeverely, were no other than their own packſtaves; and ſo far as I can remember, there was neither tuck, poignard nor ſword among them."

"They did not give me time, anſwered Sancho, to make any ſuch obſervation; for ſcarce had I laid my fingers upon my * Toledo, when there rained a ſhower of cudgels upon my poor ſhoulders, that baniſhed the light from my eyes, and ſtrength from my feet, and laid me flat upon the ſpot where I now lie, not ſo much concerned about thinking whether this drubbing be an affront or not, as about the intolerable pain of the blows, which remain imprinted upon my memory as well as upon my carcaſe." "Not-

* Tizona, which is the word in the original, is a romantic name given to the ſword that belonged to Roderick Diaz de Bivar, the famous Spaniſh general againſt the Moors.

withſtanding

withſtanding all this complaining, ſaid the knight, I aver, brother Sancho, that there is no remembrance which time does not efface, nor pain that death does not remove:" "And pray, what greater misfortune can there be, anſwered Sancho, than that which nothing but time can remove, or death put a ſtop to? If this miſhap of ours were ſuch a one as might be cured with a couple of ſnips of cerecloth, it would not be altogether ſo vexatious; but, ſo far as I can ſee, all the plaiſter of an hoſpital, will not be ſufficient to ſet us cleverly on our legs again."

"Truce with thy reflections, replied Don Quixote, and collecting ſtrength out of weakneſs, as I will endeavour to do, let us riſe and examine Rozinante's caſe; for, in all appearance, the poor beaſt hath not ſuffered the leaſt part of the misfortune." "That is not to be wondered at, ſaid the ſquire, he being a knight-errant alſo; but, what ſurpriſes me moſt is, that my dapple ſhould get off without paying his ſcore, when we are ſcored all over." "Deſtiny, when one door is ſhut, always leaves another open, as a reſource in all calamities, ſaid Don Quixote: this I obſerve, becauſe thy aſs will now ſupply the place of Rozinante, and carry me from hence to ſome caſtle, where my wounds may be cured; more eſpecially, as ſuch carriage will be no diſhonour to chivalry; for, I remember to have read, that the good old Silenus, tutor and companion of the jolly God of mirth and wine, entered the city of the hundred gates, lolling at his eaſe upon a moſt comely aſs." "It may be very true, that he rode upon an aſs, replied Sancho, but, there is ſome difference, I apprehend, between riding and lying acroſs the beaſt like a bag of dirt." To this obſervation, the knight anſwered, "Thoſe wounds which are received in battle, may well give, but can never deprive one of honour: therefore, friend Sancho, do as I bid thee, without further reply; get up as well as thou can'ſt, and lay me upon dapple juſt as thou ſhalt find moſt convenient, that we may be gone before night comes to ſurpriſe us in this unfrequented place."

"And yet, ſaid Sancho, I have heard your worſhip remark, that it is uſual for knights-errant to ſleep upon commons and heaths, the greateſt part of the year; ay, and to be thankful for their good fortune in being able ſo to do." "Yes, ſaid the knight, when they can do no better, or are in love; and this is ſo true, that there was a knight who lay upon a bare rock, expoſed to the ſultry noon and midnight damps, with all the inclemencies of the weather, during two whole years, before his miſtreſs knew any thing of the matter: this was no other than Amadis, who, aſſuming the name of Beltenebros, took up his quarters upon the naked rock, for the ſpace of either eight years, or eight months, I really do not remember which; only that he remained doing penance in that place, for ſome diſguſt ſhewn to him by his dame Oriana: but, truce with this converſation, Sancho, and make haſte,

haſte, before ſuch another accident can happen to thy beaſt, as that which hath already befallen to Rozinante."

"Odds my life! that would be the devil indeed," cried Sancho, who uttering thirty ahs! and ſixty oh's! together with a hundred and fifty ola's! and curſes upon him who had brought him to that paſs, raiſed himſelf up, tho' he could not for his ſoul ſtand upright, but in ſpite of all his efforts, remained bent like a Turkiſh bow, and in that attitude, with infinite labour, made ſhift to equip his aſs, which had alſo gone a little aſtray, preſuming upon the exceſſive licence of the time; he then lifted up Rozinante, who, could he have found a tongue to complain with, would certainly have ſurpaſſed both his maſter and Sancho, in lamentation: in ſhort, the ſquire diſpoſed of Don Quixote upon the aſs, to whoſe tail Rozinante was tied; then taking his own dapple by the halter, jogged on ſometimes faſter, ſometimes ſlower, towards the place where he conjectured the high road to lie: and indeed, they had not exceeded a ſhort league, when by good luck, which now ſeemed to take the management of their affairs, they arrived at the highway, and diſcovered an inn, which, to Sancho's great grief, was miſtaken for a caſtle by the joyful knight. This difference of opinion, begat an obſtinate diſpute that laſted until they arrived at the place, into which Sancho immediately conveyed his cargo, without further expoſtulation.

CHAP. II.

The adventure that happened to this ſagacious knight at the inn, which he miſtook for a caſtle.

THE innkeeper ſeeing Don Quixote laid athwart the aſs, aſked what was the matter? To which interrogation, Sancho replied, "Nothing but a few bruiſes which my maſter has received in a fall from a rock in this neighbourhood." The landlady, who differed in diſpoſition from moſt of your innkeepers wives, being naturally charitable and ſympathizing with the calamities of her fellow-creatures, came running to the relief of the battered knight, and brought her daughter, who was a very handſome girl, to aſſiſt in taking care of her gueſt. There was, in the ſame houſe, a ſervant maid from the Aſturias, remarkable for her capacious countenance, beetle-brow'd, flat-noſed, blind of one eye, and bleared in the other; true it is, the gentility of her ſhape made amends for her other defects: ſhe was ſomething ſhort of ſeven hands from head to foot, and moreover, encumbered ſo much by her ſhoulders, that ſhe was obliged to contemplate the duſt beneath her feet, oftner than ſhe could have wiſhed.

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This comely creature, with the aſſiſtance of the other damſel, made up a ſort of a ſorry bed for our hero in a garret, which gave evident tokens of having been formerly an hay-loft, and in which, at that time, a certain carrier had taken up his quarters, in a bed of his own making, a little on one ſide of our knight's: and tho' his couch was compoſed of the pannels and furniture of his mules, it had greatly the advantage over Don Quixote's, which conſiſted only of four rough boards, ſupported on two benches of unequal height, covered by a mattreſs ſo thin, it might have paſſed for a quilt, and full of knots, ſo hard as to be miſtaken for peeble-ſtones, had not the wool appeared thro' divers openings; with a couple of ſheets made of bull's hide, and a blanket ſo bare, that you might have counted every thread, without loſing one of the reckoning.

In this wretched bed, Don Quixote having laid himſelf down, was anointed from head to foot by the good woman and her daughter, while Maritornes (that was the Aſturian's name) ſtood hard by holding a light. The landlady, in the courſe of her application, perceiving the knight's whole body black and blue, obſerved that thoſe marks ſeemed rather the effects of drubbing than of a fall; but, Sancho affirmed ſhe was miſtaken; and that the marks in queſtion, were occaſioned by the knobs and corners of the rocks, among which he fell: "And now I think of it, ſaid he, pray madam, manage matters ſo as to leave a little of your ointment, for it will be needed, I'll aſſure you; my own loins are none of the ſoundeſt at preſent." "What! did you fall too?" ſaid ſhe. "I can't ſay I did, anſwered the ſquire, but, I was ſo infected, by ſeeing my maſter tumble, that my whole body akes as much as if I had been cudgelled without mercy." "That may very eaſily happen, cried the daughter! I myſelf have often dreamed that I was falling from a high tower, without ever coming to the ground; and upon waking have felt myſelf bruiſed and battered, as if I had actually got a great fall." "Ah, miſtreſs! replied the ſquire, here is the point; I without dreaming at all, but, on the contrary, being as broad awake as I am this precious minute, found almoſt as many marks upon my own ſhoulders, as you have obſerved upon thoſe of my maſter Don Quixote." "What is the name of that knight?" ſaid the Aſturian. "Don Quixote de la Mancha, anſwered the ſquire; he is a knight-adventurer, and one of the greateſt and moſt valiant that have been ſeen in this world for many ages." "And what is a knight-adventurer," reſumed the wench. "Are you ſuch a ſuckling as not to know that? cried Sancho; well, I'll tell you, miſtreſs of mine, a knight-adventurer is a thing, that, before you can count a couple, may be kicked, and be crowned: to-day, he is the moſt deſpicable and beggarly wretch upon earth, and to-morrow, he will have a brace of kingdoms to beſtow upon his ſquires." "Methinks, ſaid the landlady, ſeeing you appertain

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pertain to ſuch a great man, you ought to be a count at leaſt." "All in good time, replied Sancho, we have not been out a month in ſearch of adventures, and have found none worth naming; beſides, people ſometimes go in queſt of one thing, and meet with another: indeed, if my maſter Don Quixote gets well of this drubbing--(fall, I mean) and I myſelf eſcape without being crippled, I won't barter my hopes for the beſt lordſhip in Spain."

The knight, having liſtened attentively to this whole converſation, ſat up in his bed as well as he could, and taking his landlady by the hand, "Believe me, beautiful lady, ſaid he, you may account yourſelf extremely happy, in having within your caſtle my perſon, as your gueſt, ſuch a gueſt, that if I praiſe him not, it is on account of the common ſaying, that Self-commendation is in effect ſelf-diſpraiſe. My ſquire, however, will intimate who I am; while I content myſelf with aſſuring you, that I will, to all eternity, preſerve engraven upon the tables of my memory, the benevolence you this day vouchſafed unto me, that I may be grateful for the favour, as long as life ſhall remain. And, oh! that it pleaſed yon Heaven ſupreme, that love had not ſo vanquiſhed and enſlaved my heart, to the triumphant eyes of that beautiful ingrate, whom I now mention between my teeth, but that the charms of this amiable young lady, could be the authors of my freedom."

The good woman, her daughter, and the gentle Maritornes, were aſtoniſhed at this rhapſody, which they underſtood as much as if it had been delivered in Greek; tho' they could eaſily comprehend, that the whole of it tended to compliment and proffers of ſervice: as they were therefore altogether unaccuſtomed to ſuch language, they gazed at him with admiration, as a perſon of a different ſpecies from other men, and having thanked him for his courteſy, in their tapſter-phraſe, left him to his repoſe; while the Aſturian Maritornes adminiſtred to Sancho, who had as much need of aſſiſtance as his maſter.

She and the carrier had made an aſſignation to divert themſelves that night; nay, ſhe had given her word, that as ſoon as the company ſhould be quiet, and her maſter and miſtreſs aſleep, ſhe would viſit him in the dark, and give him all the ſatisfaction he deſired; and indeed it is recorded, for the honour of this good creature, that ſhe never failed to perform her promiſes of that kind punctually, altho' they had been made in the midſt of a heath, and out of the hearing of all evidence; for, ſhe valued herſelf much upon her gentility, and did not look upon it as any affront, to be ſervant at an inn, becauſe, ſhe obſerved, diſappointments and misfortunes had reduced her to that condition.

The bed of Don Quixote, which we have deſcribed ſo hard, ſo narrow, crazy and uncomfortable, ſtood foremoſt, and exactly in the middle of this ruinous

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ruinous hay-loft; hard by, had Sancho taken up his quarters upon a rush-mat, covered with a rug, which ſeemed to be manufactured of hemp rather than wool; and laſt of all was the carrier's couch, compoſed, as we have already ſaid, of the pannels and furniture of his two beſt mules; for, he had no leſs than twelve plump, ſleek and notable beaſts, being one of the richeſt carriers in Arevalo, according to the report of the author of this hiſtory, who makes particular mention of him, and ſays he knew him perfectly well; nay, ſome go ſo far as to affirm, that he was his diſtant relation: be this as it will, Cid Hamet Benengeli was a moſt curious hiſtorian, and punctual to admiration, as appears from what hath been related, which, tho' in itſelf mean and trivial, he would by no means paſs over in ſilence. This ought to ſerve as an example to thoſe important and weighty hiſtorians, who recount events ſo ſuccinctly and ſuperficially, that the reader can ſcarce get a ſmack of them; while the moſt ſubſtantial circumſtances are left, as it were, in the inkhorn, thro' careleſſneſs, ignorance and malice. A thouſand times bleſt be the authors of Tablante and Ricamonte, and he that compiled that other book, in which are recounted the atchievements of Count Tomillas! How punctually have they deſcribed the moſt minute particular! But to return to our ſtory.

The carrier having viſited his cattle, and given them their night's allowance, ſtretched himſelf upon his pannels, in expectation of the moſt faithful Maritornes; while Sancho, plaiſtered all over, and huddled up in his kennel, endeavoured with all his might to ſleep; but, the aching of his ribs would by no means allow him to enjoy that ſatisfaction; and Don Quixote, for the ſame uncomfortable reaſon, lay like a hare with his eyes wide open. A profound ſilence reigned throughout the whole houſe, in which there was no other light, than a lamp ſtuck up in the paſſage; and this wonderful quiet, together with thoſe reflections which always occured to our knight, relating to the events continually recorded in the books of chivalry, that firſt diſordered his underſtanding: I ſay, thoſe reflections ſuggeſted to his fancy, one of the ſtrangeſt whims that ever entered a man's imagination. This was no other than a full perſuaſion that he was arrived at ſome famous caſtle, for, as we have before obſerved, all the inns he lodged at ſeemed caſtles to him; and that the landlord's daughter was the governor's only child, who, captivated by his genteel appearance, was become deeply enamoured of him, and had actually promiſed to come, without the knowledge of her parents, and paſs the beſt part of the night in bed with him. Believing therefore, this chimera (which was the work of his own brain) to be a firm and undoubted fact, he began to reflect with extreme anxiety, upon the dangerous dilemma into which his virtue was like to be drawn; and reſolved, in his heart, to commit no treaſon againſt his miſtreſs Dul-

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cinea del Toboſo; even tho' queen Ginebra herſelf, and the lady Quintaniona ſhould make him a tender of their favours.

While his mind was engroſſed by theſe extravagant fancies, the hour of aſſignation arrived, and an unlucky hour it was for him, when the kind Aſturian, barefoot and in her ſmock, having her hair tucked up under a fuſtian night-cap, entered the apartment in which the three gueſts were lodged, and with ſilence and caution, directed her ſteps towards the neſt of her beloved carrier. But, ſcarce had ſhe got within the door, when her approach was perceived by our knight, who ſitting up in his bed, in ſpite of his plaiſters and the aching of his ribs, ſtretched forth his arms to receive this beautiful young lady, who, on her part holding in her breath, moved ſoftly on her tiptoes, groping her way with her hands before her.

While ſhe thus crept along, in queſt of her lover, ſhe chanced to come within arms length of Don Quixote, who laid faſt hold of her by the wriſt, and without her daring to ſpeak a ſyllable, pulled her towards him, and made her ſit down upon his bed; he then felt her ſmock, which tho' made of the coarſeſt canvas, to him ſeemed a ſhift of the fineſt and ſofteſt lawn; the ſtring of glaſs beads ſhe wore about her wriſt, in his apprehenſion, outſhone the brighteſt oriental pearl: her hair, which bore ſome reſemblance to a horſe's mane, he miſtook for threads of pure Arabian gold, that even eclipſed the ſplendor of the ſun; and her breath, which doubtleſs ſmelled ſtrong of broken meat and garlick, his fancy converted into an aromatic flavour, proceeding from her delicate mouth: in ſhort, his imagination repreſented her in the ſame form and ſituation with that of a certain princeſs, recorded in one of his books, who came to viſit a wounded knight of whom ſhe was enamoured; with all the other embelliſhments there deſcribed. Nay, ſuch was the infatuation of this poor gentleman, that he was not to be undeceived, either by the touch, the breath, or any other circumſtance of this honeſt wench, tho' they were powerful enough to diſcompoſe the ſtomach of any body but a rampant carrier.

But, our knight believed he folded in his arms the goddeſs of beauty, and ſtraining her in his embrace, began to pronounce, in a ſoft and amorous tone, "Would to heaven! I were ſo circumſtanced, beautiful and high-born lady! as to be able to repay the tranſcendent favour beſtowed upon me, in the contemplation of your amazing charms: but, it hath pleaſed fortune, that never ceaſes to perſecute the virtuous, to lay me upon this bed, ſo bruiſed and battered, that even, if it was my deſire to gratify yours, I ſhould find it utterly impoſſible; how much more ſo, when that impoſſibility is linked to another ſtill greater? I mean, the plighted faith I have vowed to the peerleſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, the ſole miſtreſs of my moſt hidden thoughts: did not that conſideration interpoſe, I ſhould not be ſuch a

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ſimple knight, as to let ſlip this happy occaſion which your benevolence hath tendered to my choice."

Maritornes, ſweating with vexation, to find herſelf thus pinioned, as it were, by the knight, whoſe diſcourſe ſhe neither heeded nor underſtood; endeavoured, without anſwering a ſyllable, to diſengage herſelf from his embrace: while the honeſt carrier, whoſe lewd deſires kept him awake, and made him perceive his doxy from the moment ſhe entered, liſtened attentively to every thing that Don Quixote ſaid, and being jealous that the Aſturian had broke her promiſe to him, in order to keep it with another, crept nearer the bed of his rival, to wait the iſſue of this rhapſody, the meaning of which he could not comprehend: obſerving, however, that the wench ſtruggled to get looſe, and that the knight endeavoured to detain her, he could not reliſh the joke, but, lifting his arm on high, diſcharged ſuch a terrible blow upon the lanthorn jaws of the enamoured Don, as bathed his whole countenance in blood; and not ſatisfied with this application, jumped upon his ribs, and travelled over his whole carcaſe, at a pace, ſomewhat exceeding that of a briſk trot, until the bed, which was none of the ſtrongeſt, either in materials or foundation, unable to ſuſtain the additional weight, ſunk to the ground with both; and made ſuch a hideous noiſe in its fall, as waked the innkeeper, who immediately concluded that Maritornes was concerned in the adventure, becauſe ſhe made no anſwer when he called.

On this ſuppoſition he aroſe, and lighting a candle, went directly to the place where he had heard the ſcuffle: mean while, the poor wench, confuſed and affrighted at the approach of her maſter, who was a fellow of a moſt ſavage diſpoſition, retreated to the kennel of Sancho Panza, who ſlept in ſpite of all this din, and neſtling in beſide him, wound herſelf up like a ball, and lay ſnug. The landlord now entered the apartment, and crying with a loud voice, "Where have you got, ſtrumpet? to be ſure, theſe muſt be your jades tricks, with a vengeance:" Sancho ſtarted, and feeling a prodigious weight upon him, thought he was labouring under the night-mare; and beginning to lay about him on all ſides, chanced, in the courſe of his efforts, to beſtow divers cuffs on Maritornes, who feeling herſelf thus belaboured, forgot the care of her reputation, and returned the ſquire's compliments ſo heartily, that ſleep forſook him whether he would or not: without knowing the perſon who treated him ſo roughly, he raiſed himſelf up, as well as he could, and going to loggerheads with Maritornes, a moſt furious and diverting ſkirmiſh enſued.

By this time, the carrier, perceiving by the light the ſituation of his miſtreſs, ran to her aſſiſtance; and the landlord followed the ſame courſe, tho' with a very different intention, namely, to chaſtiſe the maid; being fully

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perſuaded, that ſhe was the ſole cauſe of all this uproar: and ſo, as the ſaying is, The cat to the rat, the rat to the rope, the rope to the gallows. The carrier drummed upon Sancho, Sancho ſtruck at the maid, the maid pummelled him, the innkeeper diſciplined her; and all of them exerted themſelves with ſuch eagerneſs, that there was not one moment's pauſe. But to crown the joke, the landlord's candle went out, and the combatants being left in the dark, ſuch a circulation of blows enſued, that whereſoever the fiſt fell, there the patient was diſabled.

There chanced to lodge at the inn, that night, a trooper belonging to the ancient holy brotherhood of Toledo, who alſo hearing the ſtrange noiſe of this fray, aroſe, and ſeizing his tipſtaff, together with the tin-box that contained his commiſſion, entered the apartment in the dark, calling aloud, "Keep the peace, in the king's name. Keep the peace in the name of the holy brotherhood." The firſt he encountred was the forlorn Don Quixote, who lay inſenſible on his demoliſhed bed, with his face uppermoſt; ſo that groping about, he happened to lay hold of his beard, and cried, "Aſſiſt, I charge you, the officers of juſtice: but, perceiving that the perſon he held, neither ſtirred nor ſpoke, he concluded that he muſt be dead, and that the people within were the aſſaſſins. In this perſuaſion, he raiſed his voice, crying, "Shut the gates of the inn, that none may 'ſcape, for, here is a man murthered." This exclamation, which aſtoniſhed them all, was no ſooner heard, than every one quitted his ſhare in the battle; the landlord retreated to his own chamber, the carrier ſneaked to his panniers, and the damſel to her ſtraw: while the unfortunate knight and ſquire were left on the ſpot, unable to move from the places where they lay. The trooper letting go the beard of Don Quixote, went out for a light to ſearch and apprehend the delinquents; but, in this deſign, he was diſappointed; the landlord having purpoſely extinguiſhed the lamp, when he retired to his apartment: ſo that he was obliged to have recourſe to the embers, at which, with great induſtry and time, he made ſhift to light another candle.

CHAP.

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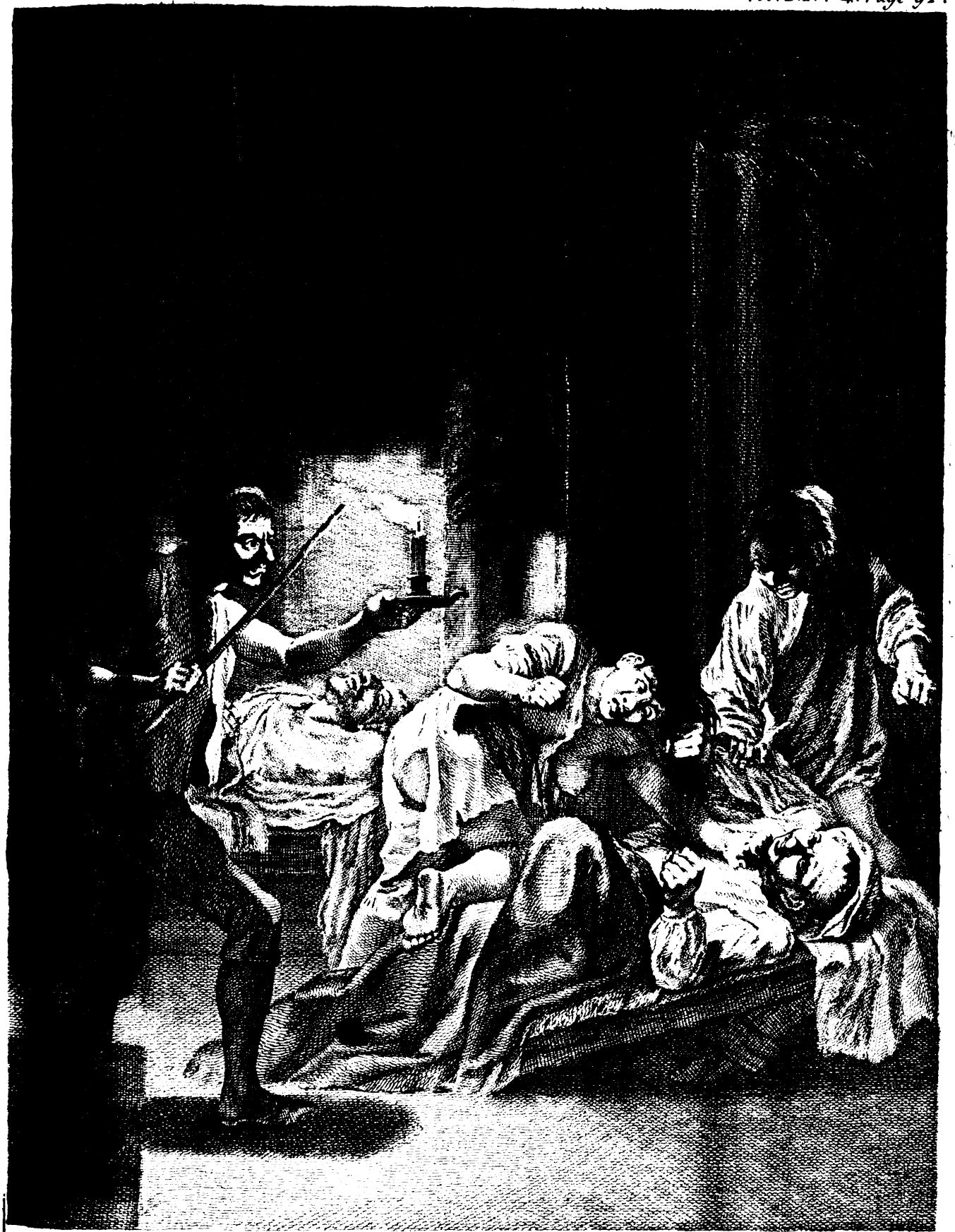

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CHAP. III.

Containing the ſequel of thoſe incredible grievances which the valiant Don Quixote, and his truſty ſquire Sancho Panza, underwent at the inn, which, for their misfortune, the knight miſtook for a caſtle.

ABout this time, Don Quixote recovering the uſe of his tongue, began to call in the ſame feeble tone with which he ſpoke, the preceding day, when he lay ſtretched in the pack-ſtaff valley, "Art thou aſleep, friend Sancho? friend Sancho, art thou aſleep?" "God's my life! replied Sancho, full of peeviſhneſs and pain, how ſhould I be aſleep, ſeeing all the devils in hell have been upon me, this whole night?" "That thou mayeſt aſſure thyſelf of, anſwered the knight, for, either I underſtand nothing at all, or this caſtle is inchanted. Thou muſt know, Sancho, but what I am going to diſcloſe to thee, thou ſhalt ſwear to keep ſecret till after my death." "I do ſwear," ſaid Sancho. "This ſecrecy I inſiſt upon, replied his maſter, becauſe, I would by no means take away the reputation of any perſon." "Well then, cried the ſquire, I ſwear to keep it ſecret till the days of your worſhip be paſt and gone; and God grant that I may be at liberty to reveal it to-morrow." "Have I done you ſo much miſchief, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, that you wiſh to ſee me dead ſo ſoon?" "It is not for that, replied the ſquire, but, becauſe I am an enemy to all ſecrets, and would not have any thing rot in my keeping." "Be that as it may, ſaid the knight, I will truſt greater things to thy love and fidelity: Know, therefore, that this very night, I have been engaged in a moſt rare and wonderful adventure, which, that I may briefly relate, take notice, that a little while ago, I was viſited by the conſtable's daughter, than whom a more beautiful and gracious young lady is ſcarce to be found on this terraqueous globe. How ſhall I paint to thee, the comelineſs of her perſon? how delineate the acuteneſs of her underſtanding? or, how ſhall I deſcribe thoſe myſterious charms, which, that I may preſerve the fealty I have ſworn to my own ſovereign miſtreſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, I muſt paſs over in ſacred ſilence! I ſhall only tell thee, that heaven itſelf was jealous of the happineſs which fortune had put into my power; or, perhaps, which is more probable, this caſtle, as I have already obſerved, is enchanted: for, while I was engaged with her, in a moſt delightful and amorous converſation, an unſeen hand, belonging, doubtleſs, to the arm of ſome monſtrous giant, deſcended, I know not whence, upon my jaws, leaving my whole face bathed in gore; and afterwards bruiſed me in ſuch a manner, that I am infinitely worſe, than I was

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was yeſterday, when the carriers maltreated us, as thou knoweſt, for the exceſſes of Rozinante; from whence, I conjecture, that the treaſure of this fair damſel's beauty, is guarded by ſome enchanted Moor, and not deſtined for my poſſeſſion." "Nor for mine, neither, cried Sancho, for, I have been drubbed by five hundred Moors, ſo unmercifully, that the pack-ſtave threſhing was but cakes and gingerbread, to what I now feel: ſo, that I ſee no great cauſe you have to brag of that rare adventure, which hath left us in this comfortable pickle. Indeed your worſhip was not ſo badly off, becauſe you had that ſame incomparable beauty in your arms: but, what had I, except the hardeſt knocks, which, I hope, I ſhall ever feel in my born days? Curſed am I, and the mother that bore me; for, though, I neither am knight-errant, nor ever deſign to be one, the greateſt part of the miſchief that betides us, for ever, falls to my ſhare." It ſeems then, thou haſt ſuffered too," ſaid Don Quixote. "Woe be unto me and my whole pedigree! cried Sancho, have I not been telling you ſo all this time?" "Give thyſelf no concern about that matter, anſwered the knight, for, now I am determined to prepare that precious balſam, which will cure us both, in the twinkling of an eye."

About this time, the officer of the holy brotherhood, having made ſhift to light his candle, came back to examine the perſon whom he ſuppoſed murthered; and Sancho, ſeeing him approach in his ſhirt and woollen night-cap, with a very unfavourable aſpect, and a light in his hand, ſaid to his maſter, "Pray, ſir, is that the enchanted Moor returned * to ſpend the laſt drop of his vengeance upon us." "That cannot be the Moor, anſwered Don Quixote, for, enchanters never ſuffer themſelves to be ſeen." "If they won't allow themſelves to be ſeen, cried the ſquire, they make no bones of letting themſelves be felt; that my ſhoulders can teſtify." "And mine too, ſaid the knight: but, we have no ſufficient reaſon to believe that he whom we now ſee, is the inchanted Moor."

Mean while, the trooper drawing nearer, and hearing them talk ſo deliberately, remained ſome time in ſuſpence; then obſerving Don Quixote, who ſtill lay on his back, unable to ſtir, on account of his bruiſes and plaiſters, he went up to him, ſaying, "How do'ſt do, honeſt friend?" "I would ſpeak more ſubmiſſively, anſwered the knight, were I ſuch a plebeian as you; is that the language uſed in this country to knights-errant, you blockhead?" The officer finding himſelf treated with ſo little ceremony, by ſuch a miſerable wight, could not bear the reproach, but, lifting up the lamp, oil and all, diſcharged it upon Don Quixote's pate, which ſuffered greatly in the encounter, and the light being again extinguiſhed, ſlipped away in the dark. Things being in this ſituation, "Sir,

* Literally, What is left in the bottom of his inkhorn.

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ſaid Sancho Panza, without doubt, that was the enchanted Moor, who keeps the treaſure for other people, and the fiſty-cuffs and lamp-leavings for us." " It muſt be ſo, replied the knight, but, we muſt not mind thoſe affairs of enchantment ſo much, as to let them ruffle or inflame us; becauſe they being inviſible and fantaſtical, do what we can, we ſhall never be able to take vengeance upon the authors of them: get up therefore, Sancho, if thou canſt, and deſire the conſtable of this caſtle, to ſupply me with ſome oil, wine, ſalt and roſemary; that I may prepare the ſalutiferous balſam, which, really, I believe, I ſtand in great need of, at preſent, for, the wound, which the phantome hath given me, bleeds apace."

Accordingly, the ſquire made ſhift to riſe, notwithſtanding the intolerable aching of his bones, and creeping in the dark, towards the innkeeper's bed-chamber, happened to meet with the trooper, who ſtood liſtening, to know the intention of his adverſary. " Signor, cried he, whoſoever you are, do us the benefit and favour to aſſiſt us with ſome roſemary, ſalt, wine and oil, in order to cure one of the moſt mighty knights-errant upon earth, who lies in that bed, deſperately wounded by the hands of an inchanted Moor that frequents this inn." The officer hearing ſuch an addreſs, concluded that the man had loſt his ſenſes; and it being by this time, dawn, opened the inn-gate, and calling to the landlord, told him what this honeſt man wanted. The innkeeper having provided Sancho with the ingredients, he immediately carried them to his maſter, who lay, holding his head between his two hands, and complaining very much of the effect of the lamp, which, however, had done no further damage than that of raiſing a couple of large tumors upon his pate; that which he took for blood, being no other than ſweat forced out by the anguiſh and pain he had undergone. In ſhort, he made a compoſition, by mixing the materials together, and boiling them a good while, until he found he had brought the whole to a due conſiſtence; then he aſked for a vial to contain the balſam; but, as there was none in the houſe, he reſolved to cork it up in a tin oil-flaſk, of which the landlord made him a preſent. Which being done, he repeated over it, more than fourſcore pater-noſters, with the like number of ave-maria's, ſalve's and credo's, accompanying every word with the ſign of the croſs, by way of benediction: and this whole ceremony was performed in preſence of Sancho, the innkeeper and officer; the carrier having very quietly gone to take care of his beaſts.

This precious balſam being thus compoſed, the knight was determined to make inſtant trial of the efficacy, with which he imagined it endued; and accordingly ſwallowed about a pint and a half of what remained in the pot, after the oil-flaſk was full, which had ſcarce got down his throat, when

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when he began to vomit in ſuch a manner, as left nothing in his ſtomach; and a moſt copious ſweat breaking out upon him, in conſequence of the violent operation, he deſired they would wrap him up warm, and leave him to his repoſe. They complied with his requeſt, and he fell into a profound ſleep that laſted three hours, at the end of which awaking, he found himſelf exceedingly refreſhed, and ſo well recovered of his bruiſes, that he ſeemed perfectly well: and implicitly believed that he had now made ſure of the balſam of Fierabras, which while he poſſeſſed, he might, with the utmoſt confidence and ſafety, engage in the moſt perilous quarrels, combats and havock, that could poſſibly happen.

Sancho Panza ſeeing his maſter recovered to a miracle, begged he would beſtow upon him, the ſediment of the pot, which was no ſmall quantity: and his requeſt being granted, he laid hold of it with both hands, and ſeting it to his head, drank off, with ſtrong faith and eager inclination, almoſt as much as his maſter had ſwallowed before. But, the poor ſquire's ſtomach chanc'd to be not quite ſo delicate as that of the knight, and therefore, before he could diſcharge a drop, he ſuffered ſuch pangs and reachings, ſuch qualms and cold ſweats, that he verily believed his laſt hour was come, and in the midſt of his wamblings and affliction, curſed the balſam and the miſcreant that made it. Don Quixote perceiving his ſituation, ſaid, "I believe that all this miſchief happens to thee, Sancho, becauſe thou art not a knight; for, I am perſuaded, that this liquor will be of ſervice to none but ſuch as are of the order of knighthood." "If your worſhip knew ſo much, cried Sancho, woe be unto me and my whole generation! Why did you allow me to taſte it?" At this inſtant, the potion began to operate, and the poor ſquire to unload at both ends, with ſuch fury, that the mat upon which he had thrown himſelf, and the ſheet that covered him, were ſoon in a woeful pickle: he ſweated and ſhivered with ſuch violent motions and fits, that not only he himſelf, but every body preſent, thought he would have given up the ghoſt.

This tempeſt of evacuation, laſted near two hours, at the expiration of which, he found himſelf far from being relieved like his maſter, but, on the contrary, ſo much fatigued that he was not able to ſtand. The knight, as we have already obſerved, finding himſelf in good health, and excellent ſpirits, longed fervently to depart in queſt of adventures, thinking every minute he ſpent in that place, was an injury to the world in general, and to thoſe miſerable objects who wanted his favour and protection; eſpecially, as he was now in poſſeſſion of the certain means of ſafety and confidence, in that efficacious balſam he had made. Prompted by theſe ſuggeſtions, he himſelf ſaddled Rozinante, and with his own hands put the pannel upon the beaſt of his ſquire, whom he alſo aſſiſted in getting on

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on his cloaths, and mounting his aſs. He then beſtrode his own ſteed, and laying hold of a pitchfork that ſtood in a corner of the yard, appropriated it to the uſe of a lance; while all the people in the houſe, exceeding twenty perſons, beheld him with admiration: the landlord's daughter being among the ſpectators, he fixed his eyes upon her, and from time to time, uttered a profound ſigh, which ſeemed to be heaved from the very bottom of his bowels; and which, in the opinion of all thoſe who had ſeen him anointed over night, was occaſioned by the aching of his bones.

He and his ſquire, being by this time mounted, he halted at the gate, and calling to the innkeeper, pronounced, in a grave and ſolemn tone; "Numerous and mighty are the favours, ſir conſtable, which I have received in this caſtle of yours, and I ſhall think myſelf under the higheſt obligation, to retain a grateful remembrance of your courteſy, all the days of my life. If I can make you any return, in taking vengeance on ſome inſolent adverſary, who hath, perhaps, aggrieved you; know, that it is my province and profeſſion, to aſſiſt the helpleſs, avenge the injured, and chaſtiſe the falſe: recollect, therefore, and if you have any boon of that ſort to aſk, ſpeak the word; I promiſe by the order of knighthood which I have received, that you ſhall be righted and redreſſed to your heart's content." "Sir knight, replied the inkeeper, with the ſame deliberation, I have no occaſion for your worſhip's aſſiſtance, to redreſs any grievance of mine; for, I know how to revenge my own wrongs, when I ſuffer any: all I deſire, is, that you will pay the ſcore you have run up in this inn, for provender to your cattle, and food and lodging to yourſelf and ſervant." "It ſeems then, this is an inn," anſwered the knight. "Aye, and a well reſpected one," ſaid the landlord. "I have been in a miſtake all this time, reſumed Don Quixote, for, I really thought it was a caſtle; and that none of the meaneſt, neither: but, ſince it is no other than a houſe of public entertainment, you have nothing to do, but excuſe me from paying a farthing; for, I can by no means, tranſgreſs the cuſtom of knights-errant, who, I am ſure, as having read nothing to the contrary, never paid for lodging, nor any thing elſe, in any inn or houſe whatſoever, becauſe they had a right and title to the beſt of entertainment, in recompence for the intolerable ſufferings they underwent, in ſeeking adventures by night and by day, in winter as well as ſummer, on foot and on horſeback, expoſed to hunger and thirſt, to heat and cold, and to all the inclemencies of heaven, as well as the inconveniencies of earth." "All this is nothing to my purpoſe, ſaid the innkeeper, pay me what you owe, and ſave all your idle tales of knight-errantry, for thoſe who will be amuſed with them; for my own part, I mind no tale but that of the money I take." "You are a ſaucy publican and a blockhead to boot,"

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cried Don Quixote, who putting ſpurs to Rozinante, and brandiſhing his pitch-fork, ſallied out of the inn, without oppoſition; and was a good way off, before he looked behind to ſee if he was followed by his ſquire.

The landlord, ſeeing the knight depart without paying, ran up to ſeize Sancho, who told him, that ſince his maſter had refuſed to diſcharge the bill, he muſt not expect any money from him, who being the ſquire of a knight-errant, was, as well as his maſter, bound by the ſame laws, to pay for nothing in taverns and inns. The publican, irritated at this anſwer, threatned, if he would not pay him, to indemnify himſelf, in a manner that ſhould not be ſo much to the ſquire's liking: but, Panza ſwore by the laws of chivalry his maſter profeſſed, that he would not pay a doit, though it ſhould coſt him his life; for, he was reſolved, that the honourable and ancient cuſtoms of knight-errantry, ſhould not be loſt through his miſbehaviour; neither, ſhould thoſe ſquires, who were to come into the world after him, have occaſion to complain of his conduct, or reproach him with the breach of ſo juſt a privilege.

As the unfortunate Sancho's evil genius would have it, there were among the company that lodged that night, in the houſe, four clothiers of Segovia, three pin-makers from the great ſquare of Cordova, and a couple of ſhopkeepers from the market-place of Sevil; all of them, briſk jolly fellows, and miſchievous wags. Theſe companions, as if they had been inſpired, and inſtigated by the ſame ſpirit, came up to the ſquire, and pulled him from his aſs; then, one of them fetching a blanket from the landlord's bed, they put Sancho into it, and lifting up their eyes, perceived the roof was too low for their purpoſe; therefore determined to carry him out into the yard, which had no other cieling than the ſky: there placing Panza in the middle of the blanket, they began to toſs him on high, and divert themſelves with his capers, as the mob do with dogs at Shrove-tide. The cries, uttered by this miſerable valet, were ſo piercing as to reach the ears of his maſter, who halting to liſten the more attentively, believed that ſome new adventure was approaching, until he clearly recognized the ſhrieks of his ſquire: he immediately turned his horſe, and with infinite ſtraining, made ſhift to gallop back to the inn; but, finding the gate ſhut, rode round in ſearch of ſome other entrance; and when he approached the yard-wall, which was not very high, perceived the diſagreeable joke they were practiſing upon his ſquire, who roſe into the air, and ſunk again with ſuch grace and celerity, that if his indignation would have allowed him, I verily believe the knight himſelf would have laughed at the occaſion. He attempted to ſtep from his horſe upon the wall, but, was ſo bruiſed and battered, that he could not move from his ſeat; and therefore, ſituated as he was, began to vent ſuch a torrent of reproachful

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reproachful and opprobrious language, againſt Sancho's executioners, that it is impoſſible to repeat the half of what he ſaid. This, however, neither interrupted their mirth nor their diverſion, nor gave the leaſt truce to the lamentations of Sancho, who prayed and threatned by turns, as he flew. Indeed, nothing of this ſort, either could or did avail him, until, leaving off, out of pure wearineſs, they thought fit to wrap him up in his great coat, and ſet him on his aſs again. The compaſſionate Maritornes ſeeing him ſo much fatigued, thought he would be the better for a draught of water, which, that it might be the cooler, ſhe fetched from the well; and Sancho had juſt put the mug to his lips, when his draught was retarded by the voice of his maſter, who cried aloud, " Son Sancho, drink not water, drink not that which will be the occaſion of thy death, my ſon; behold this moſt ſacred balſam, (holding up the cruze of potion in his hand) two drops of which will effectually cure thee." At theſe words, the ſquire eyed him, as it were, aſkance, and in a tone ſtill more vociferous, replied, " Perchance your worſhip has forgot that I am no knight; or may be, you want to ſee me vomit up all the entrails I have left, after laſt night's quandary. Keep your liquor for yourſelf, and may all the devils in hell give you joy of it; and leave me to my own diſcretion." He had no ſooner pronounced theſe words, than he began to ſwallow, and perceiving at the firſt draught, that the cordial was no other than water, he did not chuſe to repeat it; but, deſired Maritornes to bring him ſome wine. This requeſt ſhe complied with very chearfully, and paid for it with her own money, for, it was reported of her, that although ſhe was reduced to that low degree in life, ſhe actually retained ſome faint ſketches and ſhadows of the chriſtian.

Sancho having finiſhed his draught, clapped heels to his aſs, and the inn-gate being thrown wide open, ſallied forth, very well ſatisfied with having got off, without paying any thing, although he had ſucceeded at the expence of his ſhoulders, which were, indeed his uſual ſureties. True, it is, the landlord had detained his bags for the reckoning; but, theſe Sancho did not miſs, in the confuſion of his retreat. As ſoon as he was clear of the houſe, the innkeeper would have barricadoed the gate, had he not been prevented by the blanket-companions, who were of that ſort of people, who would not have valued Don Quixote a farthing, even if he had been actually one of the knights of the Round-Table.

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CHAP. IV.

In which is recounted the diſcourſe that paſſed between Sancho Panza and his maſter Don Quixote; with other adventures worthy of record.

SANCHO made ſhift to overtake his maſter, ſo haggard and diſmayed, that he was ſcarce able to manage his beaſt; and when the knight perceived his melancholy ſituation, "Honeſt Sancho, ſaid he, I am now convinced beyond all doubt, that this caſtle or inn is enchanted; for, thoſe who made ſuch a barbarous paſtime of thy ſufferings, could be no other than phantomes and beings belonging to the other world. I am confirmed in this opinion, from having found, that while I was by the wall of the yard, a ſpectator of the acts of thy mournful tragedy, I could neither climb over to thy aſſiſtance, nor indeed move from Rozinante, but, was fixed in the ſaddle by the power of enchantment; for, I ſwear to thee, by the faith of my character! if I could have alighted from my ſteed, and ſurmounted the wall, I would have revenged thy wrongs, in ſuch a manner, that thoſe idle miſcreants ſhould have remembred the jeſt to their dying day: altho' I know, that in ſo doing, I ſhould have tranſgreſſed the laws of chivalry, which, I have often told thee, do not allow a knight to lift his arm againſt any perſon of an inferior degree, except in defence of his own life and limbs, or in caſes of the moſt preſſing neceſſity." "So would I have revenged myſelf, ſaid Sancho, knighted or not knighted; but, it was not in my power; tho' I am very well ſatisfied, that thoſe who diverted themſelves at my coſt, were no phantomes, nor enchanted beings, as your worſhip imagines, but men made of fleſh and bones, as we are, and all of them have chriſtian names, which I heard repeated, while they toſſed me in the blanket: one, for example, is called Pedro Martinez, another Tenorio Hernandez, and the innkeeper goes by the name of Juan Palameque the left-handed: and therefore, ſignor, your being diſabled from alighting and getting over the wall, muſt have been owing to ſomething elſe than enchantment. What I can clearly diſcern from the whole, is, that theſe adventures we go in ſearch of, will, at the long run, bring us into ſuch miſventures, that we ſhall not know our right hands from our left: and therefore, in my ſmall judgment, the beſt and wholeſomeſt thing we can do, will be to jog back again to our own habitation, now while the harveſt is going on, to take care of our crops, and leave off ſauntering from * poſt to pillar, and falling out of the frying-pan into the fire, as the ſaying is."

* In the original from Ceca to Mecca; a phraſe derived from the cuſtoms of the Moors, who uſed to go in pilgrimage to theſe two places. Ceca was in the city of Cordova.

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" How little art thou acquainted, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, with the pretenſions of chivalry! hold thy tongue and have patience; for, the day will ſoon arrive, on which thy own eyes ſhall judge what an honourable profeſſion it is: pray, tell me, now, what greater ſatisfaction can there be in this world, or what pleaſure can equal that of a conqueror, who triumphs over his adverſary in battle? None ſure!" " That may be, anſwered the ſquire, tho' I know nothing of the matter. This only I know, that ſince we have taken up the trade of knights-errant, your worſhip, I mean, for, as to my own part, I have no manner of title to be reckoned in ſuch an honourable liſt, we have not gained one battle, except that with the Biſcayan; and even there, your worſhip came off with half an ear, and the loſs of one ſide of your helmet: from that day, to this good hour, our lot hath been nothing but cudgelling upon cudgelling, pummelling upon pummelling; except the advantage I have had over your worſhip, in being toſſed in a blanket by inchanted Moors, whom I cannot be revenged of, in order to know how pleaſant a paſtime it is, to overcome one's enemy, as your worſhip obſerves." " That is the very grievance, Sancho, under which both you and I labour, ſaid Don Quixote; but, for the future, I will endeavour to procure a ſword tempered with ſuch maſterly ſkill, that he who wears it, ſhall be ſubject to no kind of enchantment: and who knows, but accident may furniſh me with that which Amadis poſſeſſed, when he ſtiled himſelf the knight of the flaming ſword; and truly it was one of the moſt excellent blades that ever a warrior unſheath'd; for, beſides that ſovereign virtue it contained, it cut keen as a razor, and no armour, tho' ever ſo ſtrong or enchanted, could ſtand before its edge." " I am ſo deviliſhly lucky, ſaid Sancho, that if the caſe was really ſo, and your worſhip ſhould light on that ſame ſword, it would, like the precious balſam, be of no ſervice or ſecurity to any but your true knights; and we that are ſquires might ſing for ſorrow." " Thou muſt not be afraid of that, replied the knight, heaven will ſurely deal more mercifully with thee."

In ſuch converſation, Don Quixote and his ſquire jogged along, when the former deſcrying on the road in which they travelled, a large and thick cloud of duſt rolling towards them, turned to Sancho, ſaying, " This, O Sancho! is the day that ſhall manifeſt the great things which fortune hath in ſtore for me! This, I ſay, is the day, on which the valour of this arm ſhall be diſplayed as much as upon any other occaſion; and on which, I am reſolved to perform deeds that ſhall remain engraven on the leaves of fame to all poſterity! Seeſt thou that cloud of duſt before us? The whole of it is raiſed by a vaſt army, compoſed of various and innumerable nations that are marching this way." " By that way of reckoning there muſt be two, ſaid Sancho, for right over againſt it, there is juſt ſuch another." Don Quixote im-

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immediately turned his eyes, and perceiving Sancho's information to be true, was rejoiced, beyond meaſure; firmly believing that what he ſaw, were two armies in full march to attack each other, and engage in the middle of that ſpacious plain; for, every hour and minute of the day, his imagination was engroſſed by thoſe battles, inchantments, dreadful accidents, extravagant amours and rhodomontades, which are recorded in books of chivalry; and indeed every thing he thought, ſaid, or did, had a tendency that way.

As for the duſt he now ſaw, it was raiſed by two flocks of ſheep which chanced to be driven from different parts into the ſame road, and were ſo much involved in this cloud of their own making, that it was impoſſible to diſcern them until they were very near. The knight affirmed they were armies, with ſuch aſſurance, that Sancho actually believed it, and ſaid to his maſter, "And pray now, good your worſhip, what muſt we do?" "What, anſwered Don Quixote, but aſſiſt and ſupport that ſide which is weak and discomfited? Thou muſt know, Sancho, that yonder hoſt which fronts us, is led and commanded by the mighty emperor Alifanfaron ſovereign of the great iſland of Trapoban; and that other behind us, belongs to his mortal enemy the king of the Garamanteans, known by the name of Pentapolin with the naked arm, becauſe he always goes to battle with the ſleeve of his right arm tucked up." "But why are thoſe chieftains ſo miſchievouſly inclined towards each other?" ſaid Sancho. "The cauſe of their enmity, replied the knight, is this: Alifanfaron, who is a moſt outrageous pagan, is enamoured of Pentapolin's daughter, a moſt beautiful and courteous lady, who being a chriſtian, her father will by no means betroth her to the infidel prince, unleſs he ſhall firſt renounce the law of his falſe prophet Mahomet, and become a convert to the true faith." "Now, by my whiſkers! cried Sancho, king Pentapolin is an honeſt man, and I am reſolved to give him all the aſſiſtance in my power. "In ſo doing, thou wilt perform thy duty, Sancho, ſaid his maſter, for, to engage in ſuch battles as theſe, it is not neceſſary to be dubbed a knight." "That I can eaſily comprehend, replied the other, but, where ſhall we ſecure the aſs, that we may be ſure of finding him after the fray is over; for, I believe it is not the faſhion now-a-days, to go to battle on ſuch a beaſt." "True, ſaid the knight, and I think the beſt way will be to leave him to his chance, whether he be loſt or not; for, we ſhall have ſuch choice of ſteeds, when once we have gained the victory, that Rozinante himſelf will run ſome riſk of being exchanged for another: but, obſerve and liſten attentively; I will now give thee a detail of the principal knights that ſerve in theſe two armies; and that thou mayeſt ſee and mark them the better, let us retire to yon riſing ground, from whence we can diſtinctly view the line of battle in both." They accordingly placed themſelves upon a hil-

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a hillock, whence they could eaſily have diſcerned the two flocks of ſheep which Don Quixote metamorphoſed into armies, had not the duſt they raiſed confounded and obſcured the view: but, nevertheleſs, beholding in his imagination, that which could not otherwiſe be ſeen, becauſe it did not exiſt, he began to pronounce with an audible voice:

" That knight whom thou ſeeſt with yellow armour, bearing in his ſhield, a lion crowned and crouching at the feet of a young lady, is the gallant Laucalco lord of the ſilver bridge; that other beſide him, who wears armour powdered with flowers of gold, and bears for his device three crowns argent in a field azure, is the amorous Micocolembo grand duke of Quiracia; and he upon his right hand, with thoſe gigantic limbs, is the never to be daunted Brandabarbaran de Boliche, ſovereign of the three Arabias, who comes armed with a ſerpent's ſkin, and inſtead of a ſhield, brandiſhes a huge gate, which, it is ſaid, belonged to the temple that Samſon overthrew, when he avenged himſelf of his enemies at his death: but, turn thine eyes, and behold, in the front of this other army, the ever conquering and never conquered Timonel de Carcajona, prince of New-biſcay, whoſe arms are quartered azure, vert, argent and or; and the device in his ſhield, a cat or, in a field gules with the letters Miau, which conſtitute the beginning of his lady's name; and ſhe, they ſay, is the peerleſs Miaulina, daughter of Alfeniquen duke of Algarve: the other, who loads and oppreſſes the loins of that fiery Arabian ſteed, with armour white as ſnow, and a ſhield without device, is a noviciate knight of the French nation, called Pierre Papin baron of Utrique: the third, who ſtrikes his iron rowels into the flanks of that ſpotted, nimble *Zebra, is the potent duke of Nerbia, eſpartafilardo of the wood, who bears in his ſhield for a device, a bunch of aſparagus, with an inſcription ſignifying, By Deſtiny I'm dogged."

In this manner did he invent names for a great many knights in either army, to all of whom alſo he gave arms, colours, mottos and devices, without the leaſt heſitation, being incredibly inſpired by the fumes of a diſtempered fancy; nay, he proceeded without any pauſe, ſaying, " That ſquadron forming in our front, is compoſed of people of divers nations: there be thoſe who drink the delicious waters of the celebrated Xanthus, with the mountaneers who tread the Maſilican plains; and thoſe who ſift the pureſt golden ore of Arabia felix: there alſo, may be ſeen the people who ſport upon the cool and famous banks of the tranſlucent Thermodonte; and thoſe who conduct the yellow Pactolus in many a winding ſtream; the promiſe-breaking Numidians; the Perſians for their archery renowned; the Parthians and the Medes who combat as they fly; the Arabians famed for ſhifting habitations; the Scythians cruel as they are fair; the thick-lipp'd

* Zebra is a beautiful creature, native of Arabia, vulgarly called the wild aſs.

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race of Æthiopia, and an infinite variety of other nations, whoſe looks I know and can diſcern, tho' I cannot recollect their names. In that other ſquadron march thoſe men, who lave in the cryſtal current of the olive-bearing Betis; thoſe whoſe viſages are cleaned and poliſhed with the limpid wave of the ever rich and golden Tagus; thoſe who delight in the ſalutiferous draughts of Genil the divine; thoſe who ſcour the Tarteſian fields, that with fat paſture teem; thoſe who make merry in the Elyſian meads of Herezan; the rich Manchegans crowned with ruddy ears of corn; thoſe cloathed in ſteel the bold remains of ancient Gothic blood; thoſe who bathe in Piſuerga famous for its gentle current; thoſe who feed their flocks upon the ſpacious meads of the meandring Guadiana, celebrated for its ſecret courſe; thoſe who ſhiver with the chill blaſts of the woody Pyrenees, and thoſe who feel the ſnowy flakes of lofty Appenine: in fine, whatever nations Europe imboſoms and contains."

Heaven preſerve us! what provinces did he mention! what nations did he name; beſtowing, with wonderful facility, thoſe attributes that belonged to each; being all the while, abſorpt, and, as it were, immerſed in the contents of his deceitful books. Sancho Panza liſtened attentively to his maſter, without uttering one ſyllable; and from time to time, turned his eyes from one ſide to another, to ſee if he could diſcern thoſe knights and giants who were thus deſcribed: but, not being able to diſcover one of them, "Sir, ſaid he, your worſhip may ſay what you pleaſe, but, the devil a man, giant or knight that you have mentioned is there; at leaſt, I can ſee none: perhaps indeed the whole is enchantment, like the phantomes of laſt night." "How ſay'ſt thou? replied Don Quixote, do'ſt thou not hear the neighing of ſteeds, the ſound of clarions, and noiſe of drums?" "I hear nothing, anſwered Sancho, but abundance of bleating of ewes and lambs." and truly, that was the caſe: for, by this time, the two flocks were pretty near them." "Thy fear, ſaid Don Quixote, hinders thee from ſeeing and hearing aright; for, one effect of terror, is to diſturb the ſenſes, and make objects appear otherwiſe than they are: if thou art, therefore, under ſuch conſternation, retire on one ſide, and leave me alone; for, I myſelf, am ſufficient to beſtow victory on that cauſe which I eſpouſe." So ſaying, he clapped ſpurs to Rozinante, and putting his lance in the reſt, darted down from the hillock like lightning. In vain did Sancho bellow forth, "Turn, ſignor Don Quixote: good your worſhip turn! ſo help me God! thoſe are ewes and lambs you are going to attack! woe be to the father that begat me! will you not turn? What madneſs poſſeſſes you! Conſider, here are no giants, nor knights, nor cats, nor arms, nor ſhields quartered or whole; nor inverted azures, and the devil knows what: was there ever ſuch diſtraction? ſinner that I am!"

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The knight, however, did not regard this exclamation: on the contrary, he rode on, bauling aloud, " So ho, knights! you that attend and ſerve under the banners of the valiant emperor Pantapolin with the naked arm, follow me in a body, and you ſhall behold, how eaſily I will avenge him on his adverſary Alifanfaron of Trapoban." Having uttered theſe words, he ruſhed into the thickeſt of the ſquadron of ſheep, and began to lay about him, with as much eagerneſs and fury, as if he had been actually engaged with his mortal enemies. The herdſmen and ſhepherds who were driving the flock, called to him to forbear; but, finding their admonition had no effect, they ungirded their ſlings, and began to ſalute his ears with ſtones, the leaſt of which was as large as an ordinary fiſt: but he, far from minding their miſſiles, rode about the field, crying, " Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron? face me, if thou dareſt; I am but a ſingle knight, who want to prove thy proweſs, hand to hand, and ſacrifice thy life for the injury thou haſt done to Pentapolin Garamanta." Juſt as he pronounced theſe words, he received a pebble on his ſide, that ſeemed to have buried a couple of his ribs in his belly; and gave him ſuch a rude ſhock, that he believed himſelf either dead or deſperately wounded: then remembring his ſpecific, he pulled out the cruze, and ſetting it to his mouth, began to ſwallow the balſam; but, before he had drank what he thought a ſufficient doſe, there came another ſuch almond, ſo plum upon his hand and cruze, that after having ſhivered the pot to pieces, it carried off in its way, three or four of his grinders, and ſhattered two of his fingers in a grievous manner: in ſhort, ſo irreſiſtible were both the applications, that the poor knight could not help tumbling from his horſe. The ſhepherds immediately came up, and believing him actually dead, gathered together their flock with all imaginable diſpatch, and taking their dead, which might be about ſeven in number, upon their ſhoulders, made off without any further inquiry.

All this time Sancho remained upon the hill, beholding, with amazement, the madneſs of his maſter, tearing his beard, and curſing the hour and minute on which it was his fate to know him: and now ſeeing him fallen, and the ſhepherds gone, he deſcended to his aſſiſtance, when finding him ſtill ſenſible, tho' in a miſerable ſituation, " Did not I warn you, ſignor Don Quixote, ſaid he, to turn, and aſſure you that thoſe you went to attack were no armies, but flocks of innocent ſheep?" " How ſtrangely can that miſcreant enchanter, who is my enemy, tranſmography things to thwart me? Know, Sancho, that it is a very eaſy matter for negromancers to make us aſſume what ſhapes they pleaſe; and the malicious wretch who perſecutes me, envying the glory I ſhould have gained in this battle, hath doubtleſs metamorphoſed the ſquadrons of the foe, into flocks of ſheep: but, thou ſhalt do one thing, I intreat thee, Sancho, in order to be undeceived and convinced of the truth;

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mount thy aſs, and follow them fair and ſoftly; and, when they are at a convenient diſtance from hence, thou wilt ſee them return to their former ſhapes, and ceaſing to be ſheep, become men again, right and tight as I at firſt deſcribed them; but, do not go at preſent, for, I have occaſion for thy ſervice and aſſiſtance: come hither, and ſee how many teeth I have loſt; methinks, there is not one left in my whole jaw.

Sancho accordingly approached ſo near, as to thruſt his eyes, as it were, into his maſter's mouth, juſt at the time when the balſam began to operate in his ſtomach, which, with the force of a culverin, diſcharged its contents full in the beard of the compaſſionate ſquire. "Holy virgin! cried Sancho, what is this that hath befallen me? without doubt this poor ſinner is mortally wounded, ſince he vomits blood." But, conſidering the caſe more maturely, he found, by the colour, taſte and ſmell, that it was not blood, but the balſam he had ſeen him drink: and ſuch was the loathing he conceived at this recognition, that his ſtomach turned, and he emptied his bowels upon his maſter; ſo that both of them remained in a handſome pickle. Sancho ran to his aſs, for a towel to clean them, and ſome application for his maſter's hurt, but, when he miſſed his bags, he had well nigh loſt his ſenſes; he curſed his fate again, and determined with himſelf to leave the knight, and return to his habitation, even tho' he ſhould loſe his wages for the time he had already ſerved, as well as his hopes of governing the iſland of Promiſe.

At this juncture, Don Quixote aroſe, and clapping his left hand to his cheek, in order to prevent his teeth from falling out, with the right laid hold of the bridle of Rozinante, who, like a faithful and affectionate ſervant, had never ſtirred from his maſter's ſide; and went up to the place where his ſquire ſtood, leaning upon his aſs, with one hand applied to his jaw, in the poſture of a perſon who is exceedingly penſive: the knight perceiving him in this ſituation, with manifeſt ſigns of melancholy in his countenance, "Know, Sancho, ſaid he, that one man is no more than another, unleſs he can do more than another. All thoſe hurricanes that have happened to us, prognoſticate that we ſhall ſoon have fair weather, and that every thing will ſucceed to our wiſh: for, it is impoſſible that either good or bad fortune ſhould be eternal; and therefore it follows, that our adverſity having laſted ſo long, our proſperity muſt be now at hand. Be not grieved then, at the misfortunes that happen to me, ſince no part of them falls to thy ſhare." "Not to my ſhare! anſwered Sancho, mayhap then, he whom they toſſed in a blanket, yeſterday, was not the ſon of my father: and the bags that are loſt to-day, with all the goods in them, belonged to ſome other perſon." "What! haſt thou loſt the bags, Sancho!" cried Don Quixote. "Yes, ſure," ſaid the other. "At that rate, then, we have no victuals to eat?" reſumed

C. Grignion Sculp.

T. Hayman inv. et del.

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ſumed the knight: "That would certainly be the caſe, anſwered the ſquire, if the meadows did not furniſh thoſe herbs you ſay, you know, with which, unfortunate knights like your worſhip, are wont to make up ſuch loſſes." "Yes, but for all that, replied Don Quixote, I could at preſent reliſh a luncheon of brown bread, or a loaf with a couple of red herrings, better than all the herbs deſcribed by Dioſcorides, even with the annotations of doctor Laguna; but, nevertheleſs, mount thy beaſt, honeſt Sancho, and follow me: God, who provides all things, will not be wanting to us; more eſpecially, as we are employed in his immediate ſervice: he faileth not to provide for the gnats of the air, the inſects of the earth, the ſpawn of the ſea; and is ſo beneficent, as to cauſe the ſun to ſhine upon the good and bad, and ſendeth rain to the wicked as well as to the righteous." "Your worwip, ſaid Sancho, is more fit to be a preacher than a knight-errant." "Knights-errant, replied his maſter, ever had, and ought to have, ſome knowledge of every thing: nay, ſome there have been in times paſt, who would ſtop to make a ſermon or diſcourſe upon the highway, with as much eloquence, as if they had taken their degrees at the univerſity of Paris: from whence, it may be inferred, that the lance was never blunted by the pen, nor the quill impeded by the lance." "What your worſhip obſerves, may be very true, ſaid Sancho, but, in the mean time, let us leave this place, and endeavour to get a night's lodging in ſome houſe or other, where God grant there may be neither blankets nor blanketeers, nor phantomes, nor enchanted Moors; elſe, may the devil confound both hook and crook!"

"Implore the protection of God, my ſon, anſwered the knight, and lead me where thou wilt: for this once, I leave our lodging to thy care; but, reach hither thy hand, and feel with thy finger, how many teeth I have loſt on this right ſide of my upper jaw, which is the place that gives me the greateſt pain." Sancho introduced his fingers, and having carefully examined his gums, "How many teeth, ſaid he, was your worſhip wont to have in this place?" "Four, beſides the dog-tooth, anſwered Don Quixote, all of them ſound and whole." "Conſider what your worſhip ſays?" replied Sancho. "I ſay four, if not five, reſumed the knight; for, in all my life, I never loſt tooth or fang, either by worm, rheum or ſcurvy." "At preſent, ſaid the ſquire, in that part of the lower jaw, your worſhip has but two grinders and a half; and above, neither half nor whole; all is ſmooth as the palm of my hand." "Cruel fortune! cried Don Quixote, hearing this melancholy piece of news, would they had rather demoliſhed a limb, ſo it had not been the ſword arm: for, I would have thee to know, Sancho, that a mouth without grinders, is like a mill without a millſtone;

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and a *tooth is worth a treaſure; but, ſuch miſchances always attend us who profeſs the ſtrict order of chivalry: get up, friend, and lead the way, and I will follow at thy own pace." Sancho complied with his deſire, and took the way that ſeemed moſt likely to lead to ſome accommodation, without quitting the high road, which was thereabouts very much frequented. While they jogged on ſoftly, becauſe the pain in Don Quixote's jaws would not ſuffer him to be quiet, or exert himſelf in puſhing forward, Sancho being deſirous of entertaining and diverting him with his diſcourſe, ſaid, among other things, what will be rehearſed in the following chapter.

CHAP. V.

An account of the ſage diſcourſe that paſſed between Sancho and his maſter: the ſucceeding adventure of the corpſe, with other remarkable events.

IN my opinion, my good maſter, all the miſventures, which have this day happened to us, are deſigned as a puniſhment for the ſins committed by your worſhip, in neglecting to fulfil the oath you took, not to eat off a table-cloth, nor ſolace yourſelf with the queen; together with all the reſt that follows, which your worſhip ſwore to obſerve, until ſuch time as you could carry off that helmet of Malandrino, or how d'ye call the Moor? for I don't remember his right name." "Thou art very much in the right, ſaid Don Quixote: to deal ingenuouſly with thee, Sancho, that affair had actually ſlipt out of my remembrance; and thou mayeſt depend upon it, that affair of the blanketing happened to thee, for the fault thou waſt guilty of, in omitting to put me in mind of it, in time: but, I will make an attonement; for, there are methods for compounding every thing, in the order of chivalry." "Did I ſwear any thing?" replied Sancho. "Your not having ſworn is of no importance, ſaid Don Quixote; it is enough that I know you to be concerned as an acceſſary; and whether that be the caſe or not, it will not be amiſs to provide a remedy." "Well then, replied the ſquire, I hope your worſhip will not forget this, as you did the oath: perhaps the phantoms may take it in their heads again, to divert themſelves with me, and even with your worſhip, if they find you obſtinate."

In this and other ſuch diſcourſe, night overtook them in the midſt of their journey, before they could light on or diſcover any houſe where they could procure lodging; and what was worſe, they were almoſt famiſhed: for, in their bags, they had loſt their whole buttery and proviſion; nay, to crown their miſ-

* I have endeavoured to preſerve an alliteration in tooth and treaſure, after the example of Cervantes, who ſeems to have intended it, in the words *Diente* and *Diamante*.

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fortune, an adventure happened to them, that without any exaggeration, might have actually paſſed for ſomething preternatural. Though the night ſhut in very dark, they continued travelling, Sancho believing, that as they were in the king's highway, they ſhould probably find an inn, at the diſtance of a league or two.

Jogging on therefore, under cloud of night, the ſquire exceeding hungry, and the maſter very well diſpoſed to eat, they deſcried upon the road before them a vaſt number of lights, that ſeemed like moving ſtars, approaching them. Sancho was confounded at the ſight, the meaning of which, even Don Quixote could not comprehend: the one checked his aſs, the other pulled in his horſe's bridle, and both halted, in order to gaze attentively at the apparition of the lights, which ſeemed to increaſe the nearer they came. This being perceived by the ſquire, he began to quake like quickſilver; and the hair briſtled up on Don Quixote's head: nevertheleſs, recollecting himſelf a little, "Without doubt, Sancho, ſaid he, this muſt be a vaſt and perilous adventure, in which I ſhall be obliged to exert my whole ſtrength and proweſs." "Woe is me! cried Sancho, if perchance this ſhould be an adventure of phantoms, as I am afraid it is, where ſhall I find ribs for the occaſion?" "Phantoms or not phantoms, ſaid the knight, I will not ſuffer them to touch a thread of thy cloaths: if they made merry at thy expence before, it was owing to my incapacity to climb over the yard wall: but, at preſent, we are in an open field, where I can manage my ſword, as I pleaſe." "But, if they ſhould benumb and bewitch you, as they did in the morning, ſaid the ſquire, what benefit ſhall I receive from being in the open field?" "Be that as it will, replied Don Quixote, I beſeech thee, Sancho, be of good courage; and thou ſhalt ſoon know by experience, how much I am maſter of that virtue." Sancho accordingly, promiſed to do his beſt, with God's aſſiſtance: then they both ſtept to one ſide of the road, and began to gaze again with great attention: while they were thus endeavouring to diſcern the meaning of the lights, they perceived a great number of perſons in white: which dreadful viſion entirely extinguiſhed the courage of Sancho Panza, whoſe teeth began to chatter, as if he had been in the cold fit of an ague; and this agitation and chattering increaſed, when they ſaw them more diſtinctly: for, firſt and foremoſt appeared about twenty perſons on horſeback, all of them cloathed in white, with each a lighted flambeau in his hand, muttering in a low and plaintive tone. Behind them, came a litter covered with black, followed by ſix mounted cavaliers in deep mourning, that trailed at the very heels of their mules, which were eaſily diſtinguiſhed from horſes, by the ſlowneſs of their pace.

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This ſtrange viſion at ſuch an hour, and in ſuch a deſart place, was, ſurely, ſufficient to ſmite the heart of Sancho with fear, and even make an impreſſion upon his maſter; and this would have been the caſe, had he been any other than Don Quixote: as for the ſquire, his whole ſtock of reſolution went to wreck. It was not ſo with his maſter, whoſe imagination clearly repreſented to him, that this was exactly an adventure of the ſame kind with thoſe he had read in books of chivalry: that the cloſe litter was a bier, in which was carried ſome dead or wounded knight, the revenge of whoſe wrongs was reſerved for him alone: wherefore, without canvaſſing the matter any further, he ſet his lance in the reſt, fixed himſelf in his ſeat, and with the moſt genteel and gallant deportment, placing himſelf in the middle of the road, through which they were indiſpenſibly obliged to paſs; he raiſed his voice, and called to them as they approached:

"Halt, knights, whoſoever ye are, and give an account of yourſelves: whence come ye? whither go ye? and what are you carrying off in that bier? for, in all appearance, you have either done, or are doing, an injury to ſome perſon: and it is neceſſary and convenient that I ſhould know it, in order to chaſtiſe you for what you are now doing, or revenge the wrong you have already done." "We are at preſent, in a hurry, (replied one of the phantomes in white; the inn we intend to lodge at is far off, and we cannot ſtay to give ſuch a tedious account as you deſire." So ſaying, he ſpurred on his mule; while Don Quixote, mightily incenſed at this reply, laid hold of his bridle, ſaying, "Stand, and anſwer the queſtions I have aſked, with more civility; otherwiſe, I will give battle to you all."

The mule being ſkittiſh, was frightened in ſuch a manner, at being ſeized by the bridle, that rearing on her hind feet, ſhe fell backward upon her rider; and a ſervant on foot, ſeeing his maſter fall, began to revile Don Quixote, whoſe choler being already provoked, he couched his lance, and without heſitation, attacked one of the mourners, who ſoon fell to the ground, moſt miſerably mauled: then wheeling about, upon the reſt, it was ſurprizing to ſee with what diſpatch he aſſaulted and put them to the rout! while Rozinante acted with ſuch agility and fury, that one would have ſworn, at that inſtant, a pair of wings had ſprung from his back. All the ſquadron arrayed in white, was compoſed of timorous and unarmed people, who were fain to get out of the fray, as ſoon as poſſible, and began to fly acroſs the plain, with their lighted torches, like ſo many maſkers in carnival time. The mourners being involved and intangled in their long robes, could not ſtir out of the way: ſo that Don Quixote, without running any riſk, drubbed them all round, and obliged them at length to quit the field, much againſt their inclination; for, they actually believed he was no man, but

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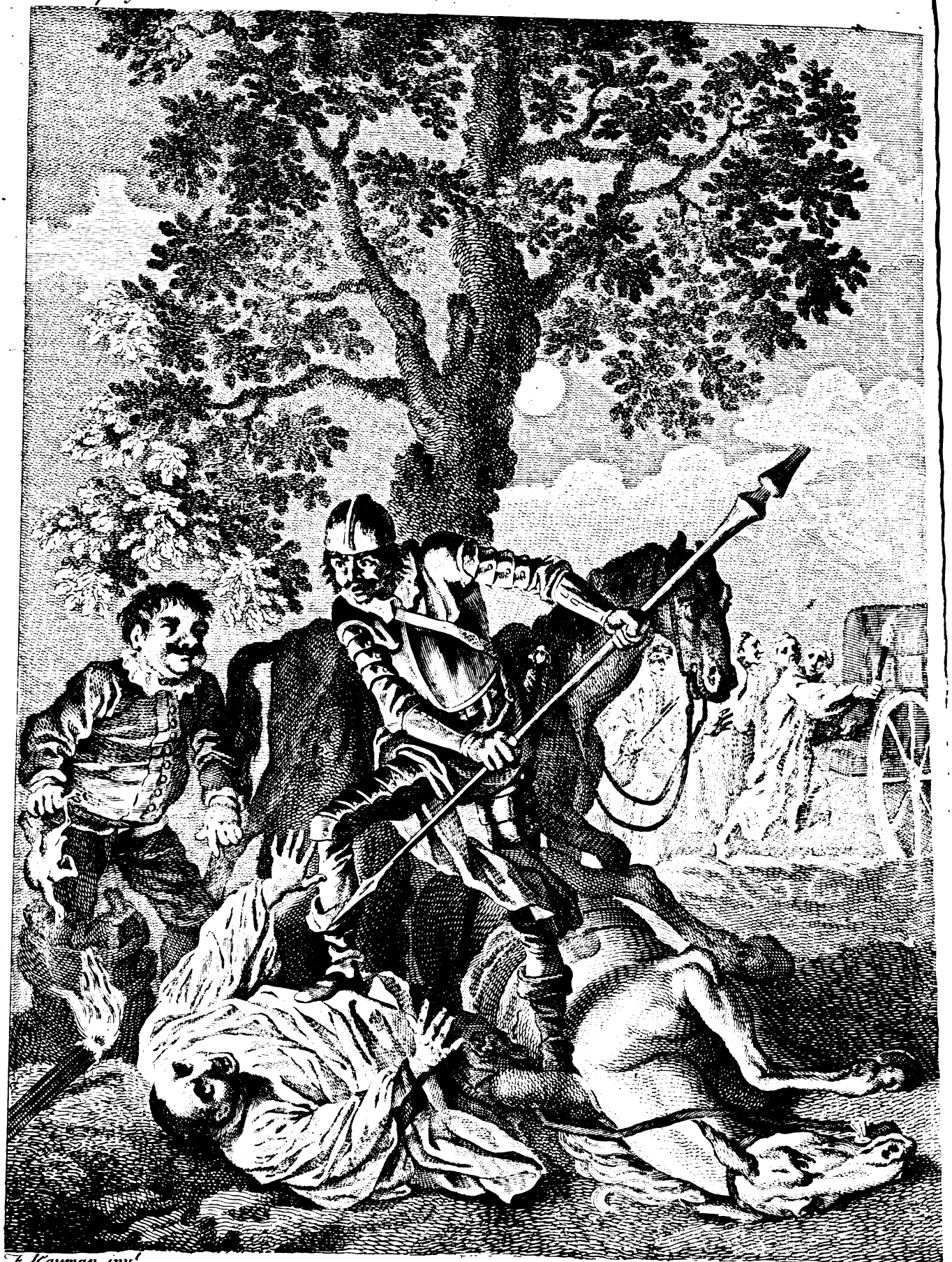

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but a devil incarnate, who lay in wait to carry off the dead body that was in the litter.

All this while Sancho ſtood beholding with admiration the courage and intrepidity of the knight; ſaying within himſelf, "This maſter of mine is certainly as ſtrong and valiant as he pretends to be."

Mean while, Don Quixote, by the light of a torch that lay burning on the ground, perceiving the firſt whom the mule overthrew, rode up to him, and clapping the point of his lance to the poor man's throat, commanded him to yield; otherwiſe, he would put him to death. To this declaration the other anſwered, "Methinks I am already ſufficiently quiet; for, one of my legs is broke, ſo that I cannot ſtir: I beſeech your worſhip, therefore, if you be a chriſtian, not to kill me, as in ſo doing, you will commit the horrid ſin of ſacrilege; for, I am a licientiate, and have taken holy orders." "If you are an eccleſiaſtic, what the devil brought you here?" cried Don Quixote. "The devil indeed I think it was," anſwered the overthrown prieſt: "You will have to do with worſe than the devil, ſaid the knight, if you refuſe the ſatisfaction I at firſt demanded." "That is eaſily granted: replied the other, and in the firſt place, your worſhip muſt know, that tho' I juſt now called myſelf a licentiate, I am no more than a batchelor: my name is Alonzo Lopez; I was born at Alcovendas; and now come from the city of Baeça, in company with eleven other prieſts, who are thoſe who fled with the torches: we are convoying to Segovia that litter, which contains the corpſe of a gentleman who died in Baeça, where it was depoſited till now, (as I was ſaying) that we are carrying his bones to be interred at Segovia, which was the place of his nativity." And who killed him?" ſaid Don Quixote. "God himſelf, replied the batchelor, by means of a peſtilential calenture that ſeized him!" "At that rate, reſumed the knight, the Lord hath ſaved me the trouble of avenging his death, as I would have done, had he been ſlain by any mortal arm; but, conſidering how he died, there is nothing to be done, except to ſhrug up our ſhoulders in ſilence: for, this is all that could happen, even if I myſelf ſhould fall by the ſame hand; and I deſire your reverence would take notice, that I am a knight of La Mancha, called Don Quixote, whoſe office and exerciſe it is, to travel thro' the world, redreſſing grievances, and righting wrongs*." "I do not know how you can call this behaviour righting wrongs, ſaid the batchelor: I am ſure you have changed my right into wrong, by breaking my leg, which will never be ſet to rights again ſo long as I live; and the grievances you have redreſſed for me, have been to aggrieve me in ſuch manner, as that I ſhall never ceaſe to grieve at my miſventure, in meeting with you, while you was

* Knights engaged themſelves, by oath, to protect the widow and the orphan, to redreſs all injuries, and in a ſpecial manner, to defend the characters of ladies by force of arms.

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in ſearch of adventures." "All things do not equally ſucceed, obſerved the knight; it was the misfortune of you and your companions, Mr. Batchelor Alonzo Lopez, to travel in the night, with theſe ſurplices and lighted flambeaus, ſinging all the way, before people clad in deep mourning, ſo that you ſeemed a company of ghoſts broke from the other world; therefore, I could not help performing my duty in attacking you: and I would have behaved in the ſame manner, had I actually known you to be really and truly the inhabitants of hell; for, ſuch indeed I thought you were." "Since my hard fate would have it ſo, ſaid the batchelor, I intreat your worſhip, Sir knight-errant, who have been the cauſe of an unlucky errand to me, to help me in getting from under the mule, which keeps one of my legs faſt jammed between the ſtirrup and the ſaddle." "I might have talked on till morning, ſaid the knight; why did not you inform me of your diſtreſs ſooner?"

He then called aloud to Sancho, who was in no hurry to hear him, but buſy in rummaging a ſumpter mule which thoſe honeſt prieſts brought along with them, well furniſhed with proviſions. Having made a bag of his great coat, into which he crammed as much of their victuals as it would hold, he loaded his aſs with the bundle, and then running up to his maſter, helped to free Mr. Batchelor from the oppreſſion of his mule, on which, having mounted him, with a torch in his hand, Don Quixote adviſed him to follow the rout of his companions; and deſired him to beg their pardon in his name, for the injury he had done them, as it was not in his power to avoid it. Sancho likewiſe interpoſing, ſaid, "If in caſe the gentlemen ſhould want to know, who the valiant hero is, who put them to flight, your worſhip may tell them, that he is the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwiſe firnamed the Knight of the rueful Countenance."

Thus diſmiſſed, the batchelor purſued his way; and the knight aſked what had induced Sancho, now, rather than at any other time, to ſtile him the Knight of the rueful Countenance. "Truly, anſwered Sancho, I have been looking at you ſome time, by the light of that torch the unfortunate traveller held in his hand; and in good faith, your worſhip cuts the moſt diſmal figure I have almoſt ever ſeen; and it muſt certainly be occaſioned either by the fatigue you have undergone in this battle, or by the want of your teeth." "That is not the caſe, replied his maſter; but, the ſage who is deſtined to write the hiſtory of my exploits, hath thought proper that I ſhould aſſume ſome appellation, by the example of former knights, one of whom took the title of the Flaming Sword; another, of the Unicorn; a third, of the Ladies; a fourth, of the Phœnix; a fifth, of the Griffin; a ſixth, called himſelf the Knight of death: and by theſe epithets and ſymbols, they were known all over the face of the earth; and therefore, I ſay, that

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that the fore-mentioned ſage hath now put it into thy thoughts, and directed thy tongue to call me the knight of the rueful Contenance; an appellation that henceforward I adopt: and that it may ſuit me the better, I am reſolved to have a moſt woeful figure painted upon my ſhield, with the firſt opportunity." "There is no occaſion, ſaid Sancho, to throw away time and money on ſuch a device; your worſhip has no more to do, but uncover your own face; and I'll warrant, thoſe who behold it, will call it a rueful one, without your having recourſe to pictures and ſhields to explain your meaning; and you may believe I tell you nothing but the truth, when I maintain, tho' it be but in jeſt, that hunger and the want of teeth, makes your worſhip look ſo ill-favouredly, that we may very well ſave the expence of a rueful picture."

Don Quixote could not help laughing at the pleaſantry of Sancho, tho' he actually determined to aſſume that name, and have his ſhield and target painted according to his fancy. "I know, Sancho, ſaid he, that I have incurred the ſentence of excommunication, for having laid violent hands on conſecrated things, according to the canon; 'Si quis ſuadente diabolo, &c.' yet, you know, I touched them not with my hands, but with my lance; and even then, never dreamed of injuring prieſts, or of giving the ſmalleſt offence to the church, which I reſpect and adore, like a faithful catholic and chriſtian as I am; but, on the contrary, took them for phantomes and beings of another world: but, the caſe being as it is, I remember what happened to the Cid Ruy Diaz, who broke to pieces the chair of a certain king's ambaſſador, in preſence of his holineſs the pope; for which outrage he was excommunicated; and that very day, the worthy Rodrigo de Vivar, behaved like a valiant and honourable knight."

The batchelor being gone, as we have obſerved, without anſwering one word, Don Quixote expreſſed a deſire of examining the litter, to ſee if it really contained a corpſe; but, Sancho would by no means conſent to this inquiry; ſaying, "Your worſhip has already finiſhed this perilous adventure, with leſs damage to yourſelf, than I have ſeen you receive in any other; but, the people whom you have conquered and overthrown, may chance to recollect that they were vanquiſhed by a ſingle man, and be ſo much aſhamed and confounded at their own cowardice, as to rally, and if they find us, give us our belly-full. Dapple is at preſent very comfortably furniſhed, there is an uninhabited mountain hard by, hunger is craving, we have nothing to do, but retreat thither at a gentle trot; and, as the ſaying is, 'the dead to the bier, and the living to good chear.' With theſe words, he took the lead with his aſs, and the knight thinking there was a good deal of reaſon in what he ſaid, followed him very peaceably, without making any reply.

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When they had travelled a little way between two hills, they found themſelves in a ſpacious and retired valley, where they alighted; Sancho unloaded the aſs, they ſat down on the green turf, and with hunger for their ſauce, diſpatched their breakfaſt, dinner, afternoon's luncheon and ſupper at one meal; ſolacing their ſtomachs out of more than one baſket, which the eccleſiaſtical attendants of the defunct, who ſeldom neglect theſe things, had brought along with them on their ſumpter mule: but, another misfortune befel them, which in Sancho' opinion was the worſt that could happen; they had not one drop of wine to drink, nor indeed of water to cool their throats, ſo that they were parched with thirſt: then, the ſquire perceiving the meadow where they ſat, was overgrown with green and tender graſs, made the propoſal which may be ſeen in the following chapter.

CHAP. VI.

Of the unſeen and unheard-of adventure atchieved by the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, with leſs hazard than ever attended any exploit performed by the moſt renowned knight on earth.

"THIS graſs, my good maſter, proves beyond all contradiction, that there muſt be ſome ſpring or rivulet hereabouts, by which it is watered; and therefore, we had better proceed a little farther, until we find wherewith to allay this terrible thirſt, which is more painful and fatiguing than hunger alone." This advice appearing rational to Don Quixote, he took hold of Rozinante's bridle, and Sancho leading Dapple by the halter, after he had loaded him again with the fragments of their ſupper, they began to move farther into the meadow, at a venture, for the night was ſo dark, they could not diſtinguiſh one object from another: but, they had not gone two hundred paces, when their ears were ſaluted with a prodigious noiſe of water, that ſeemed to ruſh down from ſome huge and lofty rocks: they were infinitely rejoiced at the ſound, when, halting to liſten, that they might know whence it came, they were all of a ſudden ſurpriſed with another kind of noiſe, that ſoon damped the pleaſure occaſioned by the water, eſpecially in Sancho, who was naturally fearful and faint-hearted: I ſay, they heard the ſound of regular ſtrokes, accompanied with ſtrange clanking of iron chains, which, added to the dreadful din of the cataract, would have ſmote the heart of any other but Don Quixote with fear and conſternation.

The night, as we have already obſerved, was dark, our travellers happened at this time to be in a grove of tall trees, whoſe leaves, moved gently by

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by the wind, yielded a ſort of dreary whiſper: ſo, that the ſolitude of the place, the darkneſs of the night, the noiſe of the water, and ruſtling of the leaves, concurred to inſpire them with horror and diſmay: the more ſo, as the ſtrokes were continued, the wind ſighed on, and the morning was far off; and all theſe circumſtances were aggravated by their ignorance of the place in which they were. But, Don Quixote encouraged by his own intrepid heart, mounted Rozinante, braced his ſhield, and brandiſhing his lance, "Friend Sancho, cried he, know that I was born by heaven's appointment, in theſe iron times, to revive the age of gold, or, as it is uſually called, the golden age. I am he, for whom ſtrange perils, valiant deeds, and vaſt adventures are reſerved! I am he, I ſay, ordained to re-eſtabliſh the knights of the round table, the twelve peers of France, with the nine worthies! he, whoſe feats ſhall bury in oblivion, the Platirs, Tablantes, Olivantes, and Tirantes, the Febuſes and Belianiſes, together with the whole tribe of knights-errant who lived in former times: performing ſuch mighty and amazing deeds of arms, as will eclipſe their moſt renowned acts! Conſider well, thou true and loyal ſquire, the darkneſs and the ſolemn ſtillneſs of this night, the indiſtinct and hollow whiſpering of theſe trees, the dreadful din of that water we came to ſeek, which ſeems to ruſh and rumble down from the lofty mountains of the moon; together with theſe inceſſant ſtrokes that ſtrike and wound our ears: all thoſe circumſtances united, or each ſingly by itſelf, is ſufficient to infuſe fear, terror and diſmay, into the breaſt of Mars himſelf; much more in him who is altogether unaccuſtomed to ſuch adventures and events. Yet, all I have deſcribed are only incentives that awaken my courage, and already cauſe my heart to rebound within my breaſt, with deſire to atchieve this adventure, howſoever difficult it may appear to be! Therefore, ſtraiten Rozinante's girth, recommend thyſelf to God, and wait for me in this place, three days at fartheſt, within which time, if I come not back, thou may'ſt return to our village, and, as the laſt favour and ſervice done to me, go from thence to Toboſo, and inform my incomparable miſtreſs, Dulcinea, that her captive knight died in attempting things that might render him worthy to be called her lover."

When Sancho heard theſe laſt words of his maſter, he began to blubber with incredible tenderneſs. "I cannot conceive, ſaid he, why your worſhip ſhould attempt ſuch a terrible adventure: it is now dark, and no body ſees us; therefore, we may turn out of this road and avoid the danger, tho' we ſhould not taſte liquor theſe three days; and if no body ſees us, we run no riſk of being accuſed of cowardice: beſides, I have heard the curate of our town, whom your worſhip knows very well, remark, in his preaching, 'he that ſeeketh danger periſheth therein: therefore it muſt be a ſin to tempt God by engaging in this raſh exploit, from whence there is no eſcaping

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without a miracle: and heaven hath wrought enow of them already, in preſerving you from being blanketted as I was, and bringing you off conqueror, and ſound wind and limb, from the midſt of ſo many adverſaries as accompanied the dead man: and if all this will not move you, nor ſoften your rugged heart, ſure you will relent, when you conſider, and are aſſured, that your worſhip will be ſcarce gone from hence, when I ſhall, thro' pure fear, yield my life to any thing that may chuſe to take it. I left my habitation, wife and children, to come and ſerve your worſhip, believing it would be the better, not the worſe for me ſo to do: but, as greedineſs burſts the bag, ſo is the bag of my hopes burſten; for, when they are at the higheſt pitch, in expectation of that curſt unlucky iſland your worſhip has promiſed me ſo often; I find, in lieu of that, you want to make me amends, by leaving me in this deſart, removed from all human footſteps: for the love of God! dear maſter, do me not ſuch wrong; or, if your worſhip is reſolved to attempt this atchievement, at any rate, at leaſt delay it till morning, which, according to the ſigns I learned when I was ſhepherd, will appear in leſs than three hours; for the muzzle of the bear*, is at top of his head, and ſhews midnight in the line of the left paw."

" How can'ſt thou perceive, ſaid Don Quixote, that line or head, or muzzle thou talkeſt of; when the night is ſo dark, that there is not a ſtar to be ſeen?" " It is ſo, anſwered Sancho, but, fear hath many eyes; and I can at preſent behold things that are hid within the bowels of the earth; much more thoſe that appear in the firmament above: a man of ſound judgment, like me, can eaſily foretell, that it will ſoon be day." " Let it come when it will, anſwered Don Quixote, it ſhall not be ſaid of me, either now, or at any other time, that I was diverted by tears and intreaties, from doing what I owed to the cuſtoms of chivalry: I therefore, beſeech thee, Sancho, to hold thy peace; for, God who has put it in my heart, to attempt this dreadful and unſeen adventure, will doubtleſs, take care of my ſafety, and comfort thee in thy affliction: thy buſineſs at preſent, is, to gird faſt Rozinante, and remain in this place; for, dead or alive, I will ſoon return."

Sancho finding this was the final reſolution of his maſter; and how little all his tears, advice, and intreaties availed; determined to make uſe of ſtratagem to detain the knight, if poſſible, till morning: with this purpoſe, under pretence of adjuſting the girth of Rozinante, he fair and ſoftly, without being perceived, tied two of the horſe's feet together, with the halter of his aſs, in ſuch a manner, that when Don Quixote attempted to depart, he found it impoſſible, becauſe his ſteed could move no otherwiſe than by leaps.

* In Caſtilian, Boçina ſignifies a cornet or hunting-horn, to which the Spaniards ſuppoſe the conſtellation of Urſa Minor bears ſome reſemblance.

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The ſquire perceiving the ſucceſs of his invention, "Sir, ſaid he, you may ſee that heaven, melted by my tears and prayers, hath ordained that Rozinante ſhall not ſtir; and if you obſtinately perſiſt in ſpurring and driving him on, you will only give offence to providence, and, as the ſaying is, kick againſt the pricks."

The knight actually deſpaired of making him go forward, becauſe the more he goaded his horſe, the leſs was he inclined to ſtir; and therefore, without gueſſing a tittle of the ligature, thought proper to ſubmit, and wait with patience, either till morning, or ſuch time as Rozinante ſhould recover the uſe of his limbs; believing for certain, that his diſappointment was owing to another cauſe, than the craft of his ſquire, to whom he ſaid: "Since Rozinante is incapable of moving, I am content to wait for the dawn, tho' I cannot help lamenting its delay." "You ſhall have no cauſe for lamentation, anſwered Sancho, I will entertain your worſhip with telling ſtories till day, unleſs you chuſe to alight, and take a nap on the ſoft graſs, according to the cuſtom of knights-errant, that you may find yourſelf refreſhed when day breaks, and ready to undertake the unconſcionable adventure that awaits you." "Talk not to me, of alighting or ſleeping, ſaid Don Quixote, do'ſt thou imagine me to be one of thoſe knights who ſeek their repoſe, in times of danger? Sleep thou, who wa'ſt born to ſleep, or follow thy own inclinations; for my own part, I will behave as becomes a perſon of my pretenſions." "Let not your worſhip be offended; for, that was not my intention when I ſpoke," anſwered Sancho, who coming cloſe to him, laid hold of the ſaddle before and behind, and ſtood embracing his maſter's left thigh, without daring to ſtir a finger's breadth from the ſpot; ſuch was his conſternation inſpired by the ſtrokes, which all this time, ſounded alternately in his ears.

Then Don Quixote claiming his promiſe of entertaining him with ſome ſtory; "I would, with all my heart, ſaid Sancho, if the dread of what I hear, would allow me; but, nevertheleſs, I will try to force out one ſtory, which, if I hit it aright, without letting it ſlip thro' my hands, is the beſt tale that ever was told; therefore, I would have your worſhip be attentive, for thus I begin.

"There was, ſo there was; the good that ſhall fall, betide us all; and he that ſeeks evil, may he meet with the devil. Your worſhip may take notice, that the beginning of antient tales, is not juſt what came into the head of the teller: no, they always began with ſome ſaying of Cato the cenſer of Rome, like this of 'He that ſeeks evil, may he meet with the devil.' And truly it comes as pat to the purpoſe, as the ring to my finger, in order to perſuade your worſhip to remain where you are, without going in ſearch of evil, in any manner of way; or elſe to turn into another road, ſince we are not bound

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to follow this in which we have been ſurprized with fear and terror." "Follow thy ſtory, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, and as to the road we have to follow, leave the care of that to me." "To proceed then, ſaid Sancho: In a certain village of Eſtremadura, there lived a certain goat-ſhepherd. I mean, one that kept goats; and this ſhepherd or goat-herd, as the ſtory goes, was called Lope Ruyz; and it came to paſs, that this Lope Ruyz fell in love with a ſhepherdeſs whoſe name was Torralva; which ſhepherdeſs, whoſe name was Torralva, was the daughter of a rich herdſman; and this rich herdſman."—

"If thou telleſt thy tale in this manner, cried Don Quixote, repeating every circumſtance twice over; it will not be finiſhed theſe two days: proceed therefore, connectedly, and rehearſe it, like a man of underſtanding: otherwiſe, thou hadſt better hold thy tongue." "In my country, anſwered Sancho, all the old ſtories are told in this manner; neither can I tell it in any other; nor is it civil in your worſhip, to deſire I ſhould change the cuſtom." "Take thy own way, ſaid the knight, and ſince it is the will of fate, that I ſhould hear thee, pray go on."

"Well then, good maſter of mine, proceeded Sancho, that ſame ſhepherd, as I have already remarked, fell in love with the ſhepherdeſs Torralva, who was a thick, brawny wench, a little coy, and ſomewhat maſculine; for, ſhe wore a ſort of muſtachios: methinks, I ſee her now, for all the world." "Then thou kneweſt her?" ſaid the knight. "Not I, anſwered the ſquire, but the perſon who told me the ſtory, ſaid it was ſo true and certain, that if ever I ſhould chance to tell it again, I might affirm upon oath, that I had ſeen it with my own eyes—And ſo, in proceſs of time, the devil, who never ſleeps, but wants to have a finger in every pye, managed matters in ſuch a manner, that the ſhepherd's love for the ſhepherdeſs, was turned into malice and deadly hate: and the cauſe, according to evil tongues, was a certain quantity of ſmall jealouſies ſhe gave him, exceeding all bounds and meaſure. And ſuch was the abhorrence the ſhepherd conceived for her, from that good day forward, that, in order to avoid the ſight of her, he reſolved to abſent himſelf from his own country, and go where he ſhould never ſet eyes on her again. Torralva finding herſelf deſpiſed by Lope, began to love him more than ever." "That is the natural diſpoſition of the ſex, ſaid Don Quixote, to diſdain thoſe who adore them, and love thoſe by whom they are abhorred: but, proceed Sancho."

"It ſo fell out, ſaid Sancho, that the ſhepherd put his reſolution in practice, and driving his goats before him, travelled through the plains of Eſtremadura, towards the kingdom of Portugal. Torralva having got an inkling of his deſign, was ſoon at his heels, following him on foot, aye,

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aye, and barefoot too, with a pilgrim's ſtaff in her hand, and a wallet at her back, in which, as the report goes, ſhe carried a bit of a looking-glaſs, a broken comb, and a kind of vial of waſh for her complexion: but, howſomever, whether ſhe carried theſe things or not, I ſhall not at preſent, take upon me to aver: but only ſay what is recorded, that the ſhepherd came with his flock to the river Guadiana, which at that time was very high, having almoſt forſaken its channel: and finding at the place, neither boat nor bark to carry himſelf and his flock to the other ſide, he was very much in the dumps, becauſe he ſaw Torralva behind him, and knew what he muſt ſuffer, from her tears and complaints: but, looking about, he at laſt perceived hard by him, a fiſherman in a boat that was ſo ſmall, as to contain only one perſon and one goat: nevertheleſs, they ſtruck up a bargain, by which the man was to ferry over the ſhepherd with his three hundred goats. Accordingly, the fiſherman took one goat into the boat, and carried it over; then he returned and carried over another, then he returned again to fetch another. Pray good your worſhip, keep an exact account of the goats, as the fiſherman ferried them over; for, if one only ſhould be loſt in the reckoning, the ſtory will break off, and it will be impoſſible for me to relate one word more. To be ſhort then, I ſay, the landing-place on the other ſide being full of mud and ſlippery, was a great hindrance to the fiſherman in his going and coming; but, however, he returned for the other goat, and then for ſome more, and then for another."

"Suppoſe them all paſſed over at once, ſaid Don Quixote; for, if thou goeſt backwards and forwards in this manner, thou wilt not have them all ferried over in a year." "How many have already paſſed?" ſaid the ſquire, "How the devil ſhould I know?" anſwered the knight. "Did not I tell you to keep a good account? ſaid Sancho, now before God! the tale is at an end, and it is impoſſible to proceed." "How can that be? replied Don Quixote, is it ſo eſſential to the ſtory, to know the number of goats as they paſſed, ſo preciſely, that if I miſreckon one, thou canſt not proceed?" "Certainly, ſir, ſaid Sancho, I can proceed in no manner of way: for, when I deſired your worſhip to tell me what number of goats had paſſed, and you anſwered you did not know, at that inſtant, the whole of the ſtory that remained untold, vaniſhed from my remembrance; and, upon my conſcience! it was very curious and entertaining." "At that rate then, the ſtory is at an end? ſaid Don Quixote, "As much at an end, replied the ſquire, as the mother that bore me."

In good ſooth, reſumed the knight, thou haſt related the ſtrangeſt fable, tale, or ſtory that ever was invented; and finiſhed thy relation in ſuch a manner, as never was, or will be heard again in this world: but

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but nothing elſe was to be expected from thy ſound judgment: and indeed, it is a matter of no admiration with me; becauſe, I take it for granted that theſe inceſſant ſtrokes have diſordered thy underſtanding." "Not unlikely, ſaid Sancho; but, this I know, that there is no more to be ſaid of the tale, which ended in that place, where the miſtake began, about the paſſage of the goats." "In good time, end it according to thy own pleaſure, replied the knight, and now let us ſee if Rozinante will move. So ſaying, he began again to ſpur, and the horſe to leap, without moving from his ſtation, ſo effectually had Sancho fettered him.

About this time, whether it was owing to the coolneſs of the morning that approached, or to his having ſupped upon ſomething that was laxative; or, which is more probable, to the operation of nature; Sancho was ſeized with an inclination and deſire of doing that which could not be performed by proxy; but, ſuch was the terror that had taken poſſeſſion of his ſoul, that he durſt not move the breadth of a nail-paring from his maſter's ſide: at the ſame time, it was as impoſſible for him, to reſiſt the motion of his bowels; and therefore, to compromiſe the matter, he ſlipp'd his right hand from the hinder part of the ſaddle, and without any noiſe, ſoftly undid the ſlip knot by which his breeches were kept up: upon which, they of themſelves fell down to his heels, where they remained like a pair of ſhackles; he then gathered up his ſhirt behind, as well as he could; and expoſed his poſteriors, which were none of the ſmalleſt, to the open air: this being done, and he imagined it was the chief ſtep he could take to deliver himſelf from the preſſing occaſion and dilemma, in which he was, another difficulty ſtill greater occurred, namely, that he ſhould not be able to diſencumber himſelf without noiſe: he therefore, began to fix his teeth cloſe, ſhrug up his ſhoulders, and hold in his breath with all his might. But, notwithſtanding theſe precautions, he was ſo unlucky in the iſſue, as to produce a rumbling ſound very different from that which had terrified him ſo much. It did not eſcape the ears of Don Quixote, who immediately cried, "What noiſe is that, Sancho? "I know not, ſir, ſaid the ſquire, it muſt be ſome new affair, for adventures and miſventures never begin with trifles." He tried his fortune a ſecond time, and without any more noiſe or diſorder, freed himſelf from the load which had given him ſo much uneaſineſs. But, as Don Quixote's ſenſe of ſmelling, was altogether as acute as that of his hearing, and Sancho ſtood ſo cloſe to him, that the vapours aſcended towards him, almoſt in a direct line, he could not exclude ſome of them from paying a viſit to his noſe. No ſooner was he ſenſible of the firſt ſalutation, than in his own defence, he preſſed his noſe between his finger and thumb; and in a ſnuffling tone, pronounced,

"Sancho,

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" Sancho, thou ſeemeſt to be in great fear." " I am ſo, anſwered the ſquire; but, how comes your worſhip to perceive my fears now, more than ever?" " Becauſe, at preſent, thou ſmelleſt more than ever, and that not of amber," replied the knight. " That may be, ſaid Sancho; but, I am not ſo much to blame as your worſhip, who drags me at ſuch unſeaſonable hours, into theſe uninhabited places." " Retire three or four ſteps farther off, friend, reſumed Don Quixote, ſtopping his noſe all the time, and henceforth take more heed of thy own perſon, and remember what thou oweſt to mine; for, I find, the frequent converſation I maintain with thee, hath engendered this diſreſpect." " I'll lay a wager, replied Sancho, that your worſhip thinks I have been doing ſomething I ought not to have done." " The more you ſtir it, friend Sancho, ſaid the knight, the more it will ſtink."

In this and other ſuch diſcourſe, the maſter and his ſquire paſſed the night; but, Sancho perceiving the day begin to break apace, with great care and ſecrecy, unbound Rozinante, and tied up his breeches. The beaſt, which was naturally none of the briſkeſt, ſeemed to rejoice at his freedom, and began to paw the ground; for, as to curvetting, with his leave be it ſpoken, he knew nothing of the matter. Don Quixote finding him ſo mettleſome, conceived a good omen from his eagerneſs, believing it a certain preſage of his ſucceſs in the dreadful adventure he was about to atchieve. Aurora now diſcloſed herſelf, and objects appearing diſtinctly, Don Quixote found himſelf in a grove of tall cheſnut-trees, which formed a very thick ſhade. The ſtrokes ſtill continuing, though he could not conceive the meaning of them, he, without further delay, made Rozinante feel the ſpur; then turning to take leave of Sancho, commanded him to wait three days at fartheſt, as he had directed before; and if he ſhould not return before that time was expired, he might take it for granted, that God had been pleaſed to put a period to his life, in that perilous adventure; he again recommended to him, the embaſſy and meſſage he ſhould carry from him, to his miſtreſs Dulcinea; and bade him give himſelf no uneaſineſs about his wages; for, he had made a will, before he quitted his family, in which he ſhould find his ſervices repayed, by a ſalary proportioned to the time of his attendance: but, if heaven ſhould be pleaſed to bring him off from that danger, ſafe, found and free; he might, beyond all queſtion, lay his account with the government of the iſland he had promiſed him. Sancho, hearing theſe diſmal expreſſions of his worthy maſter, repeated, began to blubber afreſh, and reſolved not to leave him, until the laſt circumſtance and iſſue of the affair.

From theſe tears, and this honourable determination of Sancho Panza, the author of this hiſtory, concludes, that he muſt have been a

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gentleman born, or an old chriſtian at leaſt. His maſter himſelf was melted a little at this teſtimony of his affection, but not ſo much, as to diſcover the leaſt weakneſs: on the contrary, diſguiſing his ſentiments, he rode forward towards the place, from whence the noiſe of the ſtrokes and water ſeemed to come; Sancho following on foot, and, according to cuſtom, leading by the halter his aſs, which was the conſtant companion of his good and evil fortune. Having travelled a good way, among thoſe ſhady cheſnut-trees, they arrived in a ſmall meadow lying at the foot of a huge rock, over which a ſtream of water ruſhed down with vaſt impetuoſity. Below, appeared a few wretched huts, that looked more like ruins than houſes, and they obſerved that from them proceeded the horrible din of the ſtrokes which had not yet ceaſed.

Rozinante being ſtartled at the dreadful noiſe of the ſtrokes and water, Don Quixote endeavoured to ſooth him, and advanced by little and little, towards the huts, recommending himſelf in the moſt earneſt manner, to his miſtreſs, whoſe favour he implored in the atchievement of that fearful enterprize: neither did he omit praying to God for his protection. Sancho, who never ſtirred from his ſide, thruſt his neck as far as he could, between the legs of Rozinante, in order to diſcover the objects that kept him in ſuch terror and ſuſpence; and when they had proceeded about an hundred paces farther, at the doubling of a corner, ſtood fully diſcloſed to view, the very individual and undoubted cauſe of this tremendous ſound, and terrible noiſe, which had filled them with ſuch doubts and conſternation, all night long.

This was no other, be not offended gentle reader, than ſix fulling-hammers, which by their alternate ſtrokes, produced that amazing din. Don Quixote was ſtruck dumb with aſtoniſhment at the ſight; Sancho looked at him, and found his head hanging down upon his breaſt, and other manifeſt ſigns of his being out of countenance. The knight, in his turn, looked at the ſquire, and ſaw his mouth ſhut, his cheeks puffed up, with other ſymptoms of his being ready to burſt with laughing: this comical ſituation of the ſquire, in ſpite of all his own melancholy, obliged the maſter to begin; and Sancho no ſooner beheld the ſeverity of the knight's features, relaxed, than he opened the flood-gates of his mirth, which broke forth with ſuch violence, that he was under the neceſſity of ſupporting his ſides with both fiſts, that they might not be rent to pieces by the convulſion. Four times did he exhauſt, and as often renew the laugh with the ſame impetuoſity as at firſt; for which, Don Quixote already wiſhed him at the devil, more eſpecially, when he heard him pronounce, by way of ſneer, "Know, friend Sancho, that I was born by heaven's appointment, in theſe iron times, to revive the age of gold, or the golden age! I am he, for whom ſtrange perils, valiant deeds,

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deeds, and vaſt adventures are reſerved!" And in this manner he proceeded, repeating all or the greater part of the knight's exclamation, when they firſt heard the terrible noiſe.

Don Quixote finding that Sancho made a jeſt of him, was ſo much aſhamed and provoked, that, lifting up his lance, he beſtowed upon him two or three thwacks, which, had they fallen upon his head, as they lighted on his ſhoulders, would have ſaved his maſter the trouble of paying his ſalary, unleſs it might be to his heirs. Sancho feeling his joke turned into ſuch diſagreeable earneſt, which, he was afraid, might not be as yet over, addreſſed himſelf to his maſter with great humility, ſaying, "Good your worſhip forbear; before God I was only in jeſt." "Tho' you was in jeſt, anſwered Don Quixote, I was not quite ſo merrily diſpoſed: come hither, Mr. Joker; don't you think, that if, inſtead of fulling-hammers, theſe had been ſome very dangerous adventure, I have ſhewn courage enough to undertake and atchieve it? Am I, who am a knight, obliged, forſooth, to diſtinguiſh ſounds, and know which proceed from fulling-mills, and which do not? eſpecially as it may be the caſe, and it really is ſo, that I never ſaw one before; tho' it is otherwiſe with thee, baſe plebeian as thou art, who waſt born and bred up among them: but, ſee if thou can'ſt metamorphoſe theſe ſix hammers into ſo many giants, and bring them within arm's length of me, one by one, or all together; and if I don't make them lie with their heels uppermoſt, make a jeſt of me, as much as you pleaſe."

"Enough, dear maſter, replied Sancho, I confeſs I have exceeded a little, in my pleaſantry; but, pray, tell me, now that we are at peace again, as God ſhall deliver your worſhip from all ſucceeding adventures, as ſafe and ſound as you have been extricated from this; is not the terror with which we were ſeized, a thing to be laughed at, and repeated? I mean my own terror, for, as to your worſhip, I know you are an utter ſtranger to terror and diſmay!" "I do not deny, anſwered Don Quixote, that what hath happened to us, is ridiculous enough; but, nevertheleſs, it ought not to be repeated; becauſe every body has not diſcretion to take things by the right handle." "I am ſure, replied Sancho, that your worſhip knows how to handle your lance, with which, while you wanted to handle my head, you happened to ſalute my ſhoulders; thanks be to God, and my own activity, in avoiding the blow: but, all that, when it is dry, will rub out; and I have often heard it ſaid, "He that loves thee well, will often make thee cry:" nay, it is a common thing for your gentry, when they have ſaid a harſh thing to a ſervant, to make it up with him, by giving him a pair of caſt breeches; tho' I don't know what they uſe to give after having beaten him, unleſs it be the practice of knights-errant, after blows, to give iſlands and kingdoms on the mainland."

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" Who knows, ſaid Don Quixote, but the dice may run that way, and all that thou haſt mentioned, come to paſs: I aſk pardon for what is paſt, ſince you are reſolved to be more diſcreet for the future; and as the firſt emotions are not in a man's own power, I muſt apprize thee henceforward, to be more reſerved, and abſtain from ſpeaking ſo freely to me; for, in all the books of chivalry I have read, and they are almoſt infinite, I never found that any ſquire talked ſo much to his maſter as thou haſt talked to thine: and really, both you and I are very much to blame; thou, in regarding me ſo little, and I in not making myſelf regarded more: was not Gandalin, ſquire of Amadis de Gaul, count of the firm iſland? and yet we read of him, that he always ſpoke to his maſter, cap in hand, with an inclination of his head, and his body bent in the Turkiſh manner. What need I mention Gaſabal, ſquire to Don Galaor, who was ſo reſerved, that in order to expreſs the excellence of his ſurpriſing ſilence, his name is mentioned but once, in the whole courſe of that equally vaſt and true hiſtory. From what I have ſaid, Sancho, thou art to draw this inference, that there is a neceſſity for maintaining ſome diſtinction, between the maſter and his man, the gentleman and his ſervant, and the knight and his ſquire: wherefore, from this day forward, we are to be treated with more reſpect and leſs provocation; for, if ever I am incenſed by you again, in any ſhape whatever, the pitcher will pay for all: the favours and benefits I have promiſed, will come in due time, and if they ſhould fail, your wages at leaſt, will be forthcoming, as I have already informed you."

" All that your worſhip obſerves, is very juſt, ſaid Sancho; but, I ſhould be glad to know, ſince, if the benefits come not in time, I muſt be fain to put up with the wages, what was the hire of a knight-errant's ſquire in thoſe days: and whether they agreed by the month or the day, like common labourers." " I do not believe, anſwered Don Quixote, that they were retained for hire, but depended altogether on favour; and tho' I have bequeathed a ſum to thee, in my will, which I have left ſigned and ſealed at home, it was done in caſe of the worſt; for, one does not know how chivalry may ſucceed in theſe calamitous times: and I would not have my ſoul puniſhed in the other world, for ſo ſmall a matter; for, let me tell thee, Sancho, in this, there is not a more dangerous courſe, than that of adventures." " That I know to be true, anſwered the ſquire, ſince the noiſe of a fulling-mill could daunt and diſturb the heart of ſuch a valiant knight-errant as your worſhip: but, this I aſſure you of, that from this good hour, my lips ſhall never give umbrage to your worſhip, in turning your affairs to jeſt again; but, on the contrary, honour you as my natural lord and maſter." " In ſo doing, replied Don Quixote, thou ſhalt live long upon the face

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face of the earth; for, after your father and mother, you ought to reſpect your maſter as another parent."

CHAP. VII.

Of the ſublime adventure, and ſhining acquiſition of Mambrino's helmet; with other accidents that happened to our invincible knight.

ABOUT this time, ſome rain beginning to fall, Sancho propoſed that they ſhould ſhelter themſelves in the fulling-mill; but, Don Quixote had conceived ſuch abhorrence for it, on account of what was paſt, that he would by no means ſet foot within its walls: wherefore, turning to the right-hand, they chanced to fall in with a road different from that in which they had travelled the day before: they had not gone far, when the knight diſcovered a man riding with ſomething on his head, that glittered like poliſhed gold: and ſcarce had he deſcried this phænomenon, when turning to Sancho, "I find, ſaid he, that every proverb is ſtrictly true; indeed, all of them are apophthegms dictated by experience herſelf; more eſpecially, that which ſays, "Shut one door, and another will ſoon open:" this I mention, becauſe, if laſt night, fortune ſhut againſt us the door we ſought to enter, by deceiving us with the fulling-hammers; to-day, another ſtands wide open, in proffering to us, another greater and more certain adventure, by which, if I fail to enter, it ſhall be my own fault, and not imputed to my ignorance of fulling-mills, or the darkneſs of the night. This I take upon me to ſay, becauſe, if I am not egregiouſly miſtaken, the perſon who comes towards us, wears upon his head the very helmet of Mambrino, about which I ſwore the oath which thou may'ſt remember."

"Conſider well what your worſhip ſays, and better ſtill what you do, ſaid Sancho! I ſhould not chuſe to meet with more fulling-mills, to mill us and maul us altogether out of our ſenſes." "The devil take the fellow, cried Don Quixote, what affinity is there between a fulling-mill and a helmet?" "Truly, I know not, anſwered the ſquire; but, in good faith, if I were permitted to ſpeak freely, as uſual, I could perhaps give ſuch reaſons as would convince your worſhip, that you are miſtaken in what you ſay." "How can I be miſtaken, ſcrupulous traitor? replied Don Quixote: ſeeſt thou not yonder knight who rides this way, upon a dapple ſteed, with a golden helmet on his head?" "What I perceive and diſcern, ſaid Sancho, is no other than a man upon a grey aſs, like my own, with ſomething that glitters on his head." "And that is the very helmet of Mambrino, replied the knight: ſtand aſide, and leave me alone to deal with him; thou ſhalt ſee, that without

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out ſpeaking a ſyllable, in order to ſpare time, this adventure will be concluded by my acquiſition of the helmet I have longed for ſo much." "Yes, I will take care to get out of the way, anſwered Sancho; and God grant, cried he as he went off, that this may turn out a * melon rather than a milling." "I have already warned thee, brother, ſaid the knight, not to mention, nor even ſo much as think of the mill again: elſe by heaven! I'll ſay no more, but mill the ſoul out of thy body."

Sancho was fain to hold his tongue, dreading the performance of his maſter's oath, which had already ſtruck him all of a heap. The whole affair of the helmet, ſteed, and knight, which Don Quixote ſaw, was no more than this: in that neighbourhood, were two villages, one of them ſo poor and ſmall, that it had neither ſhop nor barber: for which reaſon, the trimmer of the larger that was hard by, ſerved the leſſer alſo, in which, at that time, there was a ſick perſon to be blooded, and another to be ſhaved; ſo that this barber was going thither with his braſs baſon under his arm: but, as it chanced to rain while he was on the road, that he might not ſpoil his hat, which probably was a new one, he ſheltered his head under the baſon, which being clean ſcoured, made a flaming appearance, at the diſtance of half a league; and, as Sancho had obſerved, he rode upon a grey aſs, which gave occaſion to Don Quixote to believe he was ſome knight with a helmet of gold, mounted upon a dapple ſteed; for, he accommodated every thing he ſaw, with incredible facility, to the extravagant ravings of his diſordered judgment. When he, therefore, ſaw this unlucky knight approach, without the leaſt expoſtulation, he put Rozinante to full ſpeed, and couching his lance in the reſt, reſolved to run him thro' the body at once; but, when he was almoſt up with him, without checking the impetuoſity of his career, he cried aloud, "Defend thyſelf, wretched caitiff, or voluntarily yield what ſo juſtly belongs to me."

The poor barber, who neither dreaded nor dreamed of any ſuch demand, ſeeing this phantom coming full ſpeed upon him, could find no other means to defend himſelf from the ſtroke of the lance, than to throw himſelf down over the buttocks of his aſs; then getting up, before he had ſcarce touched the ground, with the nimbleneſs of a ſtag, he began to fly acroſs the plain ſo ſwift, that the wind itſelf could not overtake him: but, he left his baſon upon the ſpot, with which Don Quixote was ſatisfied, ſaying, "The pagan hath acted with diſcretion, in imitating the beaver, which, ſeeing itſelf chaced by the hunters, tears off with its teeth, by natural inſtinct, thoſe parts for which it is purſued." Then, he ordered Sancho to take up the helmet, which the ſquire having examined all round, "Egad! ſaid

* Oregano, in the original, ſignifies ſweet marjoram, as if Sancho had wiſhed his maſter might find a noſegay, rather than a bloody noſe.

he,

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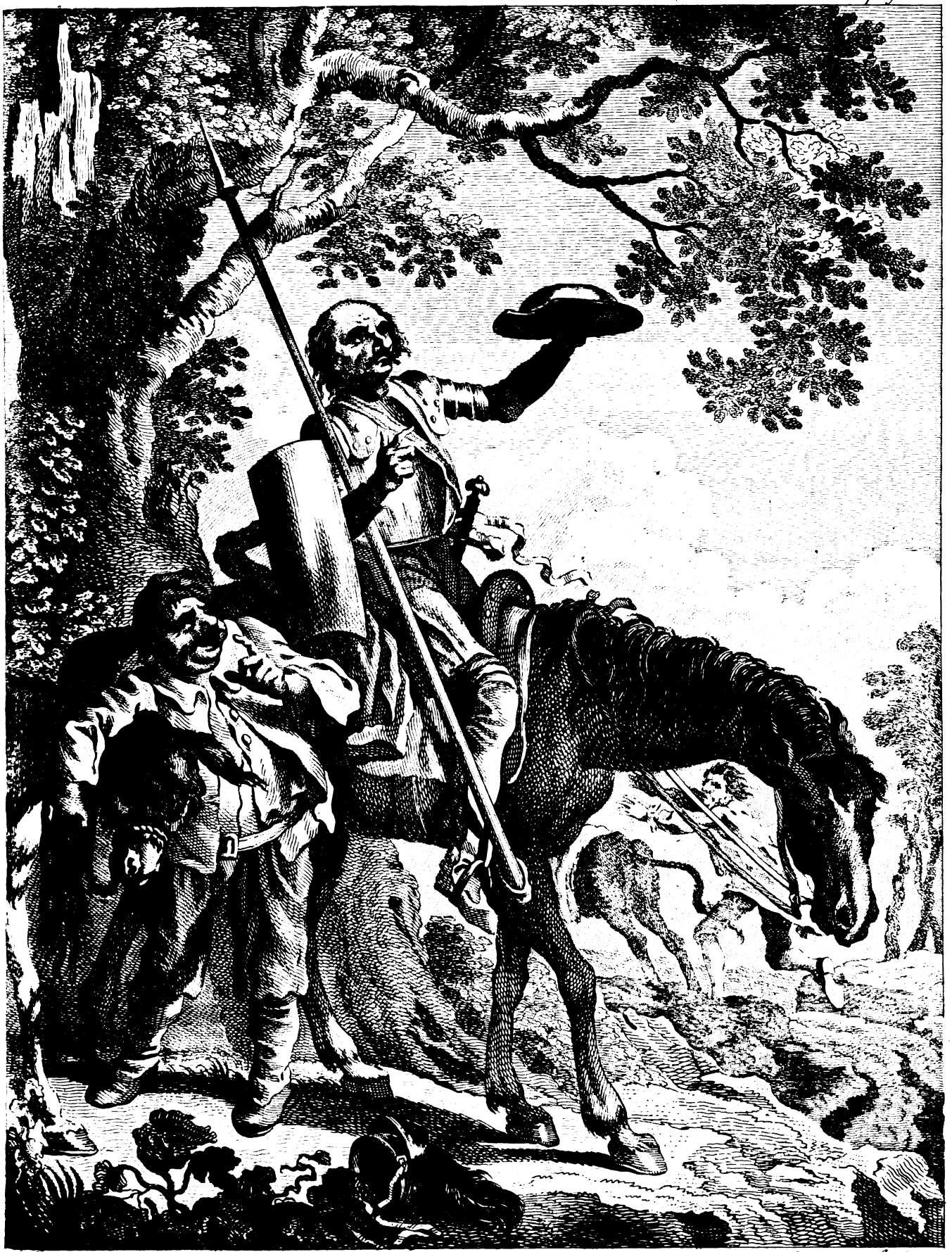

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he, " It is a ſpecial good baſon, well worth a piece of eight, if it be worth a farthing;" and gave it to his maſter, who putting it on his head, and turning it round and round, without being able to find the vizor, ſaid, " Without doubt, the pagan for whom this renowned helmet was firſt forged, muſt have had a moſt capacious head: but the worſt of it is, that, one half is wanting."

When Sancho heard him call the baſon a helmet, he could not refrain from laughing, but, remembring the indignation of his maſter, checked his mirth all of a ſudden; and when Don Quixote aſked what he laughed at, replied, " I can't help laughing when I think of the huge head of the pagan who owned that helmet, which looks for all the world like a barber's baſon." " Why, truly, Sancho, ſaid he, I imagine that this very individual inchanted helmet, by ſome ſtrange accident or other, muſt have fallen into the hands of ſome body who did not know its ineſtimable value, but, ſeeing it was made of the pureſt gold, melted down one half of it for ſale, and left the other in this ſhape, reſembling, as thou ſayeſt, a barber's baſon: but, be that as it may, ſince I am ſatisfied of its real worth and identity, the tranſmutation is of ſmall conſequence; for, I will order it to be repaired in the firſt village where we can find a blackſmith, in ſuch a manner as to be unexcelled, nay even unequalled by that which Vulcan forged and finiſhed for the God of war: mean while, I will wear it in this manner; for, it is ſtill better than nothing at all, and will be ſufficient to defend me from any ſhower of ſtones that may chance to fall."

" Yes, if they come not out of ſlings, as was the caſe in the ſkirmiſh between the two armies; when they demoliſhed your worſhip's grinders, and broke the cruze which contained that bleſſed balſam, which made me vomit up my liver and lights." " That loſs gives me not much uneaſineſs, anſwered the knight, becauſe thou knoweſt, Sancho, I retain the receipt of it in my memory;" " So do I, replied the ſquire. But, Lord, let me never ſtir from the place where I now ſtand, if ever I either make or meddle with it for the future; eſpecially, as I hope I ſhall never have occaſion for it again, being reſolved, with the aſſiſtance of my five ſenſes, to avoid being hurt myſelf, and alſo to refrain from hurting any perſon whatſoever. As to another bout of blanketing, I have little to ſay: ſuch misfortunes are not eaſily prevented; but, when they happen, there is nothing elſe to be done, but to ſhrug up our ſhoulders, hold in our breath, ſhut our eyes, and leave ourſelves to the determination of chance and the blanket."

" Thou art a bad chriſtian, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, when he heard theſe words, for, once you receive an injury, you never forget it; but, know it is peculiar to noble and generous minds to overlook ſuch trifles: haſt thou got a leg lamed, a rib fractured, or thy head broke in the proſecution of that

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that jeſt, that thou canſt not forget it? for, the affair, when duly conſidered, was no more than jeſt and paſtime: had I not underſtood it ſo, I ſhould have returned e'er now, and done more miſchief in revenging thy quarrel, than the Grecians did, for the rape of Helen, who, if ſhe lived in this age, or if my Dulcinea had flouriſhed in her time, would not have been ſo renowned for beauty." Here he fetched a profound ſigh, and ſent it to the clouds. "Let it paſs then for a joke, ſaid Sancho, ſince there is no likelihood of its being revenged in earneſt: but, I know what ſort of jokes and earneſts thoſe are; and I believe they will ſcarce ſlip out of my memory, while they remain engraven on my ſhoulders. But, ſetting this aſide, I wiſh your worſhip would tell me, what I ſhall do with this dapple ſteed ſo like a grey aſs, which was abandoned by Mr. Tonſor, whom your worſhip overthrew: for, by the ſwiftneſs of his heels when he ran away, he ſeems to have no thoughts of returning; and by my whiſkers 'tis an excellent beaſt!"

"It is never my cuſtom, ſaid Don Quixote, to plunder thoſe I overcome; neither is it according to the laws of chivalry, to take from them their horſes, and leave them on foot, unleſs the conqueror hath loſt his own during the engagement; in which caſe, we are allowed to take the horſe of the vanquiſhed, as the lawful ſpoils of war: wherefore, Sancho, leave that horſe or aſs, or what thou wilt, where he now ſtands, and perhaps his maſter, perceiving we are gone, will return and find him." "God is my witneſs, anſwered Sancho, I ſhould be glad to carry him off, or at leaſt exchange him for my own, which ſeems to be the worſt of the two: truly, the laws of chivalry are too confined; and ſince they do not extend to the exchange of one aſs for another, I would fain know if they allow me to change the furniture of the one for that of the other?" "I am not quite clear in that particular, replied the knight; and in ſuch a dubious caſe, till ſuch time as we can get better information, I think thou mayeſt exchange the furniture, if the neceſſity for ſo doing be extreme." "It is ſo extreme, ſaid Sancho, that if it were for my own particular wearing, I could not want it more." Thus provided with a licence, he made the exchange of capariſons, and equiped his beaſt with ſuch finery, that he looked ten per cent. the better.

This exploit being performed, they went to breakfaſt on the remains of what they had plundered from the ſumpter-mule, and quenched their thirſt with the water from the fulling-mills, without turning their heads that way, ſo much did they abhor them, on account of the dread which they had inſpired. The rage of hunger and anxiety being thus appeaſed, they mounted, and without following any determined courſe (for, it is the practice of true knights-errant, to keep no certain road) they left the choice of their route to the will and pleaſure of Rozinante, which was always a rule to his maſter,

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ſter, as well as to the aſs that followed whitherſoever he led, like a truſty friend and companion. In conſequence, therefore, of his determination, they returned into the high-road, in which they travelled at random, without any particular ſcheme.

While they thus jogged on, " Sir, ſaid Sancho to his maſter, I wiſh your worſhip would allow me to confer a little with you; for, ſince you impoſed that ſevere command of ſilence upon me, divers things have periſhed in my ſtomach, and this moment, I have ſomewhat at my tongue's end, which I would not for the world have miſcarry." " Speak then, ſaid Don Quixote, and be conciſe in thy diſcourſe; for, nothing that is prolix can reliſh well." " I ſay, Sir, anſwered Sancho, that for ſome days paſt, I have been conſidering how little is to be got and ſaved, by going in queſt of thoſe adventures your worſhip hunts after, thro' theſe croſs-paths and deſarts, where, tho' you conquer and atchieve the moſt perilous exploits, there is no body preſent to be witneſs of your proweſs; ſo that it may remain in everlaſting ſilence, contrary to the intention, and prejudicial to the merits of your worſhip: wherefore, in my opinion, with ſubmiſſion to your better judgment, our wiſeſt courſe would be to go into the ſervice of ſome emperor or great prince, who hath a war upon his hands, in whoſe ſervice, your worſhip may have occaſion to ſhew your perſonal valour, your great ſtrength and greater underſtanding; which being perceived by the king we ſerve, he cannot chuſe but reward every one according to his deſerts; neither will there be wanting ſome perſon to write the hiſtory of your worſhip's exploits, for a perpetual memorial: I ſhall not mention my own, becauſe they cannot exceed the bounds of a ſquire's province; tho' this I will venture to ſay, that if it was cuſtomary in chivalry, to recount the atchievements of our fraternity, I don't think mine might be inſerted between the lines of the book."

" Thou art not much in the wrong, replied Don Quixote; but, before it comes to that iſſue, a knight muſt travel up and down the world as a probationer, in queſt of adventures, until, by his repeated atchievements, he ſhall have acquired a ſufficient ſtock of fame; ſo that when he arrives at the court of ſome mighty monarch, he may be immediately known by his works; in that caſe, as ſoon as he ſhall be ſeen to enter the gates of the city, all the boys will ſurround and follow him, ſhouting and crying, behold the knight of the Sun, or the Serpent, or of any other badge under which he hath performed his great exploits. " Behold, they will ſay, the man who vanquiſhed in ſingle combat, the mighty giant Brocabruno; and delivered the great Mamaluke of Perſia, from the ſtrange enchantment that prevailed over him, for the ſpace of nine hundred years." Thus ſhall they proceed, recounting his exploits from mouth to mouth, until, ſurpriſed at the noiſe of the children and populace, the king of that country ſhall ap-

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pear at one of the palace-windows; and no ſooner behold the knight, than knowing him immediately by his armour, or the device upon his ſhield, he will certainly exclaim, "So ho, there! let all the knights belonging to my court, go forth and receive the flower of chivalry that comes yonder."

At this command, all of them will come out, and the king himſelf advance to meet him on the middle of the ſtair-caſe, where he will embrace him moſt affectionately, giving him the kiſs of friendſhip and welcome; then taking him by the hand, will he conduct him to the queen's cloſet, where he will find her majeſty with the princeſs her daughter, who is one of the moſt beautiful and accompliſhed young ladies, that ever was ſeen in the known world. In this interview, ſhe will immediately fix her eyes upon the knight, who at that inſtant ſhall be gazing at her, and each will appear to the other, ſomething ſupernatural: without knowing how, or wherefore, they will find themſelves preſently caught and intangled in the inextricable net of love, and be infinitely concerned, becauſe they have no opportunity of converſing together, and of diſcloſing the reciprocal anxiety of their thoughts: after this audience, he will, doubtleſs, be carried to ſome apartment of the palace richly furniſhed, where, after they ſhall have taken off his armour, they will cloathe him in a rich ſcarlet robe brought for the purpoſe; and, if he made a fine appearance in armour, he will look infinitely more genteel in his doublet: at night, he will ſup at the ſame table with the king, queen and infanta, upon whom he will fix his eyes, as often as he can, without being perceived by the by-ſtanders; while ſhe will practiſe the ſame expedient, with equal ſagacity; for, as I have already obſerved, ſhe muſt be a young lady of vaſt diſcretion.

The table being uncovered, there will enter at midnight thro' the hall-door, a little, deformed dwarf, followed by a beautiful lady, guarded by two giants; and he will propoſe a certain adventure, contrived by a moſt antient ſage, which whoſoever ſhall finiſh, will be deemed the moſt valiant knight in the whole world: then the king will order every warrior in waiting, to attempt it, but all of them ſhall fail, except the ſtranger knight, who will perform and accompliſh it very much to his own credit, as well as to the ſatisfaction of the princeſs, who will think herſelf extremely happy, and well requited for having placed her affections ſo worthily. What is better ſtill, this king or prince, or whatever he is, being at that time engaged in a moſt obſtinate war with a potentate of equal ſtrength, his gueſt, after having ſtaid a few days at court, begs leave to go and ſerve him in the field; and the king granting his requeſt with pleaſure, the knight moſt politely kiſſes his hand for the great honour he hath done him: that ſame night, he goes to take his leave of his miſtreſs the infanta, thro' the rails of a garden adjoining to the chamber in which ſhe lies; where they have already, at different times,

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enjoyed each other's converſation, by the means of a damſel, who being the infanta's confidante, is privy to the whole amour: on this occaſion, he will ſigh moſt pitiouſly, ſhe will actually faint away, the damſel will run for water; and the knight will be extremely concerned, becauſe the day begins to break, and he would not for the world, be diſcovered, to the prejudice of his lady's reputation. In fine, the princeſs recovers, and reaches her fair hand thro' the rails to the knight, who kiſſes it a thouſand times, and bathes it with his tears: then is concerted between them, ſome method, by which he is to inform her of his good or bad ſucceſs; and the infanta intreats him to return as ſoon as poſſible: he ſwears ſolemnly to comply with her requeſt, kiſſes her hand again, and bids her farewell with ſuch affliction as well nigh deprives him of life: from thence he retreats to his chamber, throws himſelf upon the bed, but cannot ſleep, ſo grieved is he at parting; he riſes early in the morning, goes to take leave of the king, queen and infanta; their majeſties accordingly, bid him farewell, after having informed him, that the princeſs is indiſpoſed, and cannot ſee company: the knight imputing her diſorder to her ſorrow for his departure, is pierced to the ſoul, and well nigh betrays his own anxiety. The confidante being preſent all the while, takes notice of every circumſtance, which ſhe imparts to her lady, who liſtens with tears in her eyes, and obſerves that nothing gives ſo much uneaſineſs as her ignorance of the knight's pedigree, and her impatience to know whether or not he is of royal extraction: the damſel aſſures her, that ſo much politeneſs, gentility and valour as he poſſeſſed, could never be united except in a dignified and royal diſpoſition: the afflicted infanta conſoles herſelf with this obſervation, and endeavouring to regain her ſerenity, that ſhe may not give cauſe of ſuſpicion to her parents, in two days, appears again in public.

The knight having ſet out for the army, comes to battle, overcomes the king's adverſary, takes many towns, makes diverſe conqueſts, returns to court, viſits his miſtreſs in the uſual manner, and the affair being concerted between them, demands her in marriage, as the reward of his ſervice: her father refuſes to grant the boon, on pretence of not knowing who this hero is; but, nevertheleſs, either by ſtealth or ſome other way, the infanta becomes his wife; and at laſt, the king is overjoyed at his good fortune, when this knight proves to be the ſon of a valiant monarch of ſome unknown country, for, I ſuppoſe, it could not be found in the map. The father dies, the infanta ſucceeds, and in two words, the knight becomes king: this then is the time to reward his ſquire, and all thoſe who helped him to aſcend the throne. The ſquire, accordingly, is married to a damſel belonging to the infanta, who doubtleſs, muſt be ſhe that was privy to her amour, and daughter of ſome powerful duke.

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" This is what I want, cried Sancho, and what with fair play I ſhall obtain; for, all that you have mentioned, will exactly happen to your worſhip, under the title of the knight of the rueful Countenance." " Never doubt it, Sancho, replied Don Quixote; for, in the ſame manner, and by the ſame ſteps I have recounted, knights-errant riſe, and have riſen to the rank of kings and emperors. Our only buſineſs now is, to look out for ſome chriſtian or pagan king who is at war, and hath a beautiful daughter; but, there will be time to think of that, ſince, as I have already told thee, renown muſt be acquired elſewhere, before we repair to court: nay, another difficulty occurs, namely, that tho' we ſhould find a king at war, who has a beautiful daughter, after I ſhall have acquired incredible glory thro' the whole univerſe; I do not know how it can be proved that I am of royal extraction, or even ſecond couſin to an emperor: and no king will grant his daughter to me in marriage, until he is firſt thoroughly ſatisfied in that particular, tho' my famous exploits ſhould merit a much more valuable reward: true it is, I am a gentleman of an ancient and honourable family, not without property, poſſeſſion, and a title, to the revenge of the five hundred *Sueldos; and it is not impoſſible, that the ſage ordained to write my hiſtory, may furbiſh up my parentage and pedigree in ſuch a manner, as to prove me deſcended in the fifteenth or ſixteenth generation from a king: for, I muſt tell thee, Sancho, there are two ſorts of pedigree in the world; one that brings and derives its original from princes and monarchs, which time hath defaced by little and little, till at laſt, it ends in a point, like a pyramid: the other owes its beginning to people of mean degree, and increaſes gradually to nobility and power; ſo, that the difference is, the one was once ſomething, but is now nothing; and the other was once nothing but is now ſomething! perhaps, therefore, I may be one of the firſt mentioned diviſion; and my origin, upon inquiry, be found high and mighty; a circumſtance that ought to ſatisfy the king, who is to be my father-in-law: and if it ſhould not have that effect, the infanta will be ſo enamoured of me, that in ſpite of her father, ſhe will receive me as her lord and huſband, even tho' ſhe were certain of my being the ſon of a porter; but ſhould ſhe be ſhy, then is the time to carry her away by force, to any corner of the earth I ſhall chuſe for my reſidence, until time or death ſhall put an end to the reſentment of her parents."

" And here, cried Sancho, nothing can be more pat to the purpoſe, than what ſome of your unconſcionable fellows often ſay, Who would beg a beni-

* The Spaniards of old paid a tribute of 500 Sueldos or pieces of coin to the Moors, until they were delivered from this impoſition by the gallantry of the gentlemen or people of rank, from which exploit a Caſtilian of family, uſed to expreſs the nobility and worth of his extraction, by ſaying he was of the revenge of the Sueldos.

ſon,

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ſon, that for the taking may have * veniſon? tho' it would ſtill be more proper, if they had ſaid †, Better thieve than grieve. This I obſerve, that in caſe the king, your worſhip's father-in-law, ſhould not prevail upon himſelf to give you the infanta his daughter, you may, as your worſhip ſays, ſteal and convey her off by main force: but, the misfortune is, that while the peace is on the anvil, and before you come to the peaceable enjoyment of your kingdom, the poor ſquire may chew his cud in expectation of his recompenſe, unleſs that confidante damſel, who is to be his ſpouſe, ſhould make her eſcape with the princeſs, and be content to join her evil fortune to his, until ſuch time as heaven ſhall ordain it otherwiſe; for, I believe his maſter may very ſafely give her away in lawful marriage." "That thou mayeſt depend upon," ſaid Don Quixote. "Since it is ſo, then, anſwered Sancho, we have nothing to do, but recommend ourſelves to God, and let fortune take its own courſe." "The lord conduct it, replied the knight, according to my deſires and thy neceſſity; And ſmall be his grace, who counts himſelf baſe." "A God's name be it ſo, ſaid Sancho, for my own part, I am an old Chriſtian, and therefore fit to be a lord." "Ay, to be greater than a lord, anſwered Don Quixote, and even if thou waſt not ſo well qualified, it would be of no ſignification ‡; becauſe, I being king, can confer nobility upon thee, without putting thee to the expence of purchaſing, or of ſubjecting thyſelf to any kind of ſervitude: for, in creating thee an earl, behold thou art a gentleman at once; and let people ſay what they will, in good faith! they muſt call thee, your Lordſhip, if it ſhould make their hearts ake." "And do you reckon that I ſhould not know how to give authority to the portent?" ſaid the ſquire. "Patent, thou woud'ſt ſay, and not portent," replied the knight. "It may be ſo, anſwered Sancho; but I inſiſt upon it, that I ſhould demean myſelf very decently: for, once in my lifetime, I was beadle of a corporation, and the gown became me ſo well, that every body ſaid, I had the preſence of a warden: then what ſhall I be when I am cloathed in a ducal robe, all glittering with pearls, like a foreign count? Upon my conſcience, I believe people will come an hundred leagues on purpoſe to ſee me." "You will make a very good appearance, ſaid Don Quixote; but, thou muſt take care to keep thy beard cloſe ſhaved; for, it is ſo thick, matted and unſeemly, that unleſs thou haſt recourſe to the razor, once a day at leaſt, they will ſee what thou art, a gunſhot off." "What elſe have I to do, ſaid the ſquire, but to hire a barber and keep him conſtantly in the houſe; and if I find occaſion for it, even make him follow me, as a maſter of the horſe follows one of your grandees."

* Literally, Never beg, when you can take.

† In the original, A ſnatch from behind a buſh, is better than the prayer of good men.

‡ This ſeems to have been intended as a ſtroke of ſatire, againſt thoſe princes who ſell nobility to the higheſt bidder, without any regard to the merit of the purchaſer.

"How

" How do'ſt thou know, ſaid Don Quixote, that our grandees are attended by their maſters of horſe?" " That you ſhall be ſatisfied in, anſwered the ſquire: heretofore, I was a whole month at court, where I ſaw a very little gentleman, who they told me, was a very great lord, paſſing to and fro, and a man following him a horſeback, turning ever and anon as he turned, as if he had been the nobleman's own tail: when I aſked why the man did not overtake the other, but always kept behind him; they anſwered that he was his maſter of horſe, and that it was a faſhion among the great, for each to be attended by an officer of that name. Ever ſince that time, I have remembred their office ſo diſtinctly, that now, I believe I ſhall never forget it." " I think thou art very much in the right, ſaid Don Quixote, in reſolving to carry thy barber along with thee; for, cuſtoms come not altogether, becauſe they were not invented all at once: therefore, thou mayeſt be the firſt earl that ever went attended by a ſhaver; and truly, it is an office of greater confidence to trim the beard, than to ſaddle the horſe." " Leave that affair of the barber to my management, ſaid Sancho, and be it your care to make yourſelf a king, and me an earl with all convenient ſpeed." " That ſhall be done," replied the knight, who lifting up his eyes, perceived that which ſhall be recounted in the ſucceeding chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

Don Quixote ſets at liberty a number of unfortunate people, who, much againſt their wills, were going a journey that was not at all to their liking.

CID Hamet Benengeli, the Arabian and Manchegan author, recounts in this ſolemn, ſublime, minute, pleaſant and fanciful hiſtory, that the converſation between the renowned Don Quixote, and his ſquire Sancho Panza, as related in the foregoing chapter, was no ſooner concluded, than the knight lifting up his eyes, beheld upon the road before him, about twelve men on foot, ſtrung together, like beads, with a great iron chain faſtened to their necks, and he perceived ſhackles upon the arms of each. They were conducted by two men on horſeback, and the like number on foot: the horſemen armed with firelocks, and the foot with javelins and ſwords. Sancho ſeeing them advance, " That, ſaid he, is the chain of ſlaves compelled by the king to work in the gallies." " How! compelled! cried the knight, is it poſſible the king compels people into his ſervice?" " I don't ſay ſo, anſwered Sancho; thoſe people are condemned for their crimes, to ſerve in the king's gallies, on compulſion." " In ſhort, replied Don Quixote, be that as it will, they go not voluntarily, but

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but are driven by force." "Certainly," ſaid Sancho. "Since that is the caſe, reſumed his maſter, here the execution of my office is concerned: to annul force, and bring ſuccour to the miſerable." "Pray, good your worſhip take notice, that juſtice, which is the king himſelf, never uſes violence nor ſeverity to ſuch people, except as a puniſhment for their crimes."

By this time, the chain of galley-ſlaves being come up, Don Quixote, with much courteſy, deſired the guards would be pleaſed to inform him of the cauſe or cauſes for which thoſe people were treated in that manner: one of the horſemen replied, that they were ſlaves belonging to his majeſty, going to the galleys, and that was all he could ſay, or the inquirer had occaſion to know of the matter. "Nevertheleſs, reſumed the knight, I am deſirous of knowing from each in particular, the occaſion of his misfortune." To theſe he added other ſuch courteous intreaties to induce them to ſatisfy his deſire, that the other man on horſeback ſaid, "Though we have got along with us, the regiſter and certificate of the ſentence of each of thoſe malefactors, we have no time at preſent to take it out and give you the reading of it: but, if you have a mind to go and queſtion themſelves, they will anſwer every thing you aſk, to the beſt of their knowledge; for, they are a ſet of miſcreants who delight in recounting as well as in acting their roguery."

With this permiſſion, which he would have taken, if they had not granted it, Don Quixote approached the chain, and aſked of the foremoſt, for what offence he travelled in that equipage! "Only for being in love," anſwered the criminal. "For that only! replied the knight. If they condemn people for being in love, I might have been tugging in the galleys long ago." "But my love, anſwered the ſlave, was quite different from what your worſhip imagines. I fell deeply in love with a baſket crammed full of white linnen, and locked it ſo faſt in my embrace, that if juſtice had not tore it from my arms, by force, I ſhould not have quitted it willingly, to this good hour: the thing being flagrant, there was no room for putting me to the torture, and therefore the cauſe was ſoon diſcuſſed: my ſhoulders were accommodated with a cool hundred, I was adviſed to divert myſelf three years in the Gurapas; and ſo the buſineſs ended." "Pray what are the Gurapas?" ſaid Don Quixote. "The Gurapas are the galleys," anſwered the thief, who was a young fellow, about twenty years of age, and ſaid he was a native of Piedrahita.

The knight put the ſame queſtion to the ſecond, who ſeemed ſo overwhelmed with grief and melancholy, that he could not anſwer one word; but, the firſt ſaved him the trouble by ſaying, "This man, ſir, goes to the gallies for being a canary-bird: I mean, for his ſkill in vocal muſic." "What! ſaid the knight, are people ſentenced to the gallies for their ſkill in

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in muſic" "Yes, ſir, anſwered the other, for, nothing is worſe than to ſing in the heart-ach." "On the contrary, ſaid Don Quixote, I have always heard it obſerved, that Muſic and Play, will fright Sorrow away." "But here, replied the ſlave, the caſe is quite different; for, he that ſings but once, will have cauſe to weep for ever." Don Quixote ſaying he could not comprehend his meaning, one of the guards explained it: "Sir, ſaid he, to ſing in the heart-ach, is a term uſed by theſe miſcreants, to expreſs a criminal, who confeſſes under the torture: and it having been applied to that delinquent, he owned his crime, which was horſe-ſtealing; accordingly, having received two hundred laſhes, he was condemned for ſix years to the gallies: and he appears always penſive and ſad, becauſe his brother rogues who keep him company, continually maltreat, upbraid, deſpiſe and ſcoff at him, for having confeſſed out of pure puſillanimity: for, ſay they, No, contains as many letters as Ay; an offender is very lucky, when his life or death depends upon his own tongue, and not upon the evidence of witneſſes: and truly, I think they are not far miſtaken."

"I am of the ſame opinion, ſaid Don Quixote, and paſſing on, repeated his former queſtion to the third, who with great readineſs and alacrity, anſwered, "I am going to viſit my lady Gurapa, for having wanted ten ducats." "I will give twenty with all my ſoul, replied the knight, to eaſe you of your misfortune." "That, reſumed the ſlave, is like giving money to a man periſhing with hunger at ſea, where there is no food to be bought. I ſay this, becauſe had I been maſter in time of thoſe twenty ducats your worſhip now offers, I would have anointed the ſecretary's pen, and quickened my lawyer's invention with them, to ſuch good purpoſe, that I ſhould be now, ſtanding at liberty, in the ſquare of Zocodover in Toledo, and not dragging like a hound to the gallies; but, heaven is above. —Patience and—that is enough."

Don Quixote then advanced to the fourth, who was a man of a venerable aſpect, with a long, white beard hanging down to his girdle; and he no ſooner heard the knight aſk the cauſe of his being in that ſituation, than he began to weep bitterly, without anſwering one word; but, the fifth criminal lent him his tongue, ſaying, "That honourable gentleman is going to the gallies, after having made his public appearance on horſeback with great ſolemnity." "That is, I ſuppoſe, ſaid Sancho, after having been expoſed to public ſhame*." "Even ſo, replied the ſlave, and that puniſhment was inflicted upon him, for being an ear-broker, or ra-

* A crime that is puniſhed by the pillory in England, is in Spain expiated by the convict's being mounted upon an aſs, in a particular dreſs, and led through the ſtreets by a crier who proclaims the tranſgreſſion.

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ther, a broker for the whole body: to be plain with you; the gentleman was convicted of pimping, and giving himself out for a conjurer." "Were it not for the addition of his conjuring scheme, said Don Quixote, he is so far from deserving to row in the gallies for pure pimping, that it rather * entitles him to the command of them, as general in chief: for, if the office of a pander was well regulated, it would be a most honourable and necessary employment, in a well-ordered commonwealth; reserved for people of birth and talents, and, like other places of trust, laid under the inspection of proper comptrollers, and limited to a certain number, like the brokers of merchandize: such a regulation would prevent many mischiefs, which are now occasioned by that employment's being in the hands of idiots or simple wretches, such as silly women, pages and buffoons, without either age or experience; who, upon the most urgent occasions, when there is need of the most important contrivance, let the morsel freeze between the dish and the mouth, and can scarce distinguish betwixt their right hands and their left. I could proceed, and advance many arguments to prove how advantageous it would be in a commonwealth, to make proper distinctions in the choice of those who exercise such a necessary employment; but, this is no place to settle that affair in; and one day, I may chance to recommend it to the consideration of those who can both discern and provide a suitable remedy for this defect. I shall only at present observe, that the compassion I feel, at sight of these grey hairs, and that venerable countenance in distress for having been a pander, is extinguished by the additional crime of sorcery, though I am well apprised, that there are no conjurers in the world, who can force or alter the will, as some weak-minded people imagine; for, the inclination is free, and not to be enslaved by any incantation whatsoever. The practice of some simple women, and knavish impostors, is to compose poisonous mixtures, to deprive people of their senses, under pretence of causing them to be beloved: it being a thing impossible, as I have said, to compel the will." "What your honour says, is very true, replied this good old man; and really, sir, as to the affair of conjuring, I am not guilty: tho' I cannot deny that I have been a pimp; but, I never thought I was to blame in that capacity, because my whole intention was, that all the world should enjoy themselves, and live in peace and quiet, without quarrels and anxiety. Yet, the uprightness of my intention was of no service in preventing my being sent to a place from which I shall never return, oppressed as I am with years and a violent strangury, that will not allow me a moment's rest." So saying, he began to weep again, as before; and

* This is a good hint for a reforming legislature.

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his tears raiſed the pity of Sancho to ſuch a degree, that he took a rial out of his boſom, and gave it in charity to the diſtreſſed ſenior.

Then Don Quixote addreſſed himſelf to the next, who anſwered his queſtion, not with leſs, but infinitely more vivacity, than that of the former; ſaying, "I trudge in this manner, for having jeſted a little extravagantly with two of my female couſins; and with two more, who, tho' not related to me, were in the ſame degree of blood to each other: in ſhort, I jeſted with them ſo long, that in the end, there was ſuch an intricate increaſe of kindred as no caſuiſt could unravel. Every thing was proved againſt me, I had neither intereſt nor money, and ran ſome riſk of having my windpipe ſtopt; but they only condemned me for ſix years to the galleys; I ſubmitted to the ſentence, as the puniſhment of my crime: youth is on my ſide, life may be long, and time brings every thing to bear: if your worſhip, ſir knight, will part with any ſmall matter for the comfort of poor wretches like us, God will requite you in heaven, and we upon earth, will take care to petition him for long life and health to your worſhip, that you may be as happy, as by your goodly appearance, you deſerve to be." The perſon who ſpoke in this manner, appeared in the dreſs of a ſtudent, and one of the guards ſaid he was a great orator and excellent latin ſcholar.

After all theſe, came a man of a good mein, about thirty years of age, who ſquinted ſo horribly, that his eyes ſeemed to look at each other: he was equipped in a very different manner from the reſt; his foot being loaded with a huge chain that went round his whole body, and his neck adorned with two iron rings, to one of which the chain was faſtened; and the other was called a keep-friend, or friend's-foot; from which deſcended to his middle, a couple of iron bolts fitted with a pair of manacles for his arms, ſecured by a large padlock, in ſuch a faſhion, as to hinder him from lifting up his hands to his mouth, and to diſable him from bending his head to his hands. Don Quixote inquiring, why that man was more fettered than all the reſt; one of the guards anſwered, "Becauſe he is a greater rogue than all the reſt put together, and ſo daring a villain, that although he is ſhackled in that manner, we are under ſome apprehenſion that he will give us the ſlip." "What crime has he committed, ſaid the knight, that deſerves no greater puniſhment than that of going to the gallies?" "He goes for ten years, replied the guard, which is a kind of civil death: but, you need not inquire any further, when you know that this honeſt gentleman is the famous Gines de Paſſamonte, alias Gineſello de Parapilla." "Softly, Mr. Commiſſary, ſaid the ſlave, hearing theſe words, don't tranſmography names and ſirnames in that manner: Gines is my name, and not Gineſello, and Paſſamonte the title of my family:

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mily: not Parapilla, as your worſhip ſays; let every body turn about and look at home, and he will have buſineſs enough." "Speak with leſs inſolence, Mr. Thief above ſterling, replied the commiſſary, or elſe I ſhall make you hold your peace with a vengeance." "It appears by this oppreſſion, anſwered the galley-ſlave, that God's will muſt be done; but, one day, ſome body ſhall know whether or not my name is Gineſillo de Parapilla." "An't you called ſo, you lying vagabond?" ſaid the guard. "Yes, yes, I am ſo called, anſwered Gines; but, I will make them change that name, or their ſkins ſhall pay for it, if ever I meet them in a place I don't chuſe at preſent to name. Sir knight, if you have any thing to beſtow, pray let us have it, and the Lord be with you, for you only tire us with enquiring about other people's affairs; if you want to be informed of my hiſtory, know, I am that Gines de Paſſamonte whoſe life is written by theſe ten fingers."

"He tells nothing but the truth, ſaid the commiſſary; for, he has actually written his own hiſtory, as well as could be deſired, and pawned the manuſcript in jail, for two hundred rials." "Ay, and I ſhall redeem it, ſaid Gines, if it were for as many ducats." "What! Is it ſo entertaining?" ſaid Don Quixote. "Yes, anſwered Gines, it is ſo entertaining, that woe be unto Lazarillo de Tormes, and all who have written or ſhall write in that manner. What I can affirm of mine, is, that it contains truths, and ſuch ingenious and ſavoury truths, as no fiction can equal." "And what is the title of your book?" ſaid the knight. "The life of Gines de Paſſamonte," replied the other. "Is it finiſhed?" ſaid Don Quixote. "How can it be finiſhed, anſwered the author, when my natural life is not yet concluded? I have already written my whole hiſtory from my birth till the laſt time I was ſent to the gallies." "You have viſited them before now, then?" ſaid the knight. "For the ſervice of God and the good of my country, I have already ſerved in them, during the ſpace of four years, and know the difference between the biſcuit and the bull's pizzle, anſwered the thief; and my journey to them now, gives me no great pain, for, there I ſhall have time to finiſh my book, and ſet down a great many things I have to ſay: there being ſpare time enough in the gallies of Spain, for that purpoſe which does not require much leiſure, as I have every circumſtance by heart." "You ſeem to be an ingenious fellow," ſaid Don Quixote. "And unfortunate, anſwered Gines; for, genius is always attended by evil fortune." "Evil fortune ought to attend villains like you, ſaid the guard." "I have already deſired you, Mr. Commiſſary, to proceed fair and ſoftly, anſwered Paſſamonte; your ſuperiors did not give you that rod to maltreat us poor wretches, but, to conduct and carry us to the place of our deſtination, according to his majeſty's

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command: and by the life of—but 'tis no matter. The ſpots we received in the inn, may, one day, be rubbed out in the waſhing. Mum's the word. Let us live while we can, ſpeak while we may, and at preſent purſue our journey; for, this joke has already laſted too long."

The commiſſary lifted up his rod, in order to give a proper reply to the threats of Paſſamonte; but, Don Quixote interpoſing, begged he would not chaſtiſe him; becauſe it was not to be wondered at, if one whoſe limbs were ſo ſhackled, ſhould take ſuch liberties with his tongue: then addreſſing himſelf to the priſoners, "From all that you have told me, dear brethren, ſaid he, I clearly perceive, that although you ought to be chaſtiſed for your crimes, the puniſhment you are going to ſuffer, is not much to your liking; on the contrary, you make this journey very much againſt your inclination: and perhaps, the puſillanimity of one of you under the torture, this man's want of money, and that other's ſcarcity of friends, and laſt of all, the partiality of the judge, may have been the cauſe of your perdition, in depriving you of that juſtice, your ſeveral caſes intitled you to. Which conſideration now operates within me, ſuggeſting, perſuading and even compelling me to ſhew in your behalf, the end and aim for which heaven ſent me into this world, and made me profeſs the order of knight-errantry, by which I am bound by oath, to ſuccour the needy and oppreſſed; but, becauſe I know, that one maxim of prudence, is, not to do that by foul means, which can be accompliſhed by fair, I beſeech Mr. Commiſſary and the guards to unchain and let you depart in peace: the king will not want people to ſerve him on better occaſions; and I think it is very hard to enſlave thoſe whom God and nature have made free. Beſides, gentlemen ſoldiers, added the knight, thoſe poor people have committed no offence againſt you; and every body hath ſins of his own to anſwer for. There is a God in heaven, who will take care to chaſtiſe the wicked and reward the righteous; and it is not ſeemly, that honeſt men ſhould be the executioners of their fellow-creatures, on account of matters with which they have no concern. This favour I entreat in a mild and peaceable manner; and if you grant my requeſt, will thank you heartily: whereas, if you refuſe to do quietly what I deſire, this lance and ſword, with the valour of my invincible arm, ſhall make you do it on compulſion."

"A fine joke, truly! replied the commiſſary: he has brought his harangue to a very merry concluſion; deſiring us to ſet at liberty the king's priſoners, as if we had authority to grant, or he to demand, their diſcharge. I wiſh your worſhip would go about your buſineſs, and ſet to rights that baſon on your ſkull, without going in queſt of a cat with three feet." "You are a cat and a rat and a ſcoundrel to boot," replied the knight, attacking

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attacking him with ſuch wonderful diſpatch, that he had not time to put himſelf in a poſture of defence, ſo was thrown from his horſe, dangerouſly wounded by a thruſt of the knight's lance. And it happened luckily that this was the man who had the firelock. The reſt of the guard were at firſt aſtoniſhed and confounded at this unexpected aſſault; but they ſoon recollected themſelves, and the horſemen drawing their ſwords, while thoſe on foot handled their javelins, ſet upon Don Quixote in their turn, who waited for them with vaſt compoſure; and doubtleſs, he would have fared ill, if the galley-ſlaves, ſeeing a fair occaſion offered, of gaining their liberty, had not made ſhift to obtain it, by breaking the chain with which they were fettered. Such was the confuſion, that the guards, between their endeavours to detain the ſlaves who were unbound, and their efforts againſt Don Quixote who aſſaulted them, could do nothing at all effectual. Sancho, for his part, aſſiſted in diſengaging Gines de Paſſamonte, who being the firſt that leapt free and diſencumbered, on the plain, attacked the wounded commiſſary, and robbed him of his ſword and muſket, with which, pointing at one, and taking aim at another, without firing, however, in a trice, there was not one of the guards to be ſeen; for they made the beſt of their way, not only from Paſſamonte's firelock, but alſo from the ſhower of ſtones which was rained upon them by the reſt of the ſlaves, who had by this time diſengaged themſelves.

Sancho was infinitely grieved at this event, repreſenting to himſelf, that thoſe who fled would inſtantly give notice of the affair to the holy brotherhood, which, upon the tolling of a bell, would immediately ſally forth in ſearch of the delinquents. This ſuppoſition, he ſuggeſted to his maſter, whom he intreated to depart forthwith, and conceal himſelf ſomewhere in the neighbouring mountain. "That may be a very good expedient, ſaid the knight; but I know what is proper for me to do at preſent." He then called to the ſlaves who were all in confuſion, and after they had plundered and ſtripped the commiſſary to the ſkin, they aſſembled around him in a circle, in order to receive his commands, and he accoſted them in this manner: "It is the duty of honeſt men, to be thankful for benefits received; and one of the ſins that gives the greateſt offence to God, is ingratitude. This truth, I obſerve, gentlemen, becauſe you muſt be ſenſible, by manifeſt experience, of that which you have received from me; as an acknowledgment for which, it is my will and pleaſure, that you ſet out immediately, loaded with that chain from which I have delivered your necks, and, repairing to the city of Toboſo, there preſent yourſelves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, and tell her, that her knight of the rueful countenance, hath ſent you to her, with his hearty commendations. You ſhall alſo punctually recount to her, every circumſtance of

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of this famous adventure, even to the granting you that liberty you ſo ardently wiſhed for: and this duty being performed, you may go, a God's name, whitherſoever ye liſt."

To this command, Gines de Paſſamonte, in the name of all the reſt, anſwered, "What your worſhip commands, moſt worthy deliverer, is of all impoſſibilities, the moſt impoſſible to fulfil. For, we muſt by no means travel in a body, but, ſingle and divided, and each by himſelf endeavour to abſcond within the bowels of the earth, in order to avoid the holy brotherhood, which will, doubtleſs, come out in ſearch of us. But your worſhip may, and it is but juſtice you ſhould, change that ſervice and tribute intended for my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, into a certain number of Ave-maria's and Credo's, which we will ſay for your proſperity; and this is a duty we can fulfil, by night as well as by day, in motion and at reſt, and in peace as well as in war: but, to ſuppoſe that we will now return to the fleſh-pots of Ægypt, I mean to the carriage of our chain, and take the road to Toboſo, is to ſuppoſe that it is now midnight, tho' it wants little more than two hours of noon: and indeed, to expect this condeſcenſion of us, is like expecting pears from an elm."

"Then by heavens! ſaid Don Quixote in a rage, Don Son of a whore, Don Gineſillo de Parapilla, or whatſoever is your name, you ſhall go alone, with your tail between your legs, and carry the whole chain upon your own ſhoulders." Paſſamonte, who was none of the moſt paſſive people in the world, having already ſmoaked the knight's weak ſide, from the mad action he had committed in giving them their freedom, and finding himſelf treated by him in this haughty manner, tipt the wink to his companions, who retiring with him, at a little diſtance, began to ſhower ſuch a number of ſtones upon their deliverer, that he could not contrive how to cover himſelf with his ſhield: and poor Rozinante minded the ſpur no more, than if he had been made of braſs. Sancho retired behind his aſs, which ſheltered him from the ſtorm of hail, that deſcended on them both: but, his maſter could not ſcreen himſelf ſo well, as to avoid an infinite number of pebble-ſhot, which took place upon different parts of his body, ſome of them with ſuch force, that he came tumbling to the ground; and no ſooner was he fallen, than the ſtudent ſet upon him, and ſnatching the baſon from his head, made a moſt furious application of it to the knight's ſhoulders, and then daſhed it upon the ground with ſuch force, that it went into a thouſand pieces. They likewiſe ſtripped him of a * jacket he wore above his armour, and would even have taken his hoſe, had not

* It was the cuſtom of knights to wear a coat of arms made of ſome rich ſtuff figured in a particular manner. The duke of Brabant being called in a hurry to the battle of Agincourt, took a trumpeter's banner, and making a hole through the middle, put it over his head, and wore it as his coat of arms.

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his greaves been in their way: they plundered Sancho of his great coat, leaving him in his doublet and hoſe, and dividing the ſpoils of the battle among them, each took his own ſeparate route, more anxious to eſcape the holy brotherhood which they dreaded, than to load themſelves with the chain again, and go to preſent themſelves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo.

The aſs and Rozinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, were the only perſons remaining on the field. Dapple, with his head hanging down in a penſive attitude, and every now and then ſhaking his ears, as if he imagined the hurricane of ſtones that whizzed about them, was not yet over; Rozinante lying ſtretched upon the ground, to which, like his maſter, he was humbled by a pebble: Sancho in his doublet, terrified at the thoughts of the holy brotherhood; and Don Quixote exceſſively out of humour, at ſeeing himſelf ſo ill requited by thoſe people whom he had ſerved in ſuch an eſſential manner.

CHAP. IX.

Of what befel the renowned Don Quixote in the brown mountain; being one of the moſt ſurpriſing adventures, which is recounted in this true hiſtory.

DON Quixote finding himſelf ſo evil entreated, ſaid to his ſquire, "I have always heard it obſerved, Sancho, that benefits conferred on baſe-minded people, are like drops of water thrown into the ſea. Had I taken thy advice, I might have avoided this vexation: but, now the affair is over, we muſt have recourſe to patience, and take warning for the future." "Yes, replied Sancho, your worſhip will take warning, as ſure as I am a Turk: but, ſince you allow, that if you had taken my advice, you would have avoided this misfortune, take my advice now, and you avoid a greater ſtill; for, I give you notice, that all your errantry will ſtand you in little ſtead, againſt the holy brotherhood, who don't value all the knights-errant in the univerſe three farthings: and, in faith, this minute, methinks I hear their arrows buzzing about my ears." "Thou art naturally a coward, Sancho, ſaid the knight; but, that thou mayeſt have no reaſon to ſay I am obſtinate, and never follow thy counſel, for once thou ſhalt prevail: I will retreat from the danger thou dreadeſt ſo much; but, it ſhall be on condition, that thou ſhalt never, either in life or death, hint to any perſon whatſoever, that I retired, and avoided this peril, thro' fear, but meerly in compliance with thy earneſt requeſt: for, to ſay otherwiſe, would be to propagate falſhood; and from this hour to that, and from that

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that hour to this, I give thee the lie, and affirm thou lieſt, and wilt lie as often as thou ſhalt ſay or think any ſuch thing: make no reply, therefore; the very thought of my being ſuppoſed to abſcond, or retreat from danger, eſpecially from this, as it implies ſome ſort of ſhadow of fear, inſpires me with ſuch courage, that here am I alone, ready to remain and expect not only the holy brotherhood, which thou haſt mentioned with fear and trembling, but alſo the brothers of the twelve tribes of Iſrael, thoſe of the ſeven Maccabees, with Caſtor and Pollux, and all the brethren and brotherhoods in the univerſe." "Sir, replied Sancho, to retreat is not to fly, nor is it prudent to tarry when the danger over-balances the hope: and it is always the practice of wiſe people, to reſerve ſomething for to-morrow, without venturing all upon one caſt; and you muſt know, that tho' I be a ruſtic and a clown, I have all my lifetime had a ſmall ſhare of what is called good conduct: wherefore, you need not repent of having taken my advice, but mount Rozinante, if you can; if not, I will lend you my aſſiſtance, and follow me; for, this noddle of mine tells me, that at preſent we have more need of heels than of hands."

Don Quixote accordingly mounted, without the leaſt reply, and Sancho leading the way, upon his aſs, they took refuge in that part of the brown mountain which was neareſt, the ſquire intending to go quite acroſs to Viſo or Almodovar de Campo, after they ſhould have lurked for ſome days amongſt the rocks, that they might not be found, in caſe the holy brotherhood ſhould come in ſearch of them: he was encouraged to this reſolution, by ſeeing, that in the * ſcuffle with the galley-ſlaves, the proviſions his aſs carried had eſcaped untouched; a circumſtance that, in his opinion, amounted to a miracle, conſidering what the thieves had taken, and how narrowly they have ſearched.

That evening, they arrived in the very heart of the Sierra Morena †, where Sancho propoſed to ſpend the night, and even to paſs a few days, at leaſt ſtay as long as their ſtore ſhould laſt: accordingly they took up their lodging between two rocks, in the midſt of a great number of cork-trees: but, fate, which, according to the opinion of thoſe who do not enjoy the light of the true faith, guides, conducts and diſpoſes all things after its own way, ordained that Gines de Paſſamonte, that famous robber and cheat, who had been delivered from the chain, by the valour and madneſs of Don Quixote; I ſay, fate ordained that he, impelled by the fear of the holy brotherhood, which he did not dread without good reaſon, happened like-

* This is an overſight of the author, who ſeems to have forgot, that Sancho loſt his wallet at the inn, and was robbed by the galley-ſlaves of the great coat or cloak, in which he carried the remains of that proviſion he had taken from thoſe who attended the dead body towards Segovia.

† A chain of hilly mountains that divide Caſtile from Andaluſia.

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wiſe to take refuge in thoſe mountains; and even to be carried by this fear to the ſame place whither the ſame principle had directed Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, juſt time enough to know who they were, notwithſtanding their being gone to ſleep. As the wicked are always ungrateful, and neceſſity puts them to their ſhifts, and the preſent convenience overcomes the proſpect of future quiet; Gines, who was neither grateful nor good-natured, reſolved to ſteal Sancho's aſs, undervaluing Rozinante, as a ſubject that he could neither pawn nor ſell: accordingly, while the ſquire was aſleep, he ſtole Dapple, and before morning, was gone far enough to elude all purſuit.

The appearance of Aurora that rejoices the earth, had a quite contrary effect upon Sancho Panza, who miſſing his Dapple, and ſearching for him in vain, began to utter the moſt woeful lamentation that ever was heard; and Don Quixote waked by the noiſe, heard him exclaiming in this manner: "O Son of my bowels! born in my houſe, the play-fellow of my children, the delight of my ſpouſe, the envy of my neighbours, and comforter of my cares! in ſhort, the half of my ſuſtenance: for, with ſix and twenty maravedis which thou haſt daily earned, did I defray one half of my family expence!" Don Quixote hearing this complaint, and being informed of the cauſe, conſoled Sancho with all the arguments in his power, and begging him to have patience, promiſed to give him a bill of exchange, on ſight of which, he ſhould receive three aſſes out of five, which the knight had left at home. Sancho being comforted with this declaration, dried up his tears, moderated his ſighs, and returned a thouſand thanks to Don Quixote for his generoſity. As they ſauntered among the rocks, the knight's heart was rejoiced to ſee places ſo well adapted to thoſe adventures he was in queſt of; for, they recalled to his remembrance, thoſe wonderful events which had happened to knights-errant among ſuch rocks and ſolitudes: he went on, muſing on theſe ſubjects, and indeed ſo wrapt up, and engroſſed by them, that he minded nothing elſe: while Sancho's only care, now that he thought he travelled in ſafety, was to ſatisfy his appetite with what remained of the ſpoils of the clergy: he therefore jogged on leiſurely, after his maſter *, ſitting ſide-ways on his aſs, and repleniſhing his own bags, out of that which contained the proviſion; and while he was thus employed, would not have given a farthing for the beſt adventure that could happen.

Chancing, however, to lift up his eyes, he perceived his maſter had ſtopt, and was endeavouring, with the point of his lance, to raiſe ſome bundle that lay upon the ground: he therefore haſtened up to him, in order to lend his aſſiſtance, ſhould it be found neceſſary, and arrived juſt as

* Here Cervantes hath been caught napping by the critics, who obſerve, that Sancho could not be mounted on the aſs which was but juſt now ſtolen by Gines Paſſamonte.

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the knight had turned up with his lance, a pillion with a portmanteau fixed to it, all rotted and conſumed by the weather: but ſo heavy, that Sancho was obliged to alight, in order to take them up. His maſter having ordered him to examine the contents of the portmanteau, he obeyed with great alacrity, and tho' it was ſhut with a chain and padlock, there were ſo many holes in it, that he ſoon reached the inſide, where he found four ſhirts of fine holland, with other proviſion of linnen, equally faſhionable and clean, together with a pretty large heap of crowns of gold, wrapt up in a rag, which he no ſooner perceived, than he cried in a rapture, "Bleſſed be heaven for granting us one advantageous adventure!" then continuing his ſearch, he found a pocket-book richly garniſhed, which Don Quixote deſired to have, bidding him keep the money for his own uſe. Sancho kiſſed his hand for the favour, and taking the linnen out of the portmanteau, crammed it into the bag that held their proviſion.

The knight having conſidered the whole affair, "Sancho, ſaid he, I am of opinion, and I cannot poſſibly be miſtaken, that ſome bewildered traveller, in his paſſage over theſe mountains, has been ſet upon by robbers, who having ſlain him, muſt have dragged his body to be buried in this unfrequented place." "That cannot be the caſe, anſwered the ſquire; for, if they had been robbers, they would not have left the money behind them." "Thou art in the right, ſaid Don Quixote; and I cannot gueſs nor conceive what the matter can have been. Let us ſee if there be any thing written in this pocket-book, by which we may trace out and come to the certainty of what we want to know." He opened it accordingly, and the firſt thing he found was the rough draught, tho' very legible, of a ſonnet, which he read aloud for the benefit of Sancho, in theſe words:

I.

LOVE either cruel is or blind;
Or ſtill unequal to the cauſe,
Is this diſtemper of the mind,
That with infernal torture gnaws.

II.

But Love's a god, and cruelty
In heavenly breaſts can never dwell:
Then ſay, by what authority,
I'm doom'd to feel the pains of hell?

III.

Of all my ſufferings and my woe,
Is Chloe then the fatal ſource?

Sure

Sure ill from good can never flow,
Nor ſo much beauty gild a curſe.

IV.

With hopeleſs miſery weigh'd down,
I'll ſeek for quiet in the grave;
For when the malady's unknown,
A miracle alone can ſave.

" From ſuch rhime, ſaid Sancho, there is no information to be got, unleſs by that clue*, we could come to the bottom of the affair." " What clue do'ſt thou mean?" ſaid the knight. " The clue your worſhip mentioned juſt now in the ſonnet," anſwered the ſquire. " I mentioned no clue, replied Don Quixote, but Chloe, which is without doubt, the name of the lady of whom the author of theſe verſes complains: and really he muſt have been a very ingenious poet, or elſe I know very little of the art." " Then your worſhip underſtands crambo?" ſaid the ſquire. " Better than you imagine, anſwered the knight, as you will ſee when you carry from me a letter to my miſtreſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, written in verſe from top to bottom: for, thou muſt know, Sancho, that all or the greateſt part of the knights-errant who lived in former ages, were very much addicted to poetry and muſic; theſe two qualities, or rather gifts of nature, being annexed to all errants in love: tho' the truth is, their couplets were rather ſprightly than elegant." " I wiſh your worſhip would read on, ſaid Sancho; perhaps you may find ſomething more to our ſatisfaction." Accordingly the knight, having turned over the leaf, " Here is proſe, ſaid he; and ſeems to be a letter." Sancho aſking if it was upon buſineſs, his maſter replied, " In the beginning there was nothing but love." " Pray, Sir, cried Sancho, read it aloud; for I am highly delighted with matters of love." " With all my heart," anſwered Don Quixote, who raiſing his voice, in compliance with the ſquire's requeſt, read what follows:

" Thy falſe promiſes, together with the certainty of my misfortune, have exiled me to a corner of the world, from whence thou wilt hear an account of my death, before this my complaint ſhall reach thine ears. Thou haſt caſt me off, ungrateful as thou art! in favour of one, who, tho' he is richer, is not a more deſerving lover than me: for, if virtue were the wealth that is moſt eſteemed, I ſhould have no cauſe to envy the happineſs of others, or to bewail my own miſhap. What thy beauty had raiſed, thy behaviour has overthrown: by the firſt I miſtook thee for an angel; by the laſt I diſ-

* As it is impoſſible to preſerve the original blunders of Sancho, who miſtakes Fili or Phillis, for Hilo that ſignifies a thread, we are obliged to ſubſtitute another, by changing Phillis into Chloe, which Sancho, in Engliſh, might have as naturally miſtaken for a clue, and by this expedient, the ſenſe of the paſſage is not hurt, and but very little altered.

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covered thee to be a woman. Mayeſt thou live in peace, fair authoreſs of my misfortunes; and heaven grant that the deceit of thy huſband may never be diſcloſed, that thou mayeſt never repent of what thou haſt done, nor I enjoy the revenge I do not deſire."

Don Quixote having read this letter, obſerved that nothing elſe could be inferred either from it, or the verſes, but that the author was ſome deſpairing lover. Then peruſing the reſt of the book, he found more verſes and letters, ſome legible, and others not intelligible; but, the ſubſtance of them all, was compoſed of complaints, lamentations, ſuſpicions, deſires, diſguſts, favours and diſdain, ſome of which were extolled, and others deplored. While Don Quixote examined the book, Sancho rummaged the portmanteau, without leaving a corner in that or the pillion, which he did not ſearch, pry into and overhaul: no ſeam was left unript, no lock of wool unpicked, that nothing might be loſt thro' negligence and want of care; ſo much was his cupidity awakened, by finding the money, which amounted to more than an hundred crowns: and tho' he reaped no other fruit from his induſtry, he thought himſelf abundantly requited for his capers in the blanket, his vomit of the balſam, the benediction of the pack-ſtaves, the fiſty-cuffs of the carrier, the loſs of his bags, the robbery of his great coat, with all the hunger, thirſt and fatigue he had undergone in the ſervice of his worthy maſter, who had made him more than amends, by his generous preſent of this windfall.

The knight of the rueful countenance was impatient to know the owner of the portmanteau; conjecturing by the ſonnet, the letter, the gold, and the fine linnen, that he muſt be ſome lover of quality, whom the diſdain and barbarity of his miſtreſs had driven to ſome deſperate end: but, as in that uninhabited and rocky place, there was no body who could give him the information he wanted, he reſolved to penetrate ſtill farther into the mountain, without taking any other road than what Rozinante ſhould chuſe for his own conveniency, ſtill confident of meeting with ſome ſtrange adventure among theſe briars and brambles.

As he went on, entertaining himſelf with theſe reflections, he perceived, upon the top of a hill, right before him, a man ſkipping from buſh to buſh, and rock to rock, with wonderful agility: his body ſeemed naked, his beard black and buſhy, his hair long and matted, his feet unſhod, his legs bare, and his thighs covered with breeches, which to all appearance, were of crimſon, but ſo ragged, that his ſkin appeared thro' many different holes, while his head was without any ſort of covering. Notwithſtanding the nimbleneſs with which he paſſed, all theſe minute circumſtances were ſeen and remarked by the knight of the rueful countenance, who in vain, attempted to follow him; thoſe rough roads being quite unpaſſable by the feeble

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feeble Rozinante, which was naturally phlegmatic and tender-footed. However, Don Quixote concluded that this muſt be the owner of the pillion and portmanteau, and determined within himſelf to find him out, altho' he ſhould travel a whole year thro' the mountains, for that very purpoſe. With this view, he ordered Sancho to alight, and take a ſhort cut over one part of the mountain, while he ſhould go round the other; that by this expedient, they might come up with the man who had ſo ſuddenly vaniſhed from their ſight. "That propoſal I can by no means comply with, anſwered the ſquire; for, if I ſtir but an inch from your worſhip, fear inſtantly lays hold on me, and aſſaults me in a thouſand horrid ſhapes and viſions; and let this ſerve to appriſe you, that henceforward, I will not budge a finger's breadth from your preſence." "Be it ſo, ſaid he of the rueful countenance; and I am very glad that thou can'ſt avail thyſelf of my courage, which ſhall never fail thee, even if thy ſoul ſhould fail thy body: follow me therefore, ſtep by ſtep, or at thy own leiſure, and uſe thine eyes like two ſpy-glaſſes: we will take a compaſs round this little mountain, and perhaps we may meet again with that man, who is certainly no other than the owner of what we found." To this obſervation, Sancho replied, "Methinks we may ſave ourſelves that trouble; for, if upon finding him, he ſhould prove to be the owner of the money, I muſt of courſe, make reſtitution: therefore we had better ſpare all this fruitleſs ſearch, and keep it bona fide, until the true owner, appear of himſelf, without all this intricate inquiry; and before that happens, perhaps I ſhall have ſpent the whole, and then I ſhall be diſcharged by law." "In that notion thou art miſtaken, Sancho, reſumed the knight; for, as we have already good grounds to believe that he is the owner, it is our duty to find him out, and reſtore what we have taken: and tho' we ſhould not find him, the ſtrong reaſon we have to believe that it belongs to him, will make us equally guilty in detaining it, as we ſhould be, if it really did. Wherefore, friend Sancho, do not give thyſelf any uneaſineſs about the inquiry; becauſe, if we find him, I ſhall be freed from a great deal of anxiety." So ſaying, he put ſpurs to Rozinante, and Sancho followed in his uſual manner. Having ſurrounded part of the mountain, they found in a brook that watered the foot of it, a dead mule ſaddled and bridled, and half conſumed by the dogs and crows: another circumſtance which confirmed them in the opinion, that he who fled from them was maſter both of the mule and portmanteau.

While they were looking at this object, they heard a ſhepherd's whiſtle, and preſently on the left appeared a good number of goats, and behind them, on the top of the mountain, they deſcried the goatherd, who ſeemed to be a man in years. Don Quixote calling aloud, intreated him to come down; and he in the ſame tone, aſked what had brought them to that

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that place, which was ſeldom trodden except by the feet of goats, wolves, and other wild beaſts that harboured thereabouts? Sancho bade him come down, and they would tell him what had brought them thither; upon which, the goatherd deſcended, and coming up to Don Quixote, "I'll wager, ſaid he, that you are looking at the hireling mule, which lies dead in that bottom, where in good ſooth it hath lain full ſix months. Pray, have you met with its maſter?" "We have met with nothing, anſwered the knight, but a pillion and portmanteau, which we found not far from hence." "I have often ſeen the ſame things, replied the goatherd, but would never touch nor go near them, being afraid of ſome misfortune; or of being queſtioned for theft; for, the devil is very cunning, and raiſes blocks under our feet, over which we ſtumble, and very often fall." "That is the very thing I ſay, anſwered Sancho, though I ſaw them alſo, I would not go within a ſtone's throw of them: there I left them, and there they remain as they were; for, I don't chuſe to ſteal a dog with a collar about his neck*." "Prithee, honeſt friend, ſaid Don Quixote, doſt thou know who the owner of theſe things is?" "All that I can ſay of the matter, anſwered the goatherd, is, that it may be about ſix months, more or leſs, ſince there came to our hut, which is about three leagues from hence, a very genteel young man of a comely appearance, riding upon that very mule that now lies dead, with the ſame pillion and portmanteau which you ſay, you found. He aſked what part of the mountain was the moſt woody and concealed, and we told him, that it was this very ſpot where we now are; and it is ſo, for if you go half a league farther into the mountain, you will perhaps, find it a very difficult matter to return: and I marvel much, how you have got ſo far, for, there is neither high-road, nor by-path that leads to this place. But, as I was ſaying, the young man hearing our reply, turned his mule, and rode towards the place to which we had directed him, leaving us all very much pleaſed with his appearance, though not a little ſurprized at his queſtion, and the ſpeed with which we ſaw him ride back into the heart of the mountain: from that time we ſaw no more of him, till a few days after, when he ſprung upon one of our ſhepherds on the road, and without ſaying why or wherefore, beat and bruiſed him unmercifully; after which, he went to the ſumpter-aſs, and, carrying off all the bread and cheeſe that was on his back, with ſurprizing nimbleneſs, ran back again to the thicket. As ſoon as we underſtood this particular, ſeveral of us goatherds went in ſearch of him, through the moſt wild and unfrequented part of the mountain, for the ſpace of two days, at the end of which, we found

* Methinks it is inconſiſtent with the character of the knight, to allow Sancho to tell ſuch a fraudulent untruth in his hearing; nor is Panza's behaviour, on this occaſion, much for the honour of his ſimplicity.

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him lying in the hollow of a large cork-tree. He came out to us, in a very civil manner, with his cloaths all torn, and his face ſo tanned and disfigured by the ſun, that we ſhould ſcarce have known him, had not his cloaths, tattered as they were, which we had before taken particular notice of, aſſured us that he was the perſon we went in ſearch of. He ſaluted us very courteouſly, and in a few words, though very well choſen, bade us not wonder at ſeeing him in that condition; for, he was obliged in that manner, to do penance, which had been injoined him, on account of his manifold ſins and tranſgreſſions. We earneſtly begged to know who he was, but that he never could be prevailed upon to tell: we deſired him alſo, whenever he ſhould have occaſion for food, without which he could not live, to tell us where we ſhould find him, and we would bring it to him, with great care and affection; or, if that was not to his liking, we deſired him to aſk it civilly, without taking it by force. He thanked us kindly for our tenders of ſervice, begged pardon for the aſſaults he had committed, and promiſed for the future, to aſk it for God's ſake, without giving offence to any perſon whatſoever. With regard to the place of his habitation, he ſaid he had no other than that which chance preſented every night when it grew dark; and concluded his diſcourſe with ſuch piteous lamentation, that our hearts muſt have been made of flint, if we could have heard it without ſhedding tears, conſidering the woeful change he had undergone, ſince we ſaw him at firſt: for, as I have already obſerved, he was a genteel, comely youth, and by his courteous and polite diſcourſe, ſhewed himſelf to be a perſon of good birth, and excellent breeding: and though we who heard him were only home-bred country people, the gentility of his carriage was eaſily perceived by our clowniſh ignorance. In the midſt of this converſation that paſt between him and us, he grew ſilent all of a ſudden, and nailed, as it were, his eyes to the ground, for a conſiderable ſpace of time, during which, we remained in ſuſpence and no ſmall concern, to ſee the effect of this ſtupefaction; for, by his ſtaring at the ground for a good while, without moving his eye-lids, then ſhutting them cloſe and biting his lips, and then drawing up the ſkin of his forehead, we could eaſily perceive that he was ſeized with ſome fit of madneſs; and he ſoon confirmed the truth of our opinion; for, he ſprung up with ſurprizing force, from the ground on which he had thrown himſelf, and attacked the perſon who was next to him, with ſuch rage and reſolution, that if we had not taken him off, he would have beaten and bit him to death: crying aloud all the time, "Ha, treacherous Fernando! Now ſhalt thou pay for the injury thou haſt done me. Theſe hands ſhall tear out thy heart, in which all kinds of wickedneſs, particularly fraud and deceit, are harboured and dwell!"

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To theſe he added other expreſſions, tending to reproach that Fernando with treachery and baſeneſs. When we had got our friend out of his clutches, with no ſmall trouble, he went off without ſpeaking another word, and ran at full ſpeed among theſe ſhrubs and brambles, ſo as that it was impoſſible for us to follow him. From theſe things, we conjectured that his madneſs comes upon him by fits, and that ſome perſon of the name of Fernando muſt have done him ſome deadly wrong, which hath driven him to diſtraction. Indeed, this conjecture has been ſince confirmed by his different behaviour on diverſe occaſions, when he hath met with our ſhepherds, from whom he hath ſometimes begged part of their proviſion, and at other times, hath taken it by force; for when the fit of lunacy is upon him, though they offer it of their own free will, he will not accept of it peaceably, without coming to blows; but, when he is in his right ſenſes, he begs it for God's ſake, in a very courteous and civil manner, and returns many thanks for the favour, accompanied with abundance of tears. And truly, gentlemen, added the goatherd, I and four more country lads, two of them my own ſervants, and the other two friends of mine, yeſterday reſolved to go in ſearch of him, and after having found him, to carry him, either by force or fair means, to the city of Almodavar, which is about eight leagues from hence; and there have him cured, if he be curable; or learn of him, when he is in his ſenſes, who he is, and whether or not he has any relations, to whom we may give an account of his misfortune. This, gentlemen, is all I can ſay, in anſwer to the queſtions you aſked; and you may take it for granted, that the owner of the goods you found, is the very ſame perſon whom you ſaw ſkip about, half-naked, with ſuch agility." For, Don Quixote had ſaid that they had ſeen a man in that condition, leaping from rock to rock.

The knight was very much ſurprized at this information of the goatherd, which making him ſtill more impatient to know who this unfortunate lunatic was, he determined with himſelf to put his former deſign in execution, and go in queſt of him, through the whole mountain, without leaving a cave or corner unſearched until he ſhould find him. But, accident was more his friend on this occaſion, than he could either imagine or expect. For, at that inſtant, the young man of himſelf, appeared in the cleft of a rock hard by the place where they ſtood; and came towards them, muttering ſomething to himſelf, which they could not have underſtood, had he been near, much leſs, as he was at ſome diſtance from them. His equipage was juſt as it has been deſcribed; but, as he approached, Don Quixote perceived that his buff doublet, though torn to rags, ſtill retained the perfume; from whence he concluded, that the perſon

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ſon who wore ſuch dreſs, could not be a man of the loweſt rank. When he came up, he ſaluted them very politely, though with a hoarſe miſtuned voice; and the ſalutation was returned with no leſs courteſy by Don Quixote, who alighting from Rozinante, with genteel and graceful deportment, went and embraced the ſtranger, whom he ſtrained within his arms a good while, as if he had been a very old acquaintance. The other, who might have been called the tatterdemalion of the diſtracted, as Don Quixote was ſtiled the knight of the rueful countenance, after having ſubmitted to this embrace, ſtept back, and laying his hands on the ſhoulders of the knight, ſtood looking attentively in his face, in order to recollect him; no leſs aſtoniſhed, perhaps, at the figure, mien and armour of Don Quixote, than this laſt was ſurpriſed at his forlorn appearance. At length, the firſt who broke ſilence after the embrace was the ragged youth, who ſpoke what you may read in the following chapter.

CHAP. X.

The continuation of the adventure in the Sierra Morena.

THE hiſtory relates, that Don Quixote liſtened with vaſt attention to the ſhabby knight of the mountain, who began the converſation thus: "Aſſuredly, ſignor, though I have not the honour to know who you are, I thank you heartily for thoſe expreſſions of kindneſs with which you treat me; and wiſh I were in ſuch a ſituation as would enable me to repay this courteous reception with ſomething more than meer good-will." "My will and deſire, anſwered Don Quixote, to ſerve you is ſo ſtrong, that I was determined not to quit theſe mountains, until I had found you, and learned of yourſelf, whether or not, the grief you manifeſt in this ſtrange courſe of life, could be alleviated by any kind of remedy, for which, had need required, I would have ſearched with all poſſible diligence: and had your misfortune been ſuch as ſhut up all the avenues to advice and redreſs, I was reſolved to join your lamentations, and bemoan your miſery to the utmoſt of my power; for, in all my misfortunes, the greateſt conſolation is a ſympathiſing friend: and if this my friendly intention deſerves the leaſt return of civility, I intreat you, ſignor, by that courteſy which I ſee you ſo eminently poſſeſs, and moreover, conjure you by that object, which of all others in this life, you have moſt loved, or are moſt in love with, to tell me who you are, and inform me of the cauſe that brings you to live and die in this ſolitude, like the brute beaſts among which you dwell, ſo different from that rank and ſituation, to which your

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dreſs and perſon declare you are intitled. And I ſwear by the order of chivalry which I have received, unworthy ſinner that I am! and by the profeſſion of a knight-errant, that if you comply with this my requeſt, I will ſerve you with that earneſtneſs which my duty obliges me to expreſs; either in remedying your miſhap, if it admits of remedy; or in condoling you, as I have already promiſed." The knight of the wood, hearing him of the rueful countenance talk in this manner, could do nothing for ſome time, but gaze, and ſtare and ſurvey him from head to foot; at length having examined him thoroughly, he ſaid, " If you have got any food, for God's-ſake ſpare me a little; and after I ſhall have eaten it, I will do as you deſire, in return for the civility you now ſhew me."

Sancho immediately pulled from his bag, and the goatherd from his ſcrip, ſome victuals to appeaſe the hunger of the tatterdemalion, who ſwallowed what they gave him, like a frantic perſon, with ſuch hurry that he left not the interval of an inſtant between one mouthful and another, but ſeemed to devour rather than eat, without either ſpeaking or being ſpoke to by the ſpectators. His repaſt being ended, he beckoned them to follow, and conducted them to a verdant ſpot of graſs, at the turning of a rock, a little way from the place where they were; and, ſitting down on the green turf, they followed his example; not a word being ſpoke all the time, until the ragged knight, after having adjuſted himſelf in his ſeat, began in this manner: " If you deſire, gentlemen, that I ſhould, in a few words, inform you of the immenſity of my misfortunes, you muſt give me your promiſe that you will not by any queſtion, or otherwiſe, interrupt the thread of my doleful ſtory; for, if you ſhould, that inſtant I will break off the narration." This warning recalled to the knight's memory, the ſtory recounted by his ſquire, which ſtill remained unfiniſhed, becauſe he had not kept an exact account of the goats, as they paſſed the river. But, to return to the tattered knight, " I give you this precaution, added he, becauſe, I would briefly paſs over the detail of my misfortunes, the remembrance of which brings freſh addition to my woe; and the fewer queſtions you aſk, the ſooner ſhall I have finiſhed the relation; although, in order to ſatisfy your curioſity to the full, I will not fail to mention every material circumſtance." Don Quixote promiſed, in behalf of himſelf and the company, to avoid all manner of interruption, and the ſtranger thus aſſured, began in theſe words:

" My name is Cardenio, the place of my nativity one of the beſt cities in this province of Andaluſia, my family noble, my parents rich, and my misfortunes ſo great, that no doubt, they have been lamented by them, and even felt through my whole kindred, though all their wealth would not alleviate my woe; for, the goods of fortune are but of little ſervice againſt

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againſt thoſe ills inflicted by the hand of heaven. In the ſame country lived, ſhall I call her, a paradiſe, which love had adorned with all the charms I could deſire to poſſeſs; ſuch was the beauty of Lucinda, a young lady as well born and rich as I, though more fortunate, and endowed with leſs conſtancy than what was due to my honourable intentions. This Lucinda did I admire, love and adore even from my moſt tender years; and ſhe made me all the returns of love and inclination, that I could expect from her infant age. Our parents were not ignorant of our mutual affection, which gave them no offence, becauſe they foreſaw that if it ſhould encreaſe with our years, it could have no other iſſue than marriage; an union which the equality of our age and fortune ſeemed to point out. Mean while, our paſſion growing up with our age, Lucinda's father thought himſelf obliged to forbid me his houſe; imitating, in that particular, the parents of Thiſbe, whom the poets have celebrated ſo much. This prohibition, added flame to flame, and wiſh to wiſh; for, though our tongues were reſtrained, they could not ſilence our pens, which commonly expreſs the ſentiments of the heart with more liberty, becauſe the preſence of the beloved object often confounds the moſt determined intention, and puts to ſilence the moſt undaunted tongue.

Good heaven! what letters did I write! what chaſte endearing anſwers did I receive! what ſongs did I compoſe, inſpired by love that diſplayed the ſoul unmaſked, inflamed each ſoft deſire, regaled the fancy and indulged the wiſh! in fine, my patience being exhauſted, and my heart almoſt conſumed with the deſire of ſeeing her, I reſolved to execute the ſcheme which ſeemed moſt favourable for my love and pretenſions; and this I put in practice, by demanding her in marriage of her father, who thanked me for the honour I intended him, by this propoſal of marrying into his family, but ſaid, as my own father was alive, it was properly his buſineſs to make the demand; for, unleſs his conſent and inclination were obtained, Lucinda was not a perſon either to be given or taken in marriage, by ſtealth. I thanked him, in my turn, for his politeneſs, and thinking there was a great deal of reaſon in what he ſaid, aſſured myſelf that my father would readily agree to the propoſal, whenever I ſhould make it. I therefore, flew inſtantly to diſcloſe my ſentiments to him on that ſubject, and entering the cloſet where he was, found him reading a letter, which before I could ſpeak a ſyllable, he put into my hand, ſaying, "By this letter, Cardenio, you will ſee how much duke Ricardo is inclined to do you ſervice." This duke Ricardo, as you muſt know, gentlemen, is a grandee of Spain, whoſe eſtate lies in the beſt part of this province. I took and read the letter, which was ſo extremely kind, that I myſelf ſhould have blamed my father, had he refuſed to comply with what

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he requeſted in it: this was, to ſend me immediately to his houſe, he being deſirous that I ſhould live as the companion, not the ſervant, of his eldeſt ſon; and he would take care of my fortune, in ſuch a manner as ſhould manifeſt the eſteem he had for me. Having read the letter, I was ſtruck dumb at knowing the contents; eſpecially, when I heard my father pronounce, "Two days hence, Cardenio, you ſhall ſet out, according to the pleaſure of the duke; and you ought to thank God for having opened an avenue, through which you may arrive at that fortune I know you deſerve." To this declaration he added other advices, as became a prudent father, and I, the night before I departed, finding means to ſpeak with Lucinda, told her what had happened; nay, I even imparted it to her father, intreating him to wait a few days, without diſpoſing of her to any other, until I ſhould know in what manner Ricardo wanted to employ me. He gave me his promiſe accordingly, and ſhe confirmed it by a thouſand vows and anxious ſighs.

I at length arrived at the ſeat of duke Ricardo, by whom I was ſo well received and kindly entertained, that Envy preſently began to do her office, poſſeſſing the old ſervants with the opinion, that every expreſſion of favour I received from the duke, was prejudicial to their intereſt. But he who was moſt rejoiced at my reſiding there, was the duke's ſecond ſon Fernando, a gay, genteel, liberal and amorous youth, who, in a ſhort time, was pleaſed to honour me with ſuch intimacy of friendſhip as became the ſubject of every body's diſcourſe; and though the elder brother loved and favoured me alſo, he did not carry his favour and affection to ſuch a pitch. Now, as all ſecrets are communicated between friends, and the confidence in which I lived with Fernando was ſoon changed into friendſhip, he imparted to me, his moſt ſecret thoughts, and among other things, a love-affair that gave him a good deal of diſquiet. In ſhort, he had an inclination for a country-maid, who was his father's vaſſal: her parents were very rich, and ſhe herſelf ſo beautiful, reſerved, modeſt, and diſcreet, that nobody who knew her could determine in which of theſe qualifications ſhe moſt excelled. Theſe accompliſhments of this fair maiden inflamed the deſires of Don Fernando to ſuch a pitch, that he reſolved, as the eaſieſt conqueſt over her virtue, to promiſe he would marry her; for, he found it impoſſible to gratify his wiſh, in any other way. I, prompted and bound by my friendſhip, endeavoured to diſſuade and divert him from his purpoſe, by the ſtrongeſt arguments and moſt lively examples I could produce; but, finding them all ineffectual, I reſolved to communicate the whole affair to his father-duke Ricardo.

Don Fernando having abundance of cunning and diſcernment, ſuſpected my intention; and was afraid, that the obligation he ſaw I was under,

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der, as a faithful ſervant, would not allow me to conceal an affair ſo prejudicial to the honour of the duke my maſter: he therefore, in order to divert and deceive me, obſerved, that he could find no better remedy to remove the beauty that enſlaved him, from his remembrance, than that of abſence for a few months; and therefore deſired that we ſhould go to my father's houſe, upon pretence, as he would tell the duke, of ſeeing and purchaſing ſome fine horſes in our town, which produces the beſt in the world. Scarce had he uttered this propoſal, when, prompted by my love, excluſive of his prudent intention, I approved of it, as one of the beſt concerted ſchemes that could be imagined; and was rejoiced at meeting with ſuch a fair conjuncture and occaſion of returning to my dear Lucinda. Induced by this motive and deſire, I applauded his pretence, and inforced his propoſal, adviſing him to execute his plan with all ſpeed; for, abſence would certainly do it's office, in ſpite of the moſt eſtabliſhed inclination. At that very time, as I afterwards underſtood, he had enjoyed the country-maid, under the title of her huſband, and waited for an opportunity of owning it with ſafety to himſelf, being afraid of the duke's reſentment, in caſe he ſhould diſcover his folly. It happened afterwards, that as love in young people is, for the moſt part, nothing but appetite, whoſe only aim is pleaſure; and this being enjoyed, what ſeemed love, vaniſhes, becauſe it cannot exceed the bounds of nature; whereas real love is bounded by no ſuch limits: I ſay, as ſoon as Don Fernando enjoyed the country-girl, his deſires were appeaſed and his raptures abated; and if at firſt, he pretended to ſeek a cure for them, in abſence, he now, earneſtly deſired to be abſent, that he might avoid any further gratification.

The duke having given him leave, and ordered me to attend him, we arrived at our habitation, where he was received by my father, in a manner, ſuitable to his rank and family. I went inſtantly to viſit Lucinda, whoſe preſence, in a moment, rekindled all my deſires, which indeed were neither dead nor decayed within me; and, to my infinite misfortune, I made Don Fernando acquainted with my love, becauſe I thought, by the laws of that intimate friendſhip with which he honoured me, I ought to conceal nothing from him. I therefore praiſed the beauty, grace, and diſcretion of Lucinda, in ſuch a manner, as excited his curioſity to ſee ſuch an accompliſhed young lady. Prompted by my evil genius, I gratified his deſire, ſhewing her to him one night, by the light of a taper, at the window, from which I uſed to converſe with her. At ſight of her he abſolutely forgot all the beauties he had formerly ſeen; he was ſtruck dumb with wonder; he ſeemed to loſe all ſenſe, became abſent and penſive; and, in ſhort, enamoured of her to that degree which you will perceive in the courſe of my unhappy ſtory. And, the more to inflame his deſire,

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deſire, which he concealed from me, and diſcloſed to heaven alone, he happened one day to find a letter which ſhe had written, deſiring me to aſk her in marriage of her father; ſo prudent, modeſt and tender, that upon peruſing it, he ſaid, "In Lucinda alone are concentered all the charms of beauty and underſtanding, which are divided among the reſt of her ſex." True it is, and I will now confeſs it, that although I knew how juſtly Fernando applauded Lucinda, I was vexed at hearing theſe praiſes proceed from his mouth, and began to dread, and ſuſpect his inclination; for, he was eternally talking of her, and always turned the diſcourſe upon her, even when he was obliged to bring her in by the head and ſhoulders: a circumſtance that waked a ſort of jealouſy within me; not, that I imagined aught could alter the faith and affection of Lucinda, yet, notwithſtanding, my deſtiny made me dread the very thing that confidence enſured. Don Fernando always endeavoured to read the letters I ſent to Lucinda, together with her anſwers, on pretence of being highly pleaſed with the good ſenſe they contained; and it once happened, that ſhe having deſired me to ſend her a book of knight-errantry, in which ſhe took great delight, called Amadis de Gaul."

Don Quixote no ſooner heard him mention this book, than he ſaid, "Had you told me, in the beginning of your ſtory, that your miſtreſs Lucinda was an admirer of books of chivalry, you would have had no occaſion to uſe any other argument to convince me of her ſublime underſtanding; which I ſhould not have deemed quite ſo extraordinary as you have repreſented it, had ſhe wanted reliſh for that ſort of reading: wherefore, you need not ſpend any more words with me, in extolling her beauty, virtue and good ſenſe; for, upon the knowledge of her taſte only, I pronounce her to be the moſt beautiful and diſcreet lady in the univerſe: I wiſh, however, that you had ſent along with Amadis de Gaul, the worthy Don Rugel of Greece; for, I know your miſtreſs Lucinda would have been greatly pleaſed with Darayra and Garaya, together with the judicious ſayings of the ſhepherd Darinel, and thoſe admirable verſes of his eclogues, ſung and repreſented by him with ſuch grace, ſpirit and diſcretion; but, the time will come when that omiſſion may be rectified; indeed the fault may be repaired as ſoon as you ſhall pleaſe to accompany me to the place of my habitation, where I can ſupply you with more than three hundred books, which are the feaſt of my ſoul, and entertainment of my life: though now I recollect, not one of them remains in my poſſeſſion; thanks to the malice of wicked and envious enchanters. But, I hope you will be ſo good as to forgive me for having contradicted my promiſe of not interrupting your ſtory; for, when the ſubject turns upon chivalry or knights-errant, I can no more forbear interpoſing, than the rays of the ſun

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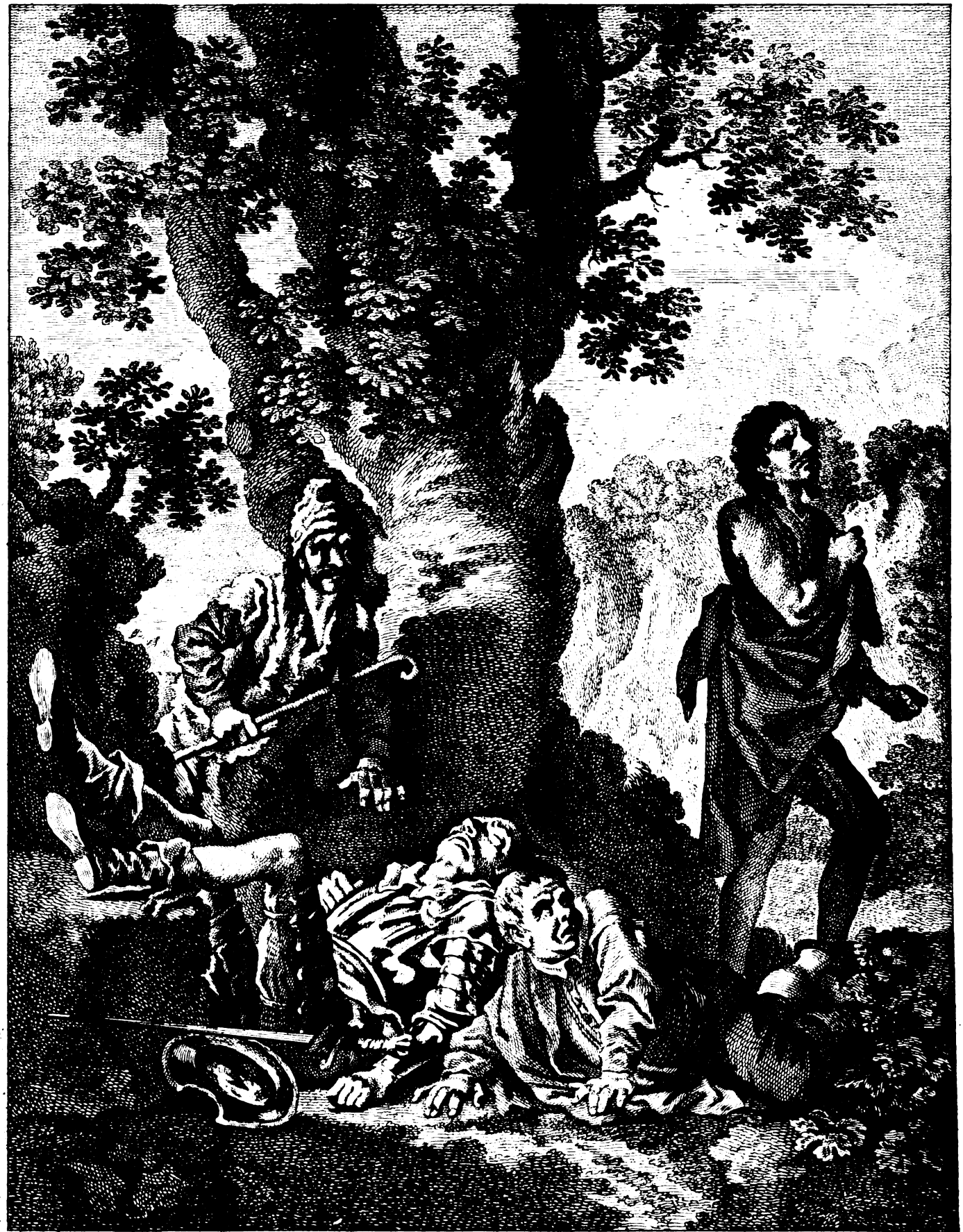

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S. F. Ravenet Sculpt.

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ſun can ceaſe to warm, or thoſe of the moon to wet: but, I aſk pardon, pray proceed with your ſtory; for, that is moſt to the purpoſe at preſent."

While Don Quixote was talking in this manner, Cardenio hung his head, and fell into a profound reverie; and tho' the knight repeated his requeſt, would neither lift up his head, nor anſwer one word. At length, after a long pauſe, looking up, "You cannot, ſaid he, beat it out of my thoughts; nor is there any perſon upon earth, who can perſuade me to the contrary; and he muſt be a blockhead, who imagines or believes otherwiſe, than that the villain maſter Eliſabat, carried on a criminal correſpondence with queen Madaſima." "By heaven, 'tis falſe! cried Don Quixote, with great indignation and impetuoſity, as uſual; that report is the effect of malice, or rather meer wantonneſs. Queen Madaſima was a moſt royal dame, and it is not to be preſumed, that a princeſs of her rank would confer favours upon a meer quack doctor. Whoſoever thinks otherwiſe, lies like a very great ſcoundrel; and I will prove him ſuch, either on horſeback or afoot, armed or diſarmed, by night or by day, as will moſt ſuit his inclination." Cardenio ſtood all the while, looking attentively at him, and being, by this time, ſeized with the paroxyſm of his madneſs, could not proceed with his ſtory; neither, if he had proceeded, would Don Quixote have liſtened to it, for he was offended at what he had heard to the prejudice * of queen Madaſima, whoſe reputation intereſted him as much as if ſhe had been actually his own miſtreſs: ſuch wonderful impreſſion had thoſe profane books made on his imagination!

I ſay then, Cardenio being by this time, under the influence of his diſtraction, and hearing himſelf called liar and ſcoundrel, with other terms of reproach, could not reliſh the joke; but, ſnatching up a large pebble that lay near him, aimed it ſo ſucceſsfully at Don Quixote's breaſt, that he fell fairly on his back with the blow. Sancho Panza, ſeeing his maſter treated in this manner, attacked the madman with his clenched fiſt; but, the lunatic received him with ſuch a blow, as knocked him down to the ground at once, and then getting upon him, mauled his carcaſe to his heart's content; while the goatherd, who attempted to defend him, met with the ſame fate. Having thus maſtered and pummelled them all round, he left off, and, with great compoſure, retreated to the thickets from whence he came. Sancho then aroſe, and enraged to find himſelf handled in this manner, for nothing, ran to take vengeance on the goatherd, ſaying that he was to blame for the whole, becauſe he had not informed him, that the man had intervals of madneſs; which had they known, they might have guarded againſt them. The goatherd affirmed, that he had appriſed them

* Queen Madaſima, a lady in Amadis de Gaul, attended by one Eliſabat a ſurgeon, with whom ſhe travels, and lies in woods and deſarts.

off

of what might happen; and if they had not heard him, it was no fault of his. The ſquire replied, the goatherd retorted, and, in concluſion, they went by the ears together, and pulled each other's beards with ſuch fury, that there would not have been a ſingle hair left on either chin, had not Don Quixote interpoſed. Sancho grappling ſtoutly with his adverſary, cried, "Give me leave, Sir knight of the rueful countenance; this is no armed knight, but a plebeian like myſelf, of whom I can ſecurely take ſatisfaction for the injury he has done me, by fighting with him hand to hand, like a man of honour." "True, ſaid Don Quixote; but, the cauſe of what hath happened, cannot be juſtly imputed to him." Peace accordingly enſued, and the knight aſked the goatherd again, if there was a poſſibility of finding Cardenio; for, he was extremely deſirous of hearing the concluſion of his ſtory. The goatherd repeated what he had ſaid before, that he did not certainly know whereabouts he reſided; but, if they ſhould ſtay long in theſe parts, they could not fail of finding him either mad or ſober.

CHAP. XI.

Of the ſtrange adventures that happened to the valiant knight of la Mancha, in the Sierra Morena, where he did penance, in imitation of Beltenebros.

DON Quixote having taken leave of the goatherd, and mounted Rozinante again, commanded Sancho to follow him; and the ſquire beſtriding his aſs, obeyed with great reluctance: as they advanced at leiſure, into the moſt rocky parts of the mountain, Sancho longed to death for an opportunity of talking, and waited impatiently till his maſter ſhould begin, that he might not tranſgreſs his orders; but, being utterly unable to keep ſilence any longer, "Sir Don Quixote, ſaid he, be pleaſed to give me your bleſſing, and grant me leave to return immediately to my wife and children, with whom I can talk and prattle my fill; for, in commanding me to travel with you, thro' theſe deſarts, night and day, without opening my lips when I am diſpoſed to ſpeak, your worſhip buries me alive: if it were the will of heaven, that beaſts ſpoke as they did in the days of Hyſſop, I ſhould be the leſs uneaſy, becauſe I would converſe with my aſs, at pleaſure; and that would be ſome comfort to me in my misfortunes; but, it is a very hard caſe, and what I cannot bear with patience, to travel in ſearch of adventures all my life, and find nought but ribroaſtings, blanketings, robberies, and fiſtycuffs; and after all, be obliged to ſew up our mouths, without daring to bring up what lies upon our ſtomachs, more than if we were dumb."

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" I underſtand thee, Sancho, replied the knight; thou art impatient until I take off the interdiction I have laid upon thy tongue: I take it off, then—ſay what you pleaſe, on condition, that this repeal ſhall laſt no longer than our ſtay in this mountain." " Be it ſo, ſaid Sancho; to-day I will ſpeak; to-morrow, God's will be done: and the firſt uſe I make of this ſafe conduct, is to aſk why your worſhip was in ſuch a paſſion, about that queen Magimaſa, or how d'ye call her? or of what ſignification was it to you, whether that ſame Abat was her ſweetheart or not? Had your worſhip overlooked that circumſtance that you had no concern in, I firmly believe the madman would have gone on with his ſtory, and you would have ſaved yourſelf the pebble-ſhot, with more than half a dozen of kicks and cuffs."

" In faith, Sancho, anſwered Don Quixote, if thou knoweſt, as I do, what an honourable and princely lady that queen Madaſima was, thou wouldeſt ſay, I had great patience in forbearing to demoliſh the mouth from whence ſuch blaſphemy proceeded; for, ſure 'tis no leſs to ſay, or even think, that a queen ſhould take a ſurgeon to her bed. The truth of the ſtory is this, that maſter Eliſabat, whom the lunatic mentioned, was a man of prudence and diſcernment, and ſerved the queen in quality of tutor and phyſician; but, to ſuppoſe that there was any indecent familiarity between them, is a piece of folly that deſerves to be ſeverely chaſtiſed: and to convince thee that Cardenio knew not what he ſaid, thou mayeſt remember he was deprived of his ſenſes, when he took notice of that circumſtance." " This I'll venture to ſay, replied the ſquire, that the words of a madman are not to be minded; for, if fortune had not ſtood your worſhip's friend, and directed to your breaſt the pebble that was aimed at your head, we ſhould have been in a fine condition, for your having quarrelled about that lady, whom heaven confound: you may depend upon it, Cardenio would have been acquited on account of his madneſs."

" Every knight-errant, ſaid Don Quixote, is obliged to quarrel with thoſe who are out of their ſenſes, as well as thoſe who are in them, if they aſperſe the honour of women, whatſoever they might be. How much more then, in behalf of princeſſes of ſuch high quality and accompliſhments as adorned queen Madaſima, for whom I have a particular affection, on account of her admirable qualifications; for, over and above her beauty, ſhe had a great ſhare of prudence and reſignation in her calamities, which were manifold: and the advice and company of maſter Eliſabat, were of great ſervice in encouraging her to bear her afflictions with patience and equanimity. From hence, the ignorant and malicious vulgar took occaſion to ſay, and ſuppoſe, that ſhe admitted of his careſſes: but, they lie—I ſay again, all thoſe who either ſay or think ſo, lie in their throats, and I will tell them ſo two hundred

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times over." "As for my own part, ſaid Sancho, I neither ſay nor think any ſuch thing; thoſe that do may dine upon it: if they were too familiar, by this time they have anſwered for it to God. I prune my own vine, and know nothing about thine. I never meddle with other people's concerns. He that buys and denies, his own purſe belies; as the ſaying is. Bare I was born, and bare I remain: and if I loſe nothing, as little I gain. If he did lie with her that is no matter of mine. Many people hunt the hare without ever finding the ſcut; for, 'Till you hedge in the ſky, the ſtarlings will fly. And evil tongues will not refrain from God himſelf."

"Good heaven! cried Don Quixote, what fooleries art thou ſtringing together, Sancho! pray, what relation have theſe old ſaws to the ſubject of our converſation? I charge thee to hold thy peace, and henceforth entertain thyſelf with ſpurring up thy aſs, and leave off talking of things which do not concern thee: or, let thy whole five ſenſes be convinced, that every thing I have done, am doing, or will do, is highly reaſonable, and in exact conformity with the laws of chivalry, which I underſtand better than any knight that ever profeſſed the order." "Yes, Sir, replied Sancho, to be ſure it is an excellent law of chivalry, to ſtroll about bewildered in theſe mountains, where there is neither high-road nor by-path, in ſearch of a madman, who, after we have found him, will perhaps take it in his head to finiſh what he left undone; not of his ſtory, but of your worſhip's pate and my ribs, which he may chance to break in a thouſand ſhivers."

"I ſay again, Sancho, reſumed the knight, hold thy peace; for, I would have thee know, that I am not detained in this place, ſo much by the deſire of finding the lunatic, as of performing in it, an exploit by which I ſhall acquire everlaſting renown throughout the whole known world; and put the ſtamp of perfection upon the wonderful efforts of knight-errantry." "And will this exploit be attended with much danger?" ſaid Sancho. "No, anſwered he of the rueful countenance, tho' the dice may run ſo as to produce bad inſtead of good fortune: but, the whole will depend upon thy diligence." "Upon my diligence!" cried the ſquire. "Without doubt, anſwered his maſter; for, if thou wilt return ſpeedily, from the place to which thou muſt be ſent, my affliction will ſoon be at an end, and my glory will ſpeedily begin: and, that I may no longer keep thee in ſuſpence about the meaning of my words, know, Sancho, that the celebrated Amadis de Gaul was one of the moſt perfect knights-errant. One of them, ſaid I? he alone, was the only, ſingle, chief and ſuperior of all his contemporaries. Contempt and ſhame upon Bellianis, and all thoſe who ſay he equalled him in any one particular; for, by this light, they are all egregiouſly deceived! I ſay, moreover, when a painter deſires to become famous in his art, he endeavours to imitate the originals painted by the moſt noted artiſts; and the

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the ſame maxim holds in every other ſcience and exerciſe that adorns a commonwealth: therefore, he who wants to attain the virtues of prudence and equanimity, muſt endeavour to imitate the character of Ulyſſes, in whoſe perſon and ſufferings Homer has drawn an excellent picture of wiſdom and patience, as Virgil, in the perſon of Æneas, repreſents the piety of an affectionate ſon, and the ſagacity of a wiſe and valiant general: not, that they are deſcribed and ſet forth exactly as they were, but, as they ought to have been; as examples of virtue to poſterity. In the ſame manner, Amadis ſhone like the north-ſtar, the lucifer and ſun of all valiant and amorous knights; and therefore, muſt be imitated, as a pattern, by all thoſe who ſerve under the banners of love and chivalry. Now, this being the caſe, friend Sancho, I find that the knight-errant who approaches the neareſt to this great original, will bid faireſt for attaining the perfection of chivalry: and one of the circumſtances in which that knight gave the higheſt proofs of his worth, prudence, valour, patience, conſtancy and love, was his retiring to the poor rock, when he was in diſgrace with his miſtreſs Oriana, there to do penance under the feigned name of * Beltenebros; an appellation certainly very ſignificant and proper to the way of life he had voluntarily choſen. As it is therefore, more eaſy for me to imitate him in this, than in cleaving giants, beheading ſerpents, ſlaying dragons, overthrowing armies, ſcattering navies, and diſſolving enchantments; and as this ſolitude is ſo well adapted to ſuch deſigns, I am reſolved to ſeize occaſion by the forelock, which ſhe now ſo complaiſantly preſents."

"In reality, ſaid Sancho, what is your worſhip reſolved to do in this remote place?" "Have I not already told thee, replied the knight, that I am determined to imitate Amadis, in acting the deſperado, the lunatic and madman: to copy alſo after the valiant Don Roldan, when he diſcovered, in a fountain, certain marks by which he was convinced that Angelica the fair had committed uncleanneſs with Medoro. A piece of information attended with ſuch grief and anxiety, that he ran mad, tore up the trees by the roots, ſullied the waters of the tranſparent ſprings, ſlew ſhepherds, deſtroyed flocks, ſet fire to cottages, demoliſhed houſes, dragged mares along the ground, and performed a thouſand other inſolent feats worthy to be inſerted in fame's eternal record: and becauſe I do not propoſe to imitate Roldan, or Orlando or Rotolando, for he went by all theſe names, literally in all the extravagancies he thought, ſaid and did, I will copy his outlines as well as I can, in the moſt eſſential parts of his character; nay, perhaps, I may content myſelf with the ſole imitation of Amadis, who, by his tears and ſighs alone, acquired as much fame as the other, with all the miſchief he did." "If I apprehend the matter aright, ſaid Sancho,

* The Beautiful obſcure.

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the knights who played ſuch mad pranks were provoked, and had ſome reaſon to act theſe fooleries and penance: but, what cauſe hath your worſhip to turn madman? With what lady are you in diſgrace? or by what ſigns are you given to underſtand that the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo has been playing the rogue either with Moor or Chriſtian?" "This is the point, anſwered Don Quixote, and refinement of my deſign: a knight who turns madman, becauſe he cannot help it, can claim no merit from his misfortune; but, the great matter is, to run diſtracted without cauſe, and give my lady reaſon to conceive what I could do were I moiſtened, when I can do ſo much, being dry. More eſpecially, as I have ſufficient cauſe in the long abſence to which I am doomed by my ever-darling miſtreſs Dulcinea del Toboſo; for, according to the words of the ſhepherd Matias Ambroſio, which thou mayeſt have heard,

In abſence of my charming fair,
I ſuffer all thoſe ills I fear.

Wherefore, friend Sancho, you need not throw away your time unprofitably, in adviſing me to refrain from an imitation at once ſo admirable, rare and happy: mad I am, and mad I ſhall be until thou returneſt with the anſwer of a letter which I propoſe to ſend by thee to my lady Dulcinea: and if it be ſuch as I am intitled to by my love and fidelity; my diſtraction and penance will end: but, ſhould it be otherwiſe, I ſhall run mad in earneſt, and conſequently be inſenſible of my misfortune: wherefore, let her anſwer be as it may, it will extricate me from the doubts and affliction in which thou leaveſt me; becauſe, if it be favourable, I ſhall enjoy it in my right ſenſes; and if it be unfavourable, my frenzy will not feel it.

But, tell me, Sancho, haſt thou taken care of Mambrino's helmet, which I ſaw thee take up, after that ungrateful vagabond endeavoured in vain to break it in pieces: a circumſtance that proves the excellency of its temper?" To this exclamation, Sancho replied, "'Fore God! Sir knight of the rueful countenance, I cannot ſuffer nor bear with patience, ſome things which your worſhip ſays; for, they make me imagine, that all you have mentioned about chivalry, and acquiring kingdoms and empires, and giving away iſlands, with other favours and preſents, according to the practice of knights-errant, is nothing but puffs of falſhood, and the meer effect of piction or fiction, or what d'ye call it: for, who that hears your worſhip call a barber's baſon the helmet of Mambrino, and ſees you continue in that error ſo many days, but will believe, that he who affirms ſuch nonſenſe, muſt be very much crazed in his underſtanding? The baſon, which is all bruiſed and battered, I have put up in my bag, in order to be mended at home, and uſed for the ſervice of my own beard, if ever, by the grace of God,

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God, I come to ſee my wife and family again." "Heark ye, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, by the ſame oath you ſwore, I ſwear again, that thou haſt the moſt ſlender underſtanding that any ſquire in this world does, or ever did poſſeſs! is it poſſible, that after all thy travelling in my company, thou art not convinced that every thing belonging to knights-errant, appears chimera, folly and diſtraction, being metamorphoſed into the reverſe of what it is, by the power of a tribe of enchanters who attend us, changing, converting and reſtoring each particular, according to their pleaſure; and the inclination they have, to favour or annoy us: for which reaſon, what ſeems a barber's baſon to thee, I can eaſily diſcern to be the helmet of Mambrino, and perhaps to a third, it will aſſume a quite different appearance; and I cannot but admire the providence of the ſage who is my friend, in making that which is really and truly Mambrino's helmet, appear a baſon to the reſt of mankind, becauſe it is of ſuch ineſtimable value, that if it was known, the whole world would combine to raviſh it from me; but, as it appears to them no more than a barber's baſon, they never attempt to obtain it. This was plainly the caſe with the villain, who having endeavoured to break it in pieces, left it on the ground, when he went off; whereas, had he known what it was, in good faith, he would not have quitted it ſo eaſily. Keep it therefore with care, my friend, for, at preſent, there is no occaſion for it; on the contrary, I ſhall ſtrip off all my armour, and remain naked as I was born, in caſe I be inclined to imitate the penance of Roldan, rather than that of Amadis."

Converſing in this manner, they arrived at the foot of a high mountain, that ſtood alone, as if it had been cut out from the reſt that ſurrounded it. A gentle rill murmured by the ſkirts of it, winding along a meadow ſo green and fertile, that it raviſhed the ſpectator's eye; while a number of foreſt-trees that grew around, together with ſome delicious herbs and flowers, conſpired to make the place enchanting. This was the ſcene in which the knight of the rueful countenance choſe to do penance; and therefore he no ſooner perceived it, than he began to exclaim aloud, as if he had actually loſt his ſenſes; "This is the ſpot, ye heavens! which I chuſe and appoint my reſidence, while I bewail that misfortune to which you yourſelves have reduced me. This is the place, where the tears from theſe eyes, will increaſe the waters of that little brook; and where my profound and uninterrupted ſighs will inceſſantly move the leaves of theſe mountain-oaks, in witneſs and teſtimony of the pangs which my tormented heart endures. O ye rural deities, whoſoever ye are, who take up your manſion in this uninhabited place, give ear to the complaints of an unhappy lover, whom a tedious abſence and imaginary doubts have brought to lament among theſe craggy hills, and bemoan the cruel diſpoſition of that ungrateful fair, who

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is the end and perfection of all human beauty! O ye nymphs and dryads, who are wont to inhabit the hills and groves (ſo may no nimble and laſcivious ſatyrs, by whom you are beloved, tho' loved in vain, diſturb your ſweet repoſe) help me to bewail my miſhap; or at leaſt diſdain not to hear my moan! O Dulcinea del Toboſo! Light of my darkneſs! Glory of my affliction! North-ſtar of my inclinations! and planet of my fortune! as heaven ſhall pour upon you the bleſſings which you aſk; conſider the place and condition to which your abſence hath exiled me, and put ſuch a period to my woe, as my fidelity ſhall ſeem to deſerve! O ye ſolitary trees, who henceforth are to bear me company in this retreat, convince me, by the gentle ſtirring of your boughs, that my preſence gives you no diſguſt: and thou, my ſquire, the agreeable companion of my good and evil fortune, faithfully retain in thy remembrance, what thou ſhalt ſee me do, that thou mayeſt recount and rehearſe every circumſtance to the lovely cauſe of all my diſtraction!" So ſaying, he alighted, and taking off the bridle and ſaddle from Rozinante, gave him a ſlap on the buttocks, pronouncing theſe words: "He who is a ſlave himſelf, beſtows freedom upon thee, O ſteed, as excellent in thy qualities as unlucky in thy fate! go whereſoever thou wilt; thou beareſt engraven on thy forehead, that thou waſt never equalled in ſwiftneſs, either by Aſtolpho's Hypogriff, or the renowned Frontino that coſt Bradamante ſo dear."

Sancho, hearing this apoſtrophe, "My bleſſing, cried he, be upon him, whoſe induſtry now ſaves us the trouble of taking the halter from the head of Dapple*, who, in good faith, ſhould not want ſlaps on the buttocks, nor abundance of fine things ſaid in his praiſe: but, if he was here, I would not conſent to his being turned looſe, there being no reaſon for ſo doing; for, he was never acquainted with love or deſpair, no more than I who was his maſter, while it pleaſed God I ſhould be ſo: and truly, Sir knight of the rueful countenance, if this departure of mine, and diſtraction of your worſhip are really to take place, you had better ſaddle Rozinante again, to ſupply the want of Dapple; by which means a great deal of time will be ſaved in my going and coming; whereas, if I make the journey on foot, I know not when it will be performed; for, in ſhort, I am a very ſorry walker." "Be it ſo, then, Sancho, anſwered Don Quixote. I approve of thy propoſal; and aſſure thee, that thou ſhalt ſet out in three days, during which I would have thee take notice of what I ſhall do for her ſake, that you mayeſt be able to give her a full account of my behaviour." "What more can I ſee, ſaid Sancho, than I have ſeen already?" "What will very much embelliſh your ſtory, anſwered the knight; as yet, I have not torn my cloaths, ſcattered my armour, and daſhed my head againſt the rocks, nor performed many other

* Lo! Sancho's aſs hath diſappeared again!

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things of this ſort, which thou wilt behold with admiration." "For the love of God, Sir, cried Sancho, take care how you daſh your head againſt the rocks; for, you may chance to meet with ſuch an one as will at the firſt puſh put the finiſhing ſtroke to this whole ſcheme of penance; and I ſhould think, that as knocks on the head are abſolutely neceſſary to complete the work, your worſhip might content yourſelf, ſeeing the whole affair is a ſham, a counterfeit and a joke; I ſay, your worſhip might content yourſelf with ramming your ſkull againſt water, or ſome ſoft thing, like a cotton bag; and leave it to my care to tell my lady, that your worſhip went to logger-heads with the point of a rock, a thouſand times harder than adamant." "Friend Sancho, replied the knight, I am obliged to thee, for thy kind intention; but, thou muſt know, that what I do is not a ſham, but a very ſerious matter; for, to behave otherwiſe were to tranſgreſs the orders of chivalry, which forbid us to lie, under pain of being degraded; and you know, that to ſubſtitute one thing inſtead of another, is downright telling a lie: wherefore, my knocks on the head muſt be real, hard and effectual, and not ſophiſticated or imaginary; and it will be neceſſary to leave me ſome lint for my wounds, ſince, it was the will of fate that we ſhould loſe the balſam."

"It was a much greater misfortune, ſaid the ſquire, to loſe the aſs, and with him the lint and all; but I beſeech your worſhip, not to talk of that accurſed drench, the ſole mention of which not only turns my ſtomach, but even my very ſoul; and I beſeech you moreover, to ſuppoſe we have paſt thoſe three days, which you have appointed for ſhewing me your mad pranks; for, I take them all for granted, and will tell wonders of them to my lady. Write the letter, therefore, and diſpatch me forthwith; becauſe, I am impatient till I return and deliver your worſhip, from that purgatory in which I leave you." "Purgatory call you it, Sancho? replied Don Quixote: it rather deſerves the name of hell, or ſomething worſe, if worſe can be." "I have heard, ſaid the ſquire, that from hell there is no retention." "I know not, replied the knight, what you mean by retention." "Retention, anſwered Sancho, ſignifies, that whoſoever goeth to hell, neither will nor can come back again. The contrary of which ſhall happen to your worſhip, or my feet will miſgive me, provided I carry ſpurs to quicken Rozinante: and ſet me once face to face before my lady Dulcinea, at Toboſo, I will tell her ſuch ſtories of the folly and madneſs, for they are both the ſame thing, which your worſhip hath committed, and will then be committing, that though I ſhould find her harder than a cork-tree, I will make her as pliant as a glove, and with her ſweet and honeyed anſwer, return through the air, like a witch, and deliver your worſhip from this purgatory that appears like hell, though it be not really

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ſo, becauſe there are ſome hopes of getting out of it; whereas thoſe who are actually in hell can have no ſuch expectation; and I dare ſay, your worſhip will not advance any thing to the contrary."

"That is all very true, ſaid he of the rueful countenance; but, how ſhall we make ſhift to write this letter?" "Ay, and the bill for the colts;" added Sancho. "That ſhall be inſerted in the letter, anſwered his maſter; and I think, as there is no paper to be had in this place, the beſt thing we can do, will be to write, in the manner of the ancients, on the leaf of a tree, or on waxen tables, though, I believe, thoſe will be as difficult to be found as the paper. But, now, I remember what will do well and excellently well for our purpoſe: I will write it in the pocket book which belonged to Cardenio, and thou ſhalt take care to have it fairly tranſcribed in the firſt place where thou canſt find a ſchool-maſter or pariſh-clerk to copy it. But, by no means employ a ſcrivener, who may write it in ſuch an unintelligible court-hand, that Satan himſelf could not underſtand it." "But what is to be done about the ſigning of it?" ſaid Sancho. "Love-letters are never ſigned," replied Don Quixote. "True, reſumed the ſquire, but all bills muſt be ſubſcribed; and if this of yours, were to be copied, they would ſay the ſubſcription was counterfeit, and I might go whiſtle for my colts." "The bill ſhall be ſubſcribed with my own hand, in the pocket-book, which my niece ſhall no ſooner ſee, than ſhe will comply with the order, without any further objection: and with regard to the letter, inſtead of my ſubſcription, thou ſhalt cauſe to be inſerted, "Yours, till death, the knight of the rueful countenance." And though it be written by another hand, it is of ſmall importance, becauſe, now, I remember, Dulcinea can neither read nor write, nor ever ſet eyes on any writing or letter of mine; for, our mutual love has been altogether platonic, without extending farther than a modeſt glance; and even that ſo ſeldom, that I can ſafely ſwear, in twelve years, during which I have loved her more than the light of theſe eyes, which will one day be cloſed in duſt, I have not ſeen her more than four times, and even in theſe four times, perhaps, ſhe has not perceived me looking at her more than once. Such is the reſtraint and reſerve, in which her father Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother Aldonza Nogales, have brought her up!"

"Ah, ha! cried Sancho, is the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, whoſe other name is Aldonza Lorenzo, the ſame with the lady Dulcinea?" "Yes, anſwered the knight, and ſhe deſerves to be lady of the whole univerſe." "I know her perfectly well, ſaid Sancho; and this will venture to ſay, in her behalf, that ſhe will pitch the bar, as well as e'er a luſty young fellow in the village. Bleſs the ſender! ſhe is a ſtrapper, tall and hale wind and limb, and can lift out of the mire any ſquire or knight-errant, who ſhall

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chooſe her for his ſweet-heart. Ah! the whore's-chick! what a pair of lungs and voice ſhe has got! I heard her one day, hollow from the belfrey to ſome young fellows of her acquaintance, who were at work in a corn-field of her father's; and, though it was at the diſtance of half a league, they heard her as plain as if they had been right under the ſteeple; and what is better ſtill, ſhe is not at all coy, but behaves herſelf civilly; and jokes, and romps, and plays the rogue with any body. Now, ſir knight of the rueful countenance, I ſay that your worſhip not only has cauſe to run mad for her, but even to deſpair and hang yourſelf; and I am ſure nobody that heard it, but would ſay you had done extremely well; even though the devil ſhould run away with you: and truly, I wiſh I were now upon my way, meerly to ſee her; for, I have not beheld her theſe many days; and, ſurely, ſhe muſt be greatly altered; for, the ſun and weather does very much damage to the face of a woman, who is always at work in the field. To tell you the truth, ſir Don Quixote, I have hitherto lived in great ignorance with reſpect to my lady Dulcinea, whom I verily believed to be ſome princeſs, that your worſhip was in love with; or a perſon of ſuch rank as to deſerve the rich preſents you ſent to her; namely, the Biſcayan and galley-ſlaves, with many others whom you conquered in the courſe of your numberleſs victories, both before and ſince I have been your ſquire. But, when one conſiders the affair, what benefits can my lady Aldonza Lorenzo—I mean, my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, reap from your worſhip's ſending, or having ſent thoſe, whom you overcome in battle, to fall upon their knees before her? eſpecially, as they might chance to come, at a time, when ſhe is buſy, carding flax or threſhing corn; in which caſe, they would be aſhamed to ſee her, and ſhe laugh or be out of humour at their arrival." "I have frequently obſerved, before now, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, that thou art an everlaſting babler, and, though of a ſhallow underſtanding, thy bluntneſs borders often on ſeverity; but, to convince thee of thy own ignorance and my diſcretion, thou ſhalt give ear to a ſhort ſtory which I will relate.

Know then, that once upon a time, a certain handſome widow, young, free, wealthy, and, above all, good-humoured, fell in love with a thick, ſquat, brawny lay-brother, belonging to a neighbouring convent; the ſuperior of which being informed of the affair, ſaid to the widow, one day, by way of brotherly reproof, "I am amazed, madam, and not without cauſe, that a lady of your rank, beauty and fortune, ſhould beſtow your affection upon ſuch a low, ſimple, clowniſh fellow; when there are ſo many maſters, graduates, and divines in the convent, among whom your ladyſhip may chooſe, as one picks pears, ſaying, This I like, that I loath. The lady anſwered, with great freedom and vivacity, "Signor,

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you are very much deceived, and very old-fashioned in your opinion, if you think I have made a bad choice in that fellow, who seems so simple: for, in that particular which I admire, he is as much of a philosopher, nay, more than Aristotle himself. In like manner, Sancho, Dulcinea del Toboso is as proper for my occasions as the highest princess upon earth. All the poets, who have celebrated ladies, under names which they invented at pleasure, had not really such mistresses as they describe. Dost thou imagine, that all the Amarylliss, Silvias, Phillises, Dianas, Galateas, Alidas, and other names so often met with, in romances, poems, barbers shops, and on the stage, actually belonged to ladies of flesh and blood, who were adored by those who sing, and have sung their praises? No surely; but, on the contrary, are, for the most part, feigned and adopted as the subjects of verse, that the poets may be thought men of amorous and gallant dispositions. Wherefore, let it suffice, that I imagine and believe the worthy Aldonza Lorenzo, to be beautiful and modest: and, as to her pedigree, it is a matter of small importance; there is no necessity for taking informations on that head, as if she were to be invested with some order of knighthood, and I take it for granted, that she is the noblest princess in the universe; for, thou must know, Sancho, if it be a thing of which thou art ignorant, that the two qualities, which above all others, inspire love, are beauty and reputation: and these two is Dulcinea in consummate possession of; for, in beauty, she excels all women, and is equalled by very few, in point of reputation. And, to conclude, I imagine that all I have said is true without exaggeration or diminution. I paint her in my fancy, according to my wish, as well in beauty as in rank; unexcelled by Helen, unrivalled by Lucretia, or any other heroine of ages past, whether Grecian, Roman or Barbarian; and let people say what they will, if I am blamed by the ignorant, I shall be acquitted by the most rigid of those who are proper judges of the case." "I say, answered Sancho, that your worship is very much in the right, and I am no better than an ass: but I know not why I should mention the word ass; for, one ought not to talk of halters in the house of a man who was hanged. But give me the letter, and farewel 'till I return."

Don Quixote pulled out the memorandum-book, and, stepping aside, with great composure, began to write the letter, which when he had finished, he called to Sancho, saying, he wanted to read it to him, that he might retain it in his memory, in case he should lose it by the way; for, every thing was to be feared from his evil fortune. "Your worship, answered Sancho, may write it down, two or three times in the book, and I will take special care to convey it safely; but, it is folly to suppose, that I can retain it in my memory, which is so bad, that I have many a time forgot

forgot my own name; but, notwithſtanding, pray, Sir, read it to me; I ſhall be hugely rejoiced to hear it; for, it muſt certainly be curiouſly penned." "Liſten then, and I will read it," ſaid Don Quixote, who began as follows.

Don Quixote's letter to Dulcinea del Toboſo.

Sovereign and ſublime princeſs,

HE who is wounded by the edge of abſence, and whoſe heart is ſtuck full of the darts of affliction, moſt divine Dulcinea del Toboſo! wiſhes thee that health which he is not doomed to enjoy. If I am ſcorned by thy beauty, if thy virtue affords me no relief, if thy diſdain completes my misfortune; albeit, I am inured to ſuffering, I can ill ſupport the miſery I bear, which hath not only been exceſſive, but alſo of long duration. My truſty ſquire Sancho will give thee an ample relation, O ungrateful beauty and lovely foe! of the ſituation in which I remain on thy account: if it be thy will to ſuccour me, I am thy ſlave; if not, uſe thy pleaſure; for, the end of my life will ſatisfy thy cruelty and my deſire. Thine till death,

The Knight of the rueful countenance.

"By my father's ſoul! cried Sancho, this is the higheſt thing I ever heard. Odds-niggers! how your worſhip writes whatſoever you pleaſe, and how curiouſly you conclude, 'The knight of the rueful countenance.' I verily believe your worſhip is the devil himſelf, and knows every thing." "All that knowledge, replied the knight, is neceſſary for the employment I profeſs." "Why then, ſaid the ſquire, be ſo good as to write on the other leaf, the order for the three colts, and be ſure to ſubſcribe diſtinctly, that when it is preſented, your hand-writing may be known." "With all my heart," ſaid Don Quixote, who, having written the order, read it aloud in theſe terms.

Dear Niece,

PLEASE deliver to Sancho Panza, my ſquire, or order, at ſight of this my firſt bill of colts, three of the five, which I left at home in your cuſtody: which three colts I order you to pay, in return for the like number received of him: and this bill, together with his receipt, ſhall be a ſufficient acquittance to you.

Given in the heart of the brown mountain, the twentieth and ſecond of Auguſt, this preſent year.

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Sancho liked the form, and desired his master to sign it. "There is no occasion for my signing it, said Don Quixote, with any thing but my cypher, which is sufficient not only for three, but three hundred asses." "As to that, I will take your worship's word; and now give me leave to go and saddle Rozinante, which when I have done, and received your blessing, I intend forthwith to depart, without staying to see you play any foolish tricks, though I will affirm, I have beheld you perform many more than I wished to see." "At least, Sancho, said the knight, I would have thee, because there is a necessity for it, stay and see me stript, and perform a dozen or two of mad pranks, which I can easily finish in half an hour; for, when thine eyes shall have been witnesses of some things I will act, thou mayst safely swear to what additions thou shalt make in thy report; and I assure thee, thou wilt not relate the half of what I intend to atchieve." "For the love of God! dear Sir, cried Sancho, let me not see your worship naked: for, it will give me so much uneasiness, that I shall not be able to refrain from weeping; and, my head aches already, with the sorrow I felt last night, about Dapple; so, that I cannot bear to be set a mourning again: wherefore, if it be your worship's pleasure, that I should see some of your mad actions, pray dispatch them in your cloaths; and let them be such as will stand you in most stead: for my own part, I think there is no occasion for any such thing; and if you dispense with them, it will save time, and send me back the sooner with such news as your worship desires and deserves. For, if my lady Dulcinea is not prepared to send a reasonable answer, I solemnly protest, I will extract a favourable reply out of her maw, by kicking and cuffing. What! is it to be born that such a renowned knight-errant as your worship, should run mad without why or wherefore, on account of a—I would not have her ladyship compel me to speak, or, egad, I shall blab things by the dozen, even tho' they should spoil the market. I am a rare fellow at that sport. I find she knows little of my temper, otherwise, i'faith! she would take care to give me no offence." "In good faith! Sancho, said Don Quixote, thou seemest to be as mad as myself." "Not quite so mad, replied the squire; but a little more choleric; but, enough of that. What eatables has your worship got to live upon till my return? will you go to the high-road, and rob the shepherds, like Cardenio?" "Let not that give thee any concern, answered the knight; though I had store of provisions by me, I should eat nothing but the herbs and fruits which this meadow and these trees afford: the perfection of my design consisting in abstaining from food, and in encountering other hardships." "Your worship must know, said Sancho, that I am afraid I shall not find my way back again, to this concealed and unfrequented place, in which I leave your worship." "Take good

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good notice of the marks, anſwered the knight, and I ſhall endeavour to remain always near this very ſpot: nay, I will take care to aſcend the higheſt rocks hereabouts, that I may have a chance of deſcrying thee afar off, in thy return. But, the beſt ſcheme for preventing thy being bewildered, will be, to cut down ſome of the furze that grows here in great plenty, and drop bunches of it, at ſmall diſtances on the way, until thou ſhalt reach the flat country: and they will ſerve as land marks to guide thee hither in thy return, like the clue of Theſeus, in the labyrinth of Crete."

"I will take your advice, ſaid Sancho;" who accordingly cutting a large bundle, begged his maſter's bleſſing, and took his leave, not without many tears on both ſides. Then mounting Rozinante, whom Don Quixote ſtrongly recommended to his care, commanding him to pay as much regard to the ſteed as he would ſhew for his own perſon; he ſet out for the plain, ſcattering, by the way, the furze he had cut, according to the direction of his maſter. In this manner, then, did he begin his journey, notwithſtanding the inceſſant importunities of Don Quixote, who ſollicited him to ſtay and ſee ſome of his extravagancies: but, he had not travelled above an hundred yards, when he returned, ſaying, "I confeſs your worſhip was in the right, when you obſerved, that, in order to my ſwearing with a ſafe conſcience that I have ſeen you perform mad pranks, it would be neceſſary for you to play ſome in my preſence; although, in my opinion, I have ſeen a pretty good ſample already in your ſtaying here by yourſelf." "Did not I tell thee ſo, Sancho? ſaid Don Quixote: wait a little, and I will finiſh them in a twinkling." So ſaying, he ſtript off his breeches in a great hurry, leaving his poſteriors covered by the tail of his ſhirt alone, and without further ceremony, cut a couple of capers, and a like number of tumbles, with his head down and his heels up, diſcloſing particulars, which ſhocked the modeſty of Sancho ſo much, that, in order to avoid the ſight of them, a ſecond time, he turned Rozinante, fully ſatisfied and pleaſed, that he might now honeſtly ſwear he had left his maſter diſtracted. We will, therefore, let him purſue his journey, till his return, which was more ſpeedy than could be expected.

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CHAP. XII.

A continuation of the refinements in love, practiſed by Don Quixote, in the brown mountain.

BUT, to return to the account of what the knight of the rueful countenance executed when he found himſelf alone: the hiſtory relates, that, having performed the capers and the tumbles, naked, from the waiſt downward, and perceived that Sancho was gone, without waiting to ſee more of his extravagancies, he climbed to the top of a high rock, and there revolved what he had often reflected upon, without coming to any concluſion; namely, whether it was better and more for his purpoſe, to imitate Orlando in his outrageous, or Amadis in his melancholy madneſs. "It is not to be wondred at, ſaid he within himſelf, if Orlando was ſuch a ſtout and valiant knight as he is repreſented; for, he was actually enchanted, and invulnerable by every weapon but the point of a pin, thruſt into his foot, upon which, he always wore a ſhoe with ſeven ſoles of iron: though that precaution did not avail him, againſt Bernardo del Carpio, who being informed of the contrivance, ſtrangled him in his arms at the battle of Roncevalles: but, the circumſtance of his valour apart, let us conſider that of his loſing his ſenſes, which actually happened, when he found the tokens in the fountain, and received the information of the ſhepherd, by which he learned that Angelica had ſlept more than two afternoons with Medoro, the little Moor, with curled locks, who was Agramante's page; and truly, if he was convinced in his own mind, that his miſtreſs had miſbehaved in that manner, it was no great feat to run mad upon the diſcovery. But, why ſhould I imitate him in his madneſs, when the occaſion is not ſimilar; for, my Dulcinea del Toboſo, I dare ſwear, never in all the days of her life, beheld one Moor in his own likeneſs; and is this day, as much a virgin as the mother that bore her; I ſhould therefore, do her a manifeſt injury, in imagining otherwiſe, and adopting that kind of madneſs which poſſeſſed Orlando Furioſo. On the other hand, I am ſenſible that Amadis de Gaul, without loſing his ſenſes, or acting the madman, acquired as much, or more, fame than he, in the character of a lover; for, according to the hiſtory, all that he did, when he found himſelf in diſgrace with his miſtreſs Oriana, who baniſhed him from her preſence during pleaſure, was to retire, in company of a hermit, to the poor rock, where he contented himſelf with bemoaning his misfortune, until heaven ſent him ſuccour, in the midſt of his great neceſſity and affliction. If this circumſtance, therefore, be true, as I know it is, why ſhould I now take the trouble of ſtripping myſelf naked, or give umbrage to

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to theſe trees, which have done me no harm! or what reaſon have I to defile the pure ſtream of theſe rivulets, which, when I want it, will yield me pleaſant drink! Flouriſh then the memory of Amadis! and let him be imitated as much as poſſible, by Don Quixote de la Mancha, of whom may be ſaid, that which is * recorded of another; 'If he did not atchieve great things, at leaſt, he died in attempting them.' And, though I am not baniſhed nor diſdained by my Dulcinea, let it ſuffice, as I have already ſaid, that I am abſent from her. Come then, let us begin: recur to my remembrance, ye feats of Amadis, and initiate me in the imitation of your fame: I know his chief exerciſe was prayer, and in that too, will I follow his example." So ſaying, he compoſed a roſary of the large galls of a cork-tree, which he ſtrung together, inſtead of beads; but, he found an unſurmountable difficulty, in the want of an hermit to confeſs and conſole him: wherefore, he entertained himſelf in ſtrolling about the meadow, writing and engraving verſes on the barks of trees, and the ſmooth ſand: all of them on the ſubject of his own melancholy, or in praiſe of his miſtreſs Dulcinea: but, after he was found in this place, none, except the following, remained intelligible and entire.

I.

YE trees and herbs, ſo green and tall,
That ſhade this meadow, and adorn,
If you rejoice not at my thrall,
Give ear unto a wretch forlorn;
Nor, let my grief, though loud invade
Your peace; but, by Don Quixote, be a
Self-offer'd tax of ſorrow, paid
In abſence of his Dulcinea
del Toboſo.

II.

Theſe are the rocks, to which he's driven
By her who ſeems not much to care for
The trueſt lover under heaven:
And yet he knows not why nor wherefore.
By love toſs'd like a tennis-ball,
A caſk of tears, will not defray a
Whole day's expence of grief and gall,
In abſence of his Dulcinea
del Toboſo.

* Probably alluding to the epitaph of Phaeton.
Hic ſitus eſt Phaethon, currus auriga paterni,
Quem ſi non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit auſis.

III.

Among theſe craggy rocks and brambles,
He hangs, alas! on ſorrow's tenters;
Or curſes, as alone he rambles,
The cruel cauſe of his miſventures.
Unpitying love, about his ears,
With ſcourge ſevere began to play a
Moſt dreadful game that made his tears
Flow for his abſent Dulcinea
del Toboſo.

Theſe verſes, with the addition of del Toboſo, to the name of Dulcinea, afforded infinite diverſion to thoſe who found them: for, they concluded Don Quixote had imagined, that, if he named her without this title, the ſtanza could not poſſibly be underſtood; and this was really the caſe, as he afterwards owned. Many other ditties did he compoſe; but, as we have already obſerved, none but theſe three ſtanzas could be decyphered and read. In this amuſement, in ſighing, invoking the fawns and ſilvans of thoſe woods, the nymphs of the brooks, with the damp and doleful echo to hear, conſole and reſound his complaints; and, in culling plants to ſuſtain nature, he employed himſelf till the return of Sancho, who, had he ſtayed three weeks, inſtead of three days, the knight of the rueful countenance would have been ſo emaciated and disfigured, that he could not have been known by the mother who bore him.

However, it will not be amiſs to leave him, engroſſed by his ſighs and poetry; in order to recount what happened to Sancho Panza, in the execution of his embaſſy. Having reached the highway, this truſty meſſenger took the road to Toboſo, and next day arrived at the very inn where he had met with the diſgraceful adventure of the blanketting. He no ſooner perceived the unlucky houſe, than he fancied himſelf cutting capers in the air again; and was very loath to enter, although it was then dinner-time, and he was very much inſtigated by the deſire of taſting ſomething hot, as he had lived for a great many days paſt on cold victuals only. This inclination compelled him to ride cloſe up to the inn, where, while he was ſitting in ſuſpence, and heſitating whether or not he ſhould enter, two perſons happened to come to the door, and knowing him immediately, the one ſaid to the other, "Pray, Mr. licentiate, is not that man on horſeback, our neighbour Sancho Panza, who, as the houſekeeper told us, went out with our adventurer, in quality of ſquire?" "The very ſame, anſwered the licentiate, and that is the individual horſe of our friend Don Quixote." And no wonder they ſhould know him ſo eaſily; for,

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for, they were no other than the curate and barber of the knight's town, by whom the ſcrutiny and trial of his books were held. Having therefore, recognized Sancho Panza and Rozinante, and being impatient to hear news of Don Quixote, they ran up to the ſquire, and the curate called him by name, ſaying, "Friend Sancho, where is your maſter?" Sancho, who recollected them alſo, reſolved to conceal the place and condition in which he had left his maſter; and therefore, anſwered, that the knight was in a certain place, employed about a certain affair of the utmoſt importance, which he durſt not diſcloſe to ears of fleſh and blood." "That pretence will not do, Sancho, ſaid the barber; if you refuſe to tell where he is, we ſhall imagine, as indeed we do, that you have robbed and murdered him, and taken poſſeſſion of his horſe; ſo, that in good ſooth, you muſt either produce him, or in this very ſpot, we will—" "You have no occaſion, cried Sancho interrupting him, to threaten people in this manner; I am not the man to rob or murder any perſon: every man muſt fall by his own fortune, or by the will of God that created him: my maſter is ſound and ſafe, doing penance in the midſt of that mountain, to his heart's content." He then, without pauſing, in a breath, informed him of the condition in which he left him, recounted all the adventures which had happened to him, and told them of the letter he was carrying to my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, who was no other than Lorenzo Corchuelo's daughter, with whom his maſter was up to the ears in love.

They were aſtoniſhed at what the ſquire related, and tho' well acquainted with the particular ſpecies of Don Quixote's madneſs, this inſtance afforded freſh admiration: they deſired Sancho to ſhew them the letter for the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo; and he told them it was only a rough draught, written on the leaf of a pocket-book; and that his maſter had ordered him to get it tranſcribed on a ſheet of paper, with the firſt convenient opportunity. The curate promiſed to tranſcribe it in a fair legible hand, and again deſiring a ſight of it, Sancho put his hand in his boſom, in ſearch of the book, which, however, he could not find; and indeed, had he fumbled till this time, it would have been to no purpoſe: for, he had left it with Don Quixote, who had forgot to give, as he, to ask it of him, before he ſet out. Sancho miſſing his charge, grew pale as death, and ſearching again his whole body with great eagerneſs, could find nothing; upon which, without more ado, he laid hold of his beard with both hands, and plucked one half of it from his chin; then, with vaſt diſpatch and precipitation, belaboured his face and noſe in ſuch a manner, as left the whole covered with blood. The curate and barber ſeeing him make ſo free with his own perſon, aſked what had happened to him, that made him handle himſelf ſo roughly? "What has happened to me? cried the ſquire. I have loſt and let ſlip thro' my fingers, in an inſtant, three aſs colts, each of which was as tall as a tower." "By what

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means?" reſumed the barber. "I have loſt, anſwered Sancho, the pocket-book, in which was written the letter for Dulcinea, together with an order ſigned by my maſter's own hand, deſiring his niece to deliver to me, three colts out of four or five which he has at home." At the ſame time, he told them how he had loſt Dapple. The curate comforted him, by ſaying, that when he returned, his maſter would renew the order, and give him a bill upon paper, as the cuſtom is, for, thoſe written in pocket-books are never accepted or paid.

With this aſſurance, Sancho conſoled himſelf, obſerving, ſince that was the caſe, he ſhould not give himſelf much uneaſineſs about the loſs of the letter, which, as he retained it by heart, he could cauſe to be tranſcribed where and when he pleaſed. The barber deſired him to repeat it, telling him they would tranſcribe it; upon which, Sancho began to ſcratch his head, in order to recollect it, ſtanding ſometimes on one foot, ſometimes on the other. One while, he fixed his eyes upon the ground, then lifted them up to heaven; at laſt, after a moſt tedious pauſe, during which he gnawed off the half of one of his nails, and kept his hearers in the moſt impatient ſuſpence; "'Fore God! Mr. Licentiate, ſaid he, I believe the devil has run away with every word that I remembered of this letter: tho' I am poſitive it began with 'ſubterrene and ſublime princeſs!' "It could not be ſubterrene, ſaid the barber, but ſuperterrene or ſovereign." "You are in the right, reſumed Sancho: then, if my memory does not fail me, it went on with 'the ſmitten, the ſleepleſs and the ſore, kiſſes your hands, moſt ungrateful and unregarded beauty:' and ſomething or other of health and diſtemper which he wiſhed her; running on at this rate, till he concluded with, Yours, till death, the knight of the rueful countenance."

The hearers were not a little diverted with this ſpecimen of Sancho's memory, which they applauded very much; deſiring him to repeat the letter again, twice over, that they might retain it, until they could have an opportunity of tranſcribing it. He accordingly renewed his efforts, and was guilty of as many blunders as before: he likewiſe gave them an account of every thing which had befallen his maſter; but mentioned not a ſyllable of the blanketting that had happened to himſelf, in that very inn which he refuſed to enter: nay, he gave them to underſtand, that his maſter, as ſoon as he could bring him a favourable diſpatch from my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, would put himſelf in the way of becoming an emperor or monarch at leaſt, according to the plan ſettled between them. This he repreſented as a very eaſy matter; conſidering the valour of his perſon, and ſtrength of his arm: and told them, that this deſign would be no ſooner accompliſhed, than the knight would beſtow upon him in marriage, (for by that time, he muſt

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of neceſſity be a widower) one of the maids of honour to the empreſs; a fine young lady, and heireſs of a vaſt and wealthy eſtate upon the main land, without any oilands or iſlands, which he did not much care for.

Sancho uttered this piece of wrong-headed information with ſuch compoſure, wiping his noſe from time to time, that his townſmen could not help admiring anew the madneſs of Don Quixote, which, like a whirlpool, had ſucked in and ſwept along with it, the underſtanding of this poor ſimpleton. They did not chuſe to fatigue themſelves with endeavours to convince him of his error, but, as they believed it was not prejudicial to his conſcience, reſolved, for their amuſement, to encourage him in his folly: with this view, they adviſed him to pray to God, for long life and health to his maſter; and obſerved, that it was a thing both likely and feaſible, that he ſhould, in proceſs of time, become an emperor, at leaſt, an archbiſhop, or attain ſome ſtation of equal dignity. To this encouragement, Sancho replied, "Gentlemen, if fortune ſhould bring matters about, ſo as that my maſter ſhould incline to be an archbiſhop rather than an emperor, I ſhould be glad to know what archbiſhops-errant beſtow upon their ſquires." The curate told him, that they commonly gave them ſome ſimple benefice, curacy, or the office of ſacriſtan, with a good yearly income, beſides the fees of the altar, which are uſually reckoned at as much more. "In order to fill an employment of that kind, anſwered Sancho, the ſquire muſt be unmarried, and at leaſt capable of aſſiſting at maſs; and if that be the caſe, what will become of me, who have not only the misfortune to be married, but am alſo ignorant of the firſt letter of the A, B, C; ſhould my maſter take it in his head to be an archbiſhop, rather than an emperor, according to the cuſtom of knights-errant?" "Don't make yourſelf uneaſy about that matter, friend Sancho, ſaid the barber; for, we will intreat and adviſe your maſter, nay, even make it an affair of conſcience, for him to become an emperor rather than an archbiſhop, as a ſtation more ſuited to his diſpoſition, which is more warlike than ſtudious." "I was of the ſame opinion, reſumed Sancho, but, now, I'll venture to ſay, he has a capacity for every thing: and what I intend to do, is to beſeech him to chuſe that ſtation which will be moſt for his own honour and my advantage." "You ſpeak like a ſenſible man, ſaid the curate; and in ſo doing, will act the part of a good chriſtian: but, our preſent buſineſs is to think on ſome means of putting an end to this uſeleſs penance your maſter has impoſed upon himſelf; and in the mean time, go into dinner." Sancho deſired them to enter, ſaying he would wait for them at the door, and afterwards tell them why he did not go in, and wherefore it was not proper for him ſo to do: but, begged they would be ſo good as to bring out ſomething hot for himſelf, and ſome barley for Rozinante. They accordingly went in, and in a

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little time, the barber brought him out, a meſs of hot victuals. After they had both maturely deliberated about the means of accompliſhing their deſign, the curate fell upon a ſcheme, extremely well adapted to the taſte of the knight, as well as to their purpoſe. He propoſed to cloath himſelf in the dreſs of a lady-errant, and that the barber ſhould diſguiſe himſelf as well as he could, in the likeneſs of a ſquire; which being done, they ſhould go to the place where Don Quixote was, and the prieſt, on pretence of being a damſel in diſtreſs, ſhould beg a boon, which he, as a valiant knight-errant, could not help granting: this boon ſhould be a requeſt, that he would accompany her to a certain place whither ſhe would conduct him, there to redreſs an injury ſhe had received from a diſcourteous knight; and the boon ſhould be attended with a humble ſupplication, that he would not deſire her to take off her maſk, nor aſk any queſtion about her affairs, until he ſhould have done her juſtice upon her adverſary. And as he firmly believed that Don Quixote would comply with any requeſt made in that ſtile, he hoped by theſe means, to withdraw him from the mountain, and conduct him to his own habitation, where they would endeavour to find ſome remedy for his ſtrange diſorder.

CHAP. XIII.

How the curate and barber ſet out on the execution of their plan; with other events worthy to be recorded in this ſublime hiſtory.

THIS ſcheme of the curate was ſo well reliſhed by the barber, that they began to put it in execution immediately; by borrowing of the landlady a petticoat and tucker, for which the prieſt left a new caſſock in pawn: while the barber made an artificial beard of the tail of a pyed ox, in which the innkeeper uſed to ſtick his comb. When the hoſteſs aſked what occaſion they had for theſe things, the curate gave her a brief account of Don Quixote's madneſs, and explained the uſe to which they intended to put the diſguiſe, in order to diſengage him from the mountain where he then was. The innkeeper and his wife immediately diſcovered that this lunatic was no other than their quondam gueſt, who was author of the balſam, and maſter of the blanketted ſquire; and recounted to the curate, every thing that had happened, not even forgetting the circumſtance which Sancho was at ſuch pains to conceal. In ſhort, the landlady dreſſed up the curate in a moſt curious manner: ſhe put upon him a cloth petticoat flounced and furbelowed, with a broad border of black velvet; and a cloſe jerkin of green velvet, garniſhed with robings of white ſattin, which ſeemed to have been made

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made in the reign of king Bamba*: he would not ſuffer himſelf to be coifed, but covered his head with a quilted linnen night-cap, which he always carried about with him; and bound his forehead with a garter of black taffety, making a ſort of a maſk with the other, which effectually concealed his countenance and beard. Over all, he flapped his beaver, which was ſo broad, that it might have ſerved for an umbrella; and wrapping himſelf up in his cloak, mounted his mule, ſitting ſideways like a woman: while the barber beſtrid his own beaſt, with his beard flowing down to his girdle, of a white and red colour, being made, as we before obſerved, of a pyed ox's tail.

Thus equipped, they took leave of every body preſent, even the kind Maritornes, who promiſed, tho' a ſinner, to mumble a whole roſary over, in prayers to God, for the good ſucceſs of that arduous and chriſtian deſign they had undertaken: but, ſcarce had they ſallied from the inn, when the curate began to think he was to blame for diſguiſing himſelf; it being in his opinion, indecent for a prieſt to appear in ſuch a maner, how much ſoever depended upon their ſucceſs. He therefore propoſed, that he ſhould exchange characters with the barber, who might act the part of the damſel in diſtreſs, while he took that of the ſquire, which he thought, did not ſo much profane the dignity of the cloth: and unleſs his neighbour would agree to this propoſal, he aſſured him, that he was reſolved to go no farther, even if the devil himſelf ſhould carry off Don Quixote. At that inſtant, Sancho chanced to come up, and ſeeing them in ſuch a garb, could not refrain from laughing: in ſhort, the barber aſſented to every thing the other propoſed, and the plan being thus altered, the curate began to inſtruct him touching his behaviour and ſpeech to Don Quixote, in order to move and induce him to accompany them, and quit that place he had choſen for the ſcene of his vain and extravagant penance. The barber told him, that without his leſſons, he knew very well how to demean himſelf in the character; and as he did not chuſe to put on the dreſs till they ſhould be near Don Quixote, he folded it up with great care; the prieſt adjuſted his beard, and both together proceeded on their journey, under the direction of Sancho Panza, who, by the way, related to them what happened between his maſter and the madman, whom they met with in the brown mountain; concealing nevertheleſs, the circumſtance of the portmanteau, and its contents; for, notwithſtanding his ſimplicity, our youth was as covetous as wiſer people.

Next day, they came to the broom boughs, which Sancho had ſtrewed, in order to aſcertain the place where he had left his maſter; he no ſooner

* Bamba or Wamba, king of the Viſigoths in Spain, mounted the throne in the year 672, and was famous for his ſucceſs againſt the Arabians, as well as for his attachment to the chriſtian religion, as a proof of which he retired into a monaſtery, and reſigned the kingdom to Ervige.

therefore

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therefore perceived his marks, than he told them that was the entrance into the mountain, and desired them to put on their dresses, if they were necessary towards the deliverance of his master: for, they had already assured him, that their travelling in such disguise, was of the utmost importance, in disengaging the knight from that disagreeable course of life he had chosen: and they had charged him, not to tell his master, that he knew who they were; and if he should ask, as doubtless he would, whether or not he had delivered the letter to Dulcinea, they advised him to answer in the affirmative, and tell him, that as she could not read it, she had sent her answer by word of mouth, commanding him, on pain of her displeasure, to appear in her presence, with all convenient speed, on an affair that was of the utmost consequence to him: for, with this answer, and other speeches they intended to make, they did not at all doubt of reconciling him to a better way of life, and prevail upon him, immediately to begin his career towards being an emperor or king; and as to the office of archbishop, Sancho had nothing to fear. The squire listened to these directions, which he carefully deposited in his memory, thanking them heartily for their intention to advise his master to accept of an emperor's crown, rather than an archbishop's mitre, as he was very sensible that emperors could do more for their squires than archbishops-errant. He also proposed to go before, in search of his master, and impart to him this answer of his lady, which, he assured them, would be sufficient to bring him out of the mountain, without their being put to any further trouble. They approved of his opinion, and resolved to stay where they were until he should return with the news of having found Don Quixote: accordingly, Sancho proceeded towards the heart of the mountain, leaving them in a spot watered by a small purling brook, and shaded in a most cool and agreeable manner, by some rocks, and trees that grew around it.

It being then the month of August, when the heat in those parts is excessive, and three in the afternoon, which is the hottest time of the day, they were the more charmed with the situation, which was so inviting, that they chose it for the place of their residence, until Sancho should return. While they lay at their ease, under the covert of this shade, their ears were saluted with the sound of a voice, which, tho' unaccompanied by any instrument, sung so sweet and melodiously, that they were struck with astonishment; little expecting to meet with such a delicious warbler in that unfrequented place: for, tho' it is usually said, that the woods and mountains abound with shepherds, who sing most inchantingly, that report is rather the fiction of poets than the voice of truth: besides, the verses which they heard, were not composed in the rustic phrase of clowns, but, in a polite and courtly strain; as may be perceived by the song itself, which follows:

I.

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I.

Ah! what inſpires my woeful ſtrain?
Unkind diſdain!
Ah! what augments my miſery?
Fell jealouſy!
Or, ſay, what hath my patience worn?
An abſent lover's ſcorn!
The torments then that I endure,
No mortal remedy can cure:
For every languid hope is ſlain
By abſence, jealouſy, diſdain!

II.

From love, my unrelenting foe,
Theſe ſorrows flow!
My infant glory's overthrown,
By fortune's frown;
Confirmed in this my wretched ſtate,
By the decrees of fate.
In death alone, I hope releaſe
From this compounded, dire diſeaſe;
Whoſe cruel pangs to aggravate,
Fortune and love conſpire with fate!

III.

Ah! what will mitigate my doom?
The ſilent tomb!
Ah! what retrieve departed joy?
Inconſtancy!
Or ſay, can ought but frenzy, bear
This tempeſt of deſpair?
All other efforts, then, are vain,
To cure this ſoul-tormenting pain,
That owns no other remedy
Than madneſs, death, inconſtancy.

The hour, the ſeaſon, and the ſolitude, conſpired with the agreeable voice of the ſinger, to increaſe the wonder and ſatisfaction of the hearers, who liſtened for ſome time, in expectation of ſomething elſe: but, the ſilence having continued a good while, they reſolved to go in queſt of the perſon who ſung ſo enchantingly: and were juſt going to ſet out on this deſign, when they were arreſted by the ſame voice, which again ſaluted their ears with this other ſong:

I.

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I.

O ſacred friendſhip! mild and gay,
Who to the regions of the bleſt
Hath ſoar'd; and left mankind a prey
To fraud, in thy reſemblance dreſt.

II.

Auſpicious, hear, and hither ſend
Thy ſiſter truth, with radiant eyes,
To brand the falſe profeſſing friend,
Detected in the fair diſguiſe.

III.

Or, come thyſelf, and reinſpire
The purpoſe candid and humane;
Elſe peace and order will retire,
While horror and confuſion reign.

This ſonnet was concluded with a moſt profound ſigh, and the curate and barber began again to liſten for more; but, finding the muſic converted into mournful ſobs and interjections, they were determined to know who this melancholy perſon was, who ſung ſo well, and groaned ſo piteouſly. They had not gone many paces with this intent, when turning the point of a rock, they perceived a man of the ſame make and appearance that Sancho deſcribed, when he related the ſtory of Cardenio: he did not ſeem ſurpriſed at ſight of them, but, ſtood with his head reclining upon his breaſt, in a very penſive poſture, without lifting his eyes to look at them, after their firſt ſudden appearance. The curate, who was a well-ſpoken man, concluding from the deſcription, that this muſt be he whoſe misfortune he had been appriſed of, went up, and in a ſhort but pathetic addreſs, exhorted and intreated him to quit that miſerable courſe of life, which was the greateſt of all misfortunes, and altogether perverted the end of his being. Cardenio, being at that time in one of his lucid intervals, intirely free of that frantic paroxyſm which uſed ſo utterly to deprive him of his ſenſes, and ſeeing two people ſo differently dreſſed from thoſe he commonly met with in that ſolitude, could not help being ſomewhat ſurpriſed; eſpecially, when he heard him talk of his misfortune as a circumſtance with which they were well acquainted; for, the curate had mentioned it in the courſe of his expoſtulation: and therefore he anſwered in this manner, "I plainly perceive, gentlemen, that heaven, which is careful in ſuccouring the good, and ſometimes, even the bad, hath ſent, tho' I little deſerve ſuch favour and condeſcenſion, diverſe people into this unfrequented ſolitude, ſo remote

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remote from all commerce and ſociety; in order to convince me by juſt and various arguments, how unreaſonably I act in leading this kind of life, which they have endeavoured to make me exchange for a better; and, as they know not the reaſons I have, to think that, in quitting this ſituation, I ſhall be plunged into a worſe; they have perhaps looked upon me as a perſon of very ſhallow underſtanding, or, which is ſtill a conjecture more unfavourable, a downright madman; and truly, it is not to be wondered at, if they entertain that opinion, for, I can eaſily conceive, that my misfortunes operate ſo intenſely upon my imagination, and impair my faculties ſo much, that ſometimes, in ſpite of all my endeavours to the contrary, I become like that rock, void of all ſentiment and knowledge; and am convinced of my infirmity too late, when people ſhew me the marks of what I have done, while I was under the influence of that terrible tranſport: then all that I can do, is to bewail my diſtemper, curſe my lot in vain, and in excuſe of my madneſs, relate my ſufferings to all who expreſs the leaſt deſire of hearing them; that thoſe of ſounder judgment, knowing the cauſe, may not wonder at the effects; and if they cannot prevent, at leaſt pardon my frenzy; converting their indignation at my extravagance, into compaſſion for my woes: and if you, gentlemen, are come with that intention which hath brought others to this place, before you proceed with your prudent admonitions, I intreat you to hear the detail of my misfortunes, which you do not yet know, and then, perhaps, you will ſave yourſelves the trouble which you might otherwiſe take, in conſoling an affliction that admits of no conſolation."

The two friends, who deſired nothing elſe, than to hear from his own mouth, the cauſe of his misfortune, earneſtly begged he would recount it, and promiſed to attempt nothing contrary to his own inclination, in the way of remedy or comfort. Thus aſſured, the melancholy gentleman began his diſtreſsful ſtory, nearly in the ſame words and circumſtances which he had uſed a few days before, to Don Quixote and the goatherd, when he was interrupted, in the affair of Mr. Eliſabat, by the knight's punctuality in aſſerting the decorum of chivalry, as the particulars of that quarrel have been already related: but, now he remained fortunately free from his paroxyſm, and, of conſequence, had time to finiſh the narration which was imperfect before. When he therefore came to the circumſtance of the letter which Don Fernando had found between the leaves of Amadis de Gaul, he ſaid he remembered the contents, and accordingly repeated them in theſe terms:

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Lucinda to Cardenio.

"I Every day diſcover new qualities in Cardenio, which oblige and compel me to eſteem him the more. If you are inclined to extricate me out of all ſuſpence, you may effectuate your purpoſe, without the leaſt prejudice to my honour; for, my father, who is well acquainted with your virtues, loves me dearly, and far from tyrannizing over my affections, will chearfully grant that which is ſo juſtly your due, if your paſſion is ſuch as I wiſh and believe it to be."

I reſolved, as I have already told you, to demand Lucinda in marriage, upon the receipt of this letter, which not only confirmed Don Fernando's high opinion of her prudence and virtue, but alſo inflamed him with the deſire of ruining my hopes, before I ſhould be able to bring them to maturity. I told this faithleſs friend, Lucinda's father expected that mine ſhould propoſe the match; and that I durſt not communicate my deſire to him, leſt he ſhould refuſe to comply with it: not, that he was ignorant of Lucinda's rank, virtue, beauty and qualifications, which were ſufficient to ennoble any other family in Spain; but, becauſe I underſtood he was averſe to my being married, until he ſhould ſee what duke Ricardo would do in my behalf: in ſhort, I told him that I would not venture to propoſe it, being afraid not only of this ill conſequence, but alſo of many others which I could not foreſee; although I had a ſtrong impreſſion upon my mind, that my wiſhes would never be completed. In anſwer to this declaration, Don Fernando undertook to manage the affair, and prevail upon my father to propoſe the match to Lucinda's parents. O villain! more ambitious than Marius, more cruel than Cataline, more ſavage than Sylla, more fraudulent than Galalon, more treacherous than *Vellido, more vengeful than Julian, and more covetous than Judas! cruel, falſe, vindictive traitor! what injuries had'ſt thou ſuffered from this poor credulous wretch, who with ſuch confidence diſcloſed to thee, the moſt ſecret receſſes of his ſoul! what offence had he given? what words had he uttered, or what advice had he offered, that did not directly tend to thy honour and advantage? But, unhappy that I am! wherefore ſhould I complain? ſeeing it is a thing certain, that when once the tide of misfortune heaped up by one's malignant ſtars, begins to deſcend with violence and fury, no earthly mound can oppoſe, nor human induſtry divert its courſe. Who could imagine, that ſuch an illuſtrious, accompliſhed, young gentleman as Don Fernando, who lay under obligations for the ſervices I had

* Who murdered Sancho I. king of Caſtile, while he was engaged in the ſiege of Zamora.

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done him, and was powerful enough to obtain the gratification of his wiſh, whitherſoever his amorous inclination pointed, ſhould plague himſelf, as I may ſay, in attempts to rob me of my ſingle lamb, even before I had poſſeſſed it.

But, let us lay aſide theſe vain and unprofitable reflections, and rejoin the broken thread of my unfortunate ſtory. Well then: Don Fernando perceiving that my preſence would be an obſtruction to the execution of his falſe and perfidious deſign, reſolved to ſend me back to his elder brother, on pretence of getting money to pay for ſix horſes, which he purpoſely bought that very day he undertook to ſpeak to my father; in order to have an excuſe for ſending me away, that he might, in my abſence, the more eaſily ſucceed in his villanious intention. Was it poſſible for me to prevent this treachery, or indeed conceive his deſign! no, ſurely. On the contrary, I offered, with the utmoſt alacrity, to ſet out forthwith, ſo pleaſed was I with the purchaſe he had made. That very night I had a private converſation with Lucinda, in which I told her the ſcheme I had concerted with Don Fernando, and bade her reſt aſſured in the hope that our juſt and honourable deſires would ſoon be gratified. She, as little ſuſpicious of Don Fernando's perfidy as I was, intreated me to return with ſpeed, believing that our wiſhes would be completed, as ſoon as my father ſhould mention the affair to her's. I don't know upon what account, her eyes were filled with tears, when ſhe pronounced theſe words; and ſomething that ſeemed to ſwell in her throat, prevented her from uttering another ſyllable, though ſhe looked as if ſhe had ſomething more to ſay. I was confounded at this new circumſtance, which had never happened before: in all our former converſations, which my good fortune offered, or my diligence effected, there had been nothing but joy and ſatisfaction, without any mixture of tears, ſighs, jealouſy, dread or ſuſpicion; all my diſcourſe uſed to conſiſt of acknowledgments to heaven, for having beſtowed upon me ſuch a miſtreſs, whoſe beauty I extolled, and whoſe virtue and good ſenſe I admired: while ſhe returned the compliment, by praiſing thoſe qualities in me, which ſhe, in the partiality of her fondneſs, deemed worthy of applauſe: beſides, we uſed to entertain each other with an account of a thouſand trifling accidents that happened among our neighbours and acquaintance: and the heighth of my vivacity never amounted to more than the ſeizing of one of her delicate, white hands, and preſſing it to my lips, through the narrow diſtance betwixt the rails that divided us. But, on that night, which preceded the fatal day of my departure, ſhe wept, ſighed and ſobbed, and left me filled with confuſion and ſurprize, and terrified at ſuch unuſual and melancholy marks of grief and affliction, in my Lucinda. But, I was flattered by my hopes,

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which aſcribed the whole to the ſtrength of her paſſion, and that ſorrow which is commonly produced by the abſence of a beloved object. In fine, I ſet out, penſive and ſad, my imagination tortured with ſuſpicions and doubts, which my reflection could neither digeſt nor explain: a ſure preſage of the melancholy fate that awaited me.

I arrived at the place of my deſtination, and delivered my letters to Don Fernando's brother, who received me kindly, but, far from diſpatching me immediately, deſired me, to my infinite regret, to wait eight whole days in a place where his father ſhould not ſee me; becauſe his brother had writ to him, to ſend the money without the knowledge of the duke. But, this was altogether an invention of the falſe Fernando, whoſe brother had money enough, and could have ſent me back the very ſame day on which I arrived. This was ſuch an order as I was ſcarce able to obey; for, I thought it impoſſible to ſupport life for ſo many days, in the abſence of Lucinda, conſidering the ſorrow in which I had left her. Yet, notwithſtanding, I reſolved to do my duty like a faithful ſervant, though I very well foreſaw, that my obedience muſt be at the expence of my peace. Four days of the eight were not yet elapſed, when a man came in ſearch of me, and gave me a letter, the ſuperſcription of which I no ſooner beheld, than I knew it to be written by Lucinda's own hand. I opened it with fear and trembling, believing, that there muſt be ſomething very extraordinary in the caſe, which induced her to write to me in my abſence; though, while I was preſent, ſhe had been ſo ſparing of her ſpeech. But, before I read a ſyllable, I aſked the meſſenger, who had put it into his hands; and how long he had been upon his journey? He anſwered, that paſſing through a certain ſtreet, about noon, he was ſtopt by a very beautiful young lady, who called to him from a window, ſaying, with great earneſtneſs, while the tears trickled from her eyes; "Brother, if you are a chriſtian, as you ſeem to be, I intreat you, for God's ſake, to carry this letter to the place and perſon for whom it is directed; they are both well known; and in ſo doing, you will render a piece of ſervice acceptable to the Lord. That you may not want conveniencies upon the road, here is ſomething to defray the expence of your journey." So ſaying, ſhe threw down a handkerchief, in which were tied an hundred rials, this gold ring, and the letter I have delivered. Then, without waiting for a reply, ſhe went from the window, after having ſeen me take up the handkerchief and the letter, and make ſigns that I would do as ſhe deſired. Accordingly, finding myſelf ſo well paid for the trouble I ſhould be at, and ſeeing, by the direction, that you was the perſon to whom it was ſent, (and I know you perfectly well;) induced, moreover, by the tears of that beautiful young lady, I reſolved to truſt no other meſſenger, but come and

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and deliver it with my own hand; and in ſixteen hours, which are paſt, ſince I received it, I have travelled to this place, which, as you know, is about eighteen leagues from our town." While I liſtened attentively to the information of this grateful and extraordinary courier, my legs ſhook under me, in ſuch a manner, that I could ſcarce ſtand upright. At length, however, I ventured to read the letter, which contained theſe words:

"THE promiſe which Don Fernando made, to prevail upon your father, to propoſe a match to mine, hath been performed more to his inclination than your advantage. Know, Cardenio, that he hath aſked me in marriage for your pretended friend; and, my father, ſwayed by the advantage which he thinks Don Fernando has over you in point of fortune, hath given his conſent ſo much in earneſt, that two days hence, the nuptials are to be celebrated ſo privately, that none but heaven and ſome people in the family, are to be preſent at the marriage. My ſituation you may gueſs. If it be in your power, return with all ſpeed, and the event of this affair will ſhew whether I love you tenderly or not. Heaven grant that this may come to your hand, before mine ſhall be preſented to him who ſo ill performs the duty of a friend."

This, which was the ſum of what the letter contained, made me ſet out immediately, without waiting for any anſwer, or the money for which I had come. For, by that time, I plainly perceived, that it was not the purchaſe of the horſes, but his own treacherous intention, which had induced Don Fernando to ſend me out of the way. The indignation I conceived againſt him, together with the fear of loſing the jewel which I had acquired, and treaſured up with ſuch unwearied ſervices and care, added wings to my ſpeed, and conveyed me to the place of my habitation, juſt at the hour and minute proper for my going to viſit Lucinda. I entered the town privately, and leaving my mule in the houſe of the honeſt man who brought the letter; I went to the rail, which was the conſtant witneſs of our love, and there was ſo far favoured by fortune, as to find Lucinda. We knew each other preſently: though not as we ought to have known each other. But, who is he, who can arrogate praiſe to himſelf, for having fathomed and diſcerned the capricious ſentiments and fickle diſpoſition of woman? ſurely no man on earth—But, this apart. Lucinda, perceiving me, "Cardenio, ſaid ſhe, I am now in my bridal dreſs, and this moment expected in the hall, by the traitor Don Fernando, my covetous father, and ſome other people, who ſhall bear witneſs to my death, ſooner than to my marriage. Be not confounded, my friend, but, endeavour to be preſent at the ſacrifice, which, if I cannot prevent by my declaration,

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declaration, I wear a dagger concealed, which can obſtruct a more vigorous determination, and, by putting an end to my life, begin to convince thee of the ſincere paſſion I have always entertained, and ſtill retain for my Cardenio." Afraid I ſhould want time to anſwer her, I replied with great hurry and confuſion, " Let your words be verified by your deeds, madam. If you have a dagger to aſſert your love, I wear a ſword to defend it; or, ſhould fortune prove our foe, to rid myſelf of life." I believe ſhe did not hear all that I ſaid, becauſe ſhe was called away, in a hurry, to the bridegroom who waited for her.

Thus deepened the night of my diſtreſs; thus ſet the ſun of my happineſs! I remained without light to my eyes, or reflection to my mind for ſome time: I could neither reſolve to enter her father's houſe, nor remove to any other place; at length, however, conſidering of what conſequence my preſence might be, in caſe any thing extraordinary ſhould happen, I recollected myſelf, as well as I could, and went in, without being perceived, as I was well acquainted with all the paſſages and corners of the houſe, and was favoured by the confuſion which then prevailed in it, on account of the nuptials. Thus entering, unſeen, I found means to conceal myſelf in the hollow of a window in the hall, that was covered by the meeting of two pieces of tapeſtry, from behind which I could, without being perceived, obſerve every thing that happened.

How ſhall I deſcribe the throbbings and palpitations of my heart, the images that occurred to my fancy, the reflexions that I made, while I remained in that ſituation! they were ſuch, as I neither can nor ought to deſcribe. Let it ſuffice to ſay, the bridegroom came into the hall, without any other ornaments than his uſual dreſs, attended by a firſt couſin of Lucinda, in quality of brideſman, no other perſon being preſent, except ſome ſervants of the family. A little while after, Lucinda came in, from her cloſet, accompanied by her mother and two waiting-women; and as richly dreſſed and adorned as her rank and beauty deſerved, or as the perfection of gaiety and gallantry could invent. The ſuſpence and tranſport of my ſoul, would not allow me to obſerve and mark the particulars of her dreſs; I could only take notice of the colours, which were carnation and white; and the blaze of jewels that adorned her, which was even excelled by the ſingular beauty of her golden locks, that ſtruck the eye with more ſplendor than all the precious ſtones, together with the light of four torches that burned in the hall. O memory! thou mortal enemy of my repoſe! to what purpoſe doſt thou now repreſent to my fancy, the unparallelled beauty of that adorable foe? cruel remembrance! rather recal to my view the particulars of what then happened, that incenſed by ſuch a manifeſt injury, I may take vengeance, if not upon her,

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at leaſt upon my own life. But you, gentlemen, muſt be tired with theſe digreſſions: though my misfortune is ſuch as neither can, nor ought to be ſuperficially or ſuccinctly related; becauſe, every circumſtance, in my opinion, requires a full diſcuſſion." The curate anſwered, that far from being tired, they were very much entertained by thoſe minute particulars, which he thought deſerved as much attention as the principal events of the ſtory.

" I ſay then, reſumed Cardenio, that the parties being aſſembled in the hall, the curate of the pariſh entered, and taking them both by the hand, in order to perform his function, he ſaid, " Madam Lucinda, are you willing to take Don Fernando here preſent, for your lawful ſpouſe, as holy mother church ordains? At this queſtion, I thruſt out my whole head and neck from behind the tapeſtry, and with the utmoſt attention and diſorder of ſoul, liſtened to Lucinda's anſwer, which I expected, as either the ſentence of my death or confirmation of my life. O! that I had then boldly advanced, and called aloud, Ah Lucinda! Lucinda! take care what you do; reflect upon your duty to me, remember you are mine, and can never belong to any other huſband. Conſider, that my life muſt end the moment you anſwer, Yes. Ha! treacherous Don Fernando! robber of my glory! death of my life! what are thy intentions! what wouldſt thou have! remember that, as a chriſtian, thou canſt not fulfil thy deſires; for I am Lucinda's huſband, and ſhe is my lawful wife! Fool that I am! now, when I am abſent, and far removed from the danger, I can reflect upon what I ought to have done. Now, that I am robbed of all that was dear to my ſoul! accurſed by the robber, on whom I might have taken vengeance, had my heart ſupplied me with courage, as it now affords inclination to complain. In fine, as I then acted like a booby and a coward, it is but reaſonable, that I ſhould now die of madneſs, ſorrow and ſhame. The prieſt waited for the reply of Lucinda, who declined it a good while; and when I expected ſhe would either unſheath her dagger to vindicate her love, employ her tongue in the cauſe of truth, or utter ſome ingenious fraud that ſhould tend to my advantage, I heard her pronounce with a weak and faultering voice, " Yes, I will." Don Fernando repeated the ſame words, and the ring being put upon her finger, they were united in the indiſſoluble bond of marriage: then he embraced his new-married ſpouſe, who laying her hand on her heart, fainted away in the arms of her mother. It now remains to deſcribe my own ſituation, when I heard and ſaw my hopes thus baffled by Lucinda's breach of promiſe; and found myſelf rendered incapable of ever retrieving the happineſs I had that inſtant loſt: I remained without ſenſe or reflection, abandoned, as I thought, by heaven, and a declared enemy to that earth on which

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which I lived. The air refuſed breath for my ſighs, the water denied moiſture for my tears, fire alone increaſed within me, to ſuch a degree, that I was ſcorched with jealouſy and rage! Lucinda's ſwooning threw the whole company into confuſion, and her mother opening her breaſt to give her air, found in it, a folded paper, which Don Fernando taking, read by the light of one of the torches, and then ſat down in a chair, and leaned one ſide of his head upon his hand, in a penſive attitude, without minding the remedies they were applying for the recovery of his ſpouſe.

I ſeeing the whole family in confuſion, ventured to come out, coſt what it would, reſolving, ſhould I be ſeen, to do ſome deſperate action, that would convince the whole world of my juſt indignation, in chaſtiſing the falſe Don Fernando, and the fickle, fainting traitreſs. But fate, that reſerved me, if poſſible, for greater misfortunes, ordained that I ſhould then abound in reflection, which hath ſince failed me; and reſolve rather than take vengeance upon my greateſt enemies, who, as they had no ſuſpicion of me, were then at my mercy, to turn upon myſelf that reſentment which they ſo juſtly deſerved to feel; and, perhaps, with more rigor than I ſhould have exerciſed upon them, had I, at that time, ſacrificed them to my rage, becauſe ſudden death is infinitely more eaſy than that which is lengthened out by lingering torments. In ſhort, I quitted the houſe, and went to the place where I had left my mule, which being ſaddled, I mounted her, and without taking leave of my hoſt, ſallied out of town, dreading, like another Lot, to look behind me. When I found myſelf alone in the open field, ſhrouded by the darkneſs of the night, and invited by the ſilence, to complain, without caution, or fear of being overheard or known, I raiſed my voice, and gave a looſe to my indignation, in venting curſes upon Lucinda and Don Fernando, as if thoſe vain exclamations could have atoned for the injury they had done me. I beſtowed upon her the epithets of cruel, falſe, perfidious and ungrateful, but, above all, avaricious; ſince the wealth of my rival had ſhut the eyes of her love, detached her from me, and ſwayed her inclination towards him to whom fortune had ſhewn herſelf more kind and liberal. Yet, in the midſt of theſe reproaches and invectives, I could not help excuſing her, obſerving, it was no wonder, that a damſel educated under reſtraint, in the houſe of her parents, bred up, and always accuſtomed to obey them, ſhould comply with their will and pleaſure, in marrying a young gentleman of ſuch wealth, rank and qualifications, that her refuſal might have been thought to proceed either from want of ſenſe, or a paſſion for ſome other man, which would have been a ſuſpicion equally prejudicial to her virtue and reputation: then I argued on the other ſide of the queſtion, ſaying, had ſhe owned that I was her huſband, her parents would have

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ſeen ſhe had not committed an unpardonable crime in making ſuch a choice: ſince, before the offer of Don Fernando, they themſelves could not have deſired, had their deſires been bounded by reaſon, a better match than me for their daughter; and conſequently, before ſhe complied with that compulſive injunction of giving her hand to another, ſhe might have told them, that ſhe had already given it to me; in which caſe, I would have appeared and confirmed the truth of every thing ſhe ſhould have feigned for the occaſion: In fine, I concluded that ſuperficial love, ſlender underſtanding, vaſt ambition and thirſt after grandeur, had obliterated in her memory, thoſe profeſſions by which I had been deceived, cheriſhed and ſupported in the unſhaken hope of my honourable deſires.

In this exclamation and anxiety, I travelled all night, and in the morning found myſelf in one of the paſſages to this mountain, in which I proceeded three days more, without high-road or by-path, till I ſtopt at a ſmall meadow, that lies either on the right or left of theſe rocks; there I enquired of ſome goatherds, whereabouts the moſt craggy part of the mountain, was; and, according to their directions, thither I rode, reſolving to put an end to my life. When I arrived among thoſe ragged rocks, my mule fell down dead of wearineſs or hunger; or, as I rather believe, to diſencumber herſelf of ſuch a uſeleſs load as then burthened her; and I remained on foot, quite ſpent and famiſhed, without having or deſiring any ſupport. In this ſituation, I know not how long I continued ſtretched upon the ground: but, at length, I got up without feeling any cravings of hunger, and found myſelf in the midſt of ſome ſhepherds, who, doubtleſs, had relieved my neceſſity. Indeed they told me in what condition I had been found, uttering ſuch incoherent and extravagant expreſſions, as clearly demonſtrated, that I had loſt my ſenſes. Since that time, I have frequently perceived my intellects ſo crazy and unſound, that I perform a thouſand mad actions, tearing my cloaths, bellowing through theſe unfrequented places, curſing my fate, and repeating, in vain, the beloved name of my fair enemy, without any connected ſentences, or indeed any other intent than that of putting an end to my life by violent outcries; and when I recover the uſe of my ſenſes, I find myſelf ſo weak and exhauſted, that I ſcarce can move. My uſual habitation is the hollow of a cork-tree, large enough to contain this miſerable carcaſs; the cow and goatherds who frequent theſe mountains, maintain me out of charity, by leaving food upon the road, or rocks, on which they think I may chance to find it: and, even while I am deprived of my underſtanding, natural inſtinct teaches me to diſtinguiſh this neceſſary nouriſhment, awakening my appetite and deſire of ſeizing it for my uſe. They tell me too, when they meet with me in one of my lucid intervals, that at other

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times, I ſally out upon the highway, and take it by force, from the ſhepherds, as they are bringing it from their cots, although they offer it of their own accord. In this manner, I lead my woeful and wretched life, until heaven ſhall be pleaſed to put a period to it, or give me grace to forget the beauty and falſhood of Lucinda, together with the wrong I have ſuffered from Don Fernando. If this ſhall happen before I die, my intellects will return into their right channel; otherwiſe, there is nothing to be done, but to ſupplicate heaven to have mercy on my ſoul: for, I find I have neither virtue nor ſtrength to extricate myſelf out of this extremity into which I was voluntarily plunged.

This, gentlemen, is the bitter ſtory of my misfortune: tell me, if you think it could have been rehearſed with leſs concern than I have ſhewn; and pray, give yourſelves no trouble in offering to me ſuch perſuaſions and advice, as your reaſon prompts you to think will do me ſervice: for, they can have no other effect upon me, than the preſcription of a celebrated phyſician, upon a patient who will not receive it. I will have no health without Lucinda, and ſince ſhe, who is, or ought to be, mine, hath attached herſelf to another, I, who might have been the child of happineſs, am now the votary of woe. She, by her inconſtancy, wants to fix my perdition, and I welcome it, in order to gratify her deſire; and be an example to poſterity, of one who wanted that conſolation, which almoſt all the wretched uſe; namely, the poſſibility of bettering their fate. A conſideration that increaſes my miſery, which, I fear, will not end, even with death."

Thus did Cardenio wind up the long thread of his amorous and unfortunate ſtory; and, juſt as the curate was about to give him his beſt advice and conſolation, he was prevented by a voice that ſaluted his ears, and in mournful accents pronounced what will be rehearſed in the fourth book of this narration; for, in this place, the third is concluded by the ſage and attentive hiſtorian Cid Hamet Benengeli.

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THE

LIFE and ATCHIEVEMENTS

Of the SAGE and VALIANT KNIGHT

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

Of the new and agreeable adventure that happened to the curate and barber, in the brown mountain.

THRICE happy and fortunate was that age which produced the moſt audacious knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, in conſequence of whoſe honourable reſolution, to reſtore and revive the loſt, and, as it were, buried order of knight-errantry; we of theſe times, enjoy the agreeable entertainment, not only of his own true and delightful adventures; but, alſo the intervening epiſodes, which are no leſs real, artful and delicious, than the main hiſtory itſelf, the twiſted, reeled and ravelled thread of which is continued thus.

Juſt as the curate was ready to offer ſome conſolation to Cardenio, he was prevented by a voice that ſaluted his ears in theſe mournful accents: "Would to God! I could find a place to ſerve as a private tomb for this wearifome burthen of life, which I bear ſo much againſt my inclination! this very ſpot will yield me what I aſk, if I can truſt the ſolitary appearance of theſe mountains. Alas! how much more agreeable is the company of theſe rocks and thickets, which give me opportunities of complaining to heaven, than that of faithleſs man! ſince nature hath not created one of whom I could reaſonably expect advice in difficulty, comfort in affliction, or remedy in diſtreſs!"

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This exclamation was diſtinctly overheard by the prieſt and his company, who concluding that the perſon who ſpoke muſt be hard by, aroſe to make further inquiry, and had not gone twenty paces, when behind the fragment of a rock they perceived a boy ſitting under an aſh-tree, in the habit of a peaſant, who, as he ſtooped in order to waſh his feet in a brook that murmured by him, could not perceive their approach, which was managed with ſoftneſs and ſilence, while his whole attention was employed in bathing his legs, that ſeemed two cryſtal pillars, which had been produced among the pebbles in the rill. They were ſurprized at the whiteneſs and beauty of his feet, which they could not believe had been formed to tread the clods, and follow the cattle or plough, as his dreſs would have ſeemed to intimate; and the curate, who went foremoſt, finding himſelf ſtill unperceived by the youth, made ſigns to the reſt to crouch down, or hide themſelves behind a neighbouring rock. This being done, all three ſtood gazing attentively at the apparition, which was clad in a double-ſkirted grey jacket, girt about the middle with a white napkin, and wore breeches and hoſe of the ſame cloth, with a grey hunting-cap upon his head; the hoſe being pulled up to the middle of his leg, which actually ſeemed of white alabaſter. Having waſhed his delicate feet, he wiped them with an handkerchief, which he took out of his cap, and in ſo doing, lifted up his head, ſhewing to the by-ſtanders, a face of ſuch exquiſite beauty, that Cardenio ſaid in a whiſper, to the curate, "Since that is not Lucinda, it can be no earthly, but ſome celeſtial being!" The youth taking off his cap, and ſhaking his head, a large quantity of hair, that Apollo himſelf might envy, flowed down upon his ſhoulders, and diſcovered to the ſpectators, that the ſuppoſed peaſant was no other than a woman, the moſt delicate and handſome that the curate and barber had ever beheld; or even Cardenio, had he not ſeen and been acquainted with Lucinda, who alone, as he afterwards owned, could contend with her in beauty. Her golden locks fell down in ſuch length and quantity, as not only covered her ſhoulders, but alſo concealed every other part of her body except her feet: and, inſtead of a comb, ſhe made uſe of her hands, which, if her feet looked like cryſtal in the brook, appeared among her hair like moulds of drifted ſnow. All theſe circumſtances increaſing the deſire of the bye-ſtanders, to know who ſhe was, they reſolved to ſhew themſelves, and at the ſtir they made in advancing, the beauteous phantome raiſed her head, and parting her locks with both hands, to ſee what occaſioned the noiſe ſhe heard, no ſooner perceived them than ſhe ſtarted up, and, without ſtaying to put on her ſhoes, or tie up her hair, ſeized a bundle that lay by her, and betook herſelf to flight, full of conſternation and ſurprize: but, ſhe had not run ſix yards, when her delicate feet, unable

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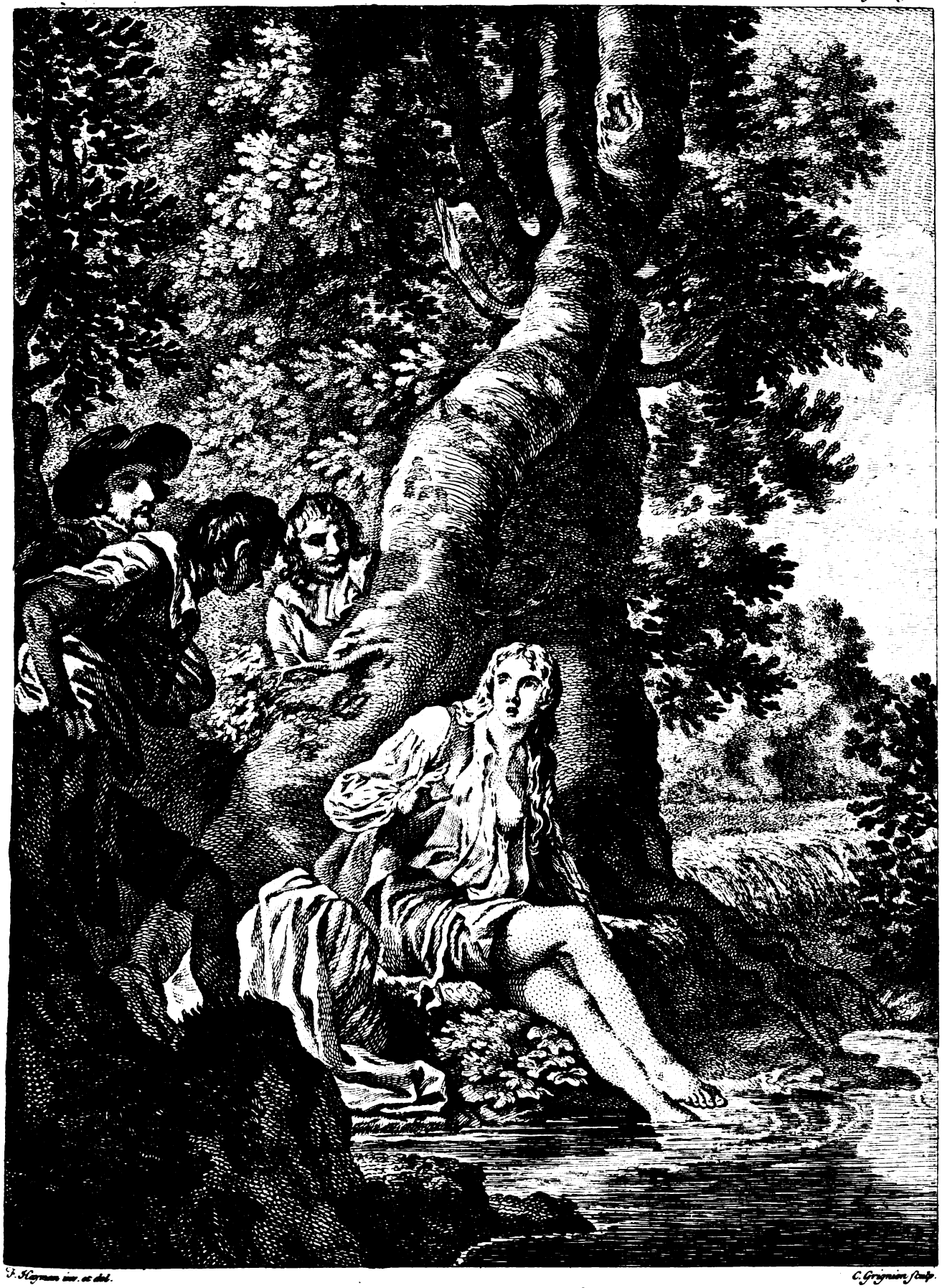

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C. Grignion Sculp.

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able to bear the roughneſs of the ſtones, failed under her, and ſhe fell to the ground. This accident being perceived by the other three, they ran to her aſſiſtance, and the curate approaching her firſt, "Stay, madam, ſaid he, whoſoever you are; thoſe whom you ſee have no other deſign than that of doing you ſervice: therefore, there is no neceſſity for your attempting ſuch a precipitate flight, which neither your own feet nor our inclination will allow." To this addreſs ſhe made no reply, being quite aſtoniſhed and confuſed; but, the prieſt taking her by the hand, proceeded in this manner: "Madam, tho' your dreſs concealed, your hair hath diſcovered manifeſt ſigns, that it muſt be no ſlight cauſe which hath ſhrouded your beauty in ſuch unworthy diſguiſe, and brought you to this ſolitude, where it is our fortune to find you; and to offer, if not a certain remedy for your misfortune, at leaſt our beſt advice: for, no grievance can harraſs or drive the afflicted to ſuch extremity, while life remains, as to make them ſhut their ears againſt that counſel which is given with the moſt humane and benevolent intention. Wherefore, madam, or ſir, or what you pleaſe to be, recollect yourſelf from the confuſion in which the ſight of us hath thrown you, and tell us the particulars of your good or evil fortune, in full aſſurance of finding us altogether, or each by himſelf, diſpoſed to ſympathize with your affliction."

While the curate pronounced theſe words, the diſguiſed damſel ſtood wrapt in attention, gazing at them all round, without moving her lips, or uttering one ſyllable, like a country villager gaping at rarities which he had never ſeen before: but, the prieſt inforcing what he had ſaid, with other arguments to the ſame effect, ſhe heaved a profound ſigh, and broke ſilence, ſaying, "Since theſe ſolitary mountains have not been able to conceal me, and my looſe diſhevelled hair allows me not to diſguiſe the truth, it would be in vain for me to feign ſuch things as your reaſon could not believe, tho' your courteſy might excuſe them. On that ſuppoſition, I thank you, gentlemen, for your humane offer, which lays me under the obligation of giving you all the ſatisfaction you deſire; tho' I am afraid, that the relation I ſhall make of my misfortunes, will, inſtead of compaſſion, excite your diſguſt; for, you will find it impoſſible either to cure my woes, or teach me to bear them with fortitude: but, nevertheleſs, that my reputation may not ſuffer in your opinion, as you have diſcovered me to be a woman, and a young one, alone, and in this diſguiſe; circumſtances, which conſidered either together or apart, might prejudice my good name in this world; I will freely diſcloſe to you, thoſe things, which, if poſſible, I would have willingly concealed."

All this preamble was uttered in a breath by the beautiful apparition, with ſuch volubility of tongue, and ſweetneſs of voice, that they admired her good ſenſe as much as her beauty; and repeating their proffers of

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ſervice, as well as their intreaties, that ſhe would perform her promiſe; ſhe, without further importunity, put on her ſhoes with great modeſty, adjuſted her hair, and ſat down in the midſt of her three hearers, upon a ſeat in the rock, where, after having endeavoured to repreſs a few tears that ſtarted in her eyes, ſhe, with a clear and deliberate voice, began the ſtory of her life, in this manner:

" In this province of Andalouſia, there is a place, from whence a certain duke, one of thoſe who are called grandees of Spain, derives his title: he hath two ſons, the eldeſt of whom is heir to his eſtate, and, in all appearance, to his good qualities; but, the younger inherits nothing that I know, but the treachery of Vellido and falſehood of Galalon. To this nobleman my parents are vaſſals, and tho' low in pedigree, ſo conſiderable in wealth, that if their deſcent was equal to their fortune, they would have had nothing more to deſire; nor I the mortification of ſeeing myſelf in this diſtreſs: for, I believe my misfortunes proceed from their defect in point of birth, which tho' not ſo mean as to make them aſhamed of their origin, is not ſplendid enough to overthrow my conjecture about the ſource of my affliction: in ſhort, they are farmers, of a plain honeſt family, without the leaſt intermixture of mooriſh blood, but, as the ſaying is, old, ruſty chriſtians; ay, and ſo ruſty, that by their riches and opulent way of living, they are gradually acquiring the title of gentlefolks, nay of quality too; tho' what they prized above all riches and title, was their happineſs in having me for their daughter; and therefore, as they had no other child to inherit their eſtate, and were naturally the moſt affectionate of parents, I was beloved and indulged by them, with the utmoſt degree of parental fondneſs. I was the mirrour in which they beheld themſelves, the ſtaff of their age, and ſhared with heaven their whole attention and deſires, with which, as they were pure and unblemiſhed, my own perfectly correſponded: and therefore, I was miſtreſs of their affection as well as their wealth. By my advice, they received and diſmiſſed their ſervants: the tale and account of what was both ſowed and reaped, paſſed thro' my hands. I managed the oil-mills, the vineyards, the herds and flocks, the beehives, and every thing that ſuch a rich farmer as my father, may be ſuppoſed to poſſeſs: in ſhort, I was ſteward and miſtreſs, and acted with ſuch care and œconomy, that I ſhould not find it eaſy to exaggerate the pleaſure and ſatisfaction which my parents enjoyed. Thoſe parts of the day that remained, after I had given all due attention to the herdſmen, overſeers, and other day-labourers, I employed in exerciſes equally decent and neceſſary for young women, ſuch as lace-making, needle-work, and ſpinning; and, if at any time, I interrupted theſe employments, in order to recreate the mind, I entertained myſelf with ſome religious book, or diverſified my amuſement with the harp; being convinced by

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by experience, that muſic lulls the diſordered thoughts, and elevates the dejected ſpirits. Such was the life I led in my father's houſe; and if I have deſcribed it too minutely, it is not thro' oſtentation, in order to diſplay our riches, but, with a view of manifeſting how innocently I forfeited that happy ſituation, and incurred the miſery of my preſent ſtate. While I paſſed my time in theſe occupations, my retirement was ſuch as almoſt equalled that of a nunnery; being ſeen by no body, as I thought, but the ſervants of the family; for, I went to maſs early in the morning, accompanied by my mother and the maids; and veiled with ſuch reſerve, that my eyes ſcarce beheld the ground on which I trod: yet, nevertheleſs, I was perceived by thoſe of love, or rather libertiniſm, which even exceeds the lynx in penetration, and then poſſeſſed the faculties of Don Fernando, younger ſon of the duke whom I have already mentioned.

She no ſooner mentioned the name of Don Fernando, than Cardenio changed colour, and began to ſweat with ſuch agitation, that the curate and barber perceiving it, were afraid he would be ſeized with one of thoſe fits of diſtraction which, as they had heard, aſſaulted him from time to time: but, after ſome drops of ſweat had burſt out upon his ſkin, he remained quiet, and looking earneſtly at the farmer's fair daughter, immediately gueſſed who ſhe was; while ſhe, without obſerving the emotions of Cardenio, went on with her ſtory, in theſe words: "And he no ſooner beheld me, than, as he afterwards proteſted, he deeply felt the power of love, which indeed his behaviour clearly evinced: but, to ſhorten the account of my misfortune, which is lengthened beyond all comfort, I will paſs over in ſilence, the induſtrious ſchemes that Don Fernando planned, for opportunities of declaring his paſſion: he bribed every ſervant in the family, and even made preſents and proffers of ſervice to my relations: there was nothing but gaiety and rejoicing all day long in our ſtreet; and all night, it was impoſſible to ſleep for ſerenades. The letters which, thro' an unknown channel, came to my hand, were without number, filled with the moſt amorous flights and profeſſions, and vows and promiſes in every line: but, all theſe efforts, far from ſoothing, hardened me againſt him, as much as if he had been my mortal foe; and all the ſtratagems he practiſed, in order to ſubdue my coyneſs, had a quite contrary effect: not, that I was diſguſted at the gallantry of Don Fernando, or enraged at his importunities; for, I felt a certain kind of pleaſure, in being courted and beloved by ſuch a noble cavalier: neither did I take umbrage at ſeeing myſelf praiſed in his letters; for, it is my opinion, that all women, let them be never ſo homely, are pleaſed to hear themſelves celebrated for beauty: but, to all theſe artifices, I oppoſed my own virtue, together with the repeated advices of my parents, who plainly perceived the paſſion of Don Fernando;

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do; becauſe he himſelf took no care to conceal it from the world. They aſſured me, that in my virtue and prudence alone, they confided and depoſited their own honour and reputation: they bade me conſider the inequality between Don Fernando and me, which was a convincing proof that his love, tho' he himſelf aſſerted the contrary, tended more to his own gratification than my advantage; and ſaid, if I could throw any obſtruction in his way, to make him quit his unjuſt pretenſions, I ſhould be married immediately, according to my own choice, either to one of the principal perſons of our own town, or to ſome gentleman in the neighbourhood, as I had abundance of lovers, attracted by their wealth and my reputation. With theſe aſſurances, the truth of which I could not doubt, I fortified my integrity, and would never ſend any reply to Don Fernando, that could in the moſt diſtant manner, flatter him with the hope of accompliſhing his wiſh: but, all my reſerve, which he ought to have looked upon as the effect of diſdain, ſerved only to whet his libidinous appetite, which is the true name of the paſſion he profeſſed; for, had it been genuine love, you would not now be liſtening to my ſtory, which I ſhould have had no occaſion to recount.

In fine, Don Fernando got notice that my parents intended to beſtow me in marriage, that they might deprive him of all hope of poſſeſſing me, or, at leaſt, provide me with more guards to protect my virtue; and this piece of news alarmed him ſo much, that he put in practice an expedient to retard the dreaded match. One night, while I ſat in my apartment, attended by my maid only, the doors being all faſt locked, that thro' negligence my virtue might not be in danger, without knowing or comprehending the means of his conveyance, he appeared before me, in the midſt of this reſerve, precaution, ſolitude, ſilence and retreat! At ſight of him, I was ſo much confounded, that the light forſook my eyes, and my tongue denied it's office; ſo that being deprived of the power of utterance, I could not cry for help, neither, I believe, would he have ſuffered me to exclaim; for, he inſtantly ſeized me in his arms, my confuſion being ſuch, that I had not ſtrength to defend myſelf, and began to pour forth ſuch proteſtations, that I cannot conceive how falſehood is able to ape truth ſo exactly. The traitor's tears gave credit to his words, and his ſighs confirmed the honeſty of his intention. I being a poor young creature by myſelf, altogether unexperienced in thoſe affairs, began, I know not how, to believe his falſe profeſſions; but, not ſo as to be moved to weak compaſſion, either by his vows or artful ſorrow; on the contrary, my firſt ſurpriſe being over, I recollected my diſſipated ſpirits, and with more courage than I thought myſelf poſſeſſed of, ſaid to him, "Signor, if, inſtead of being within your arms, as I now am, I was in the paws of a fierce lion, and my deliverance entirely depended upon my doing or ſaying any thing prejudicial to my virtue, it would

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would be as impoſſible for me to comply with theſe terms, as it is impoſſible for that which is, to loſe its exiſtence: wherefore, tho' you keep my body confined within your arms, I am in full poſſeſſion of my ſoul, with all her chaſte deſires, which are intirely oppoſite to yours, as you will plainly perceive, if you reſolve to proceed in gratifying your wiſhes by force. I am your vaſſal, but not your ſlave: the nobility of your blood neither has, nor ought to have, the power of diſhonouring or deſpiſing the lowlineſs of mine; and my character is as precious to me, tho' I am but a plebeian farmer's daughter, as yours can be to you, who are a nobleman and cavalier. All your ſtrength ſhall not effect your purpoſe; neither am I to be influenced by your riches, deceived by your words, or melted by your ſighs and tears. Any of theſe expreſſions in a man, to whom my parents ſhould give me in marriage, would gain my conſent and reciprocal inclination; nay, if my honour were ſafe, I could ſacrifice my ſatisfaction, and voluntarily yield what you, ſignor, now attempt to obtain by force: this I obſerve, that you may reſt aſſured, I will never grant any favour to him who is not my lawful ſpouſe."

"If that be your ſole objection, charming Dorothea (for, that is the name of this wretched creature) ſaid the perfidious cavalier, behold I here preſent my hand, in pledge, of being yours for ever; and may heaven, from which nothing is concealed, together with that image of the bleſſed virgin, bear witneſs to the ſincerity and truth of this declaration." Cardenio, when ſhe called herſelf Dorothea, was ſurpriſed anew, and confirmed in his firſt conjecture; but, unwilling to interrupt the ſtory in which he expected to hear the iſſue of what he already knew, he only ſaid, "Is your name Dorothea, madam? I have heard of one of that name, to whoſe misfortunes yours bear a great reſemblance: but pray proceed; the time will come when I ſhall tell you ſuch things as will equally excite your terror and affliction." Dorothea, ſurpriſed at the diſcourſe of Cardenio, as well as at his ſtrange and ragged attire, intreated him, if he knew any thing of her affairs, to communicate it immediately; ſaying, that if fortune had left her any thing of value, it was the courage to endure any diſaſter that might befall her; tho' ſhe was almoſt certain, that what ſhe had already ſuffered, could admit of no addition. "Madam, replied Cardenio, I would not be the means of impairing that fortitude, by telling you what I know, if my conjecture be right; neither is there any opportunity loſt, nor is it of any conſequence to you, whether you hear it or not." "Be that as it will, anſwered Dorothea, I will go on with the ſequel of my ſtory. Don Fernando addreſſing himſelf to the image he found in my apartment, invoked the bleſſed virgin to bear witneſs to our nuptials, and avowed himſelf my huſband with the moſt binding and ſolemn oaths: tho', before he proceeded ſo far, I deſired

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him to reflect upon what he was going to do, and conſider how much his father might be incenſed at his conduct, when he ſhould find him married to the daughter of his own farmer and vaſſal. I cautioned him againſt being blinded by my beauty, ſuch as it was, telling him it would be far from being a ſufficient excuſe for his error; and begged, if he had any love and regard for me, he would manifeſt it, in leaving me to a fate more adequate to my rank and circumſtances; obſerving, that ſuch unequal matches were ſeldom bleſſed with a long duration of thoſe raptures with which they begin.

All theſe reflections I repeated to him, with many more which I do not remember; but, they had no effect in diverting him from the proſecution of his purpoſe; for, he was like a man who, in making a bargain, never boggles at the price of the commodity, becauſe he never intends to pay it. At the ſame time, I held a ſhort conference with my own breaſt, ſaying within myſelf, "Neither ſhall I be the firſt, who by marriage, has riſen from a low ſtation, to rank and grandeur; nor will Don Fernando be the firſt nobleman whom beauty, or rather blind affection, hath induced to ſhare his greatneſs with a partner of unequal birth. Since therefore, I neither make a new world nor a new cuſtom, it is but reaſonable in me to embrace this honour that fortune throws in my way; and altho' the affection he profeſſes ſhould not ſurvive the accompliſhment of his wiſh, I ſhall nevertheleſs, in the ſight of God, remain his true and lawful wife. Beſides, ſhould I treat him with diſdain, I ſee he is determined to tranſgreſs the bounds of duty, and avail himſelf of force; in which caſe, I ſhall be diſhonoured and inexcuſable in the opinion of thoſe who do not know how innocently I have incurred their cenſure; for, where ſhall I find arguments to perſuade my parents, that this cavalier entered my apartment, without my knowledge and conſent?

All theſe reflexions, which my imagination revolved in an inſtant, began to ſway me towards that which (tho' I little thought ſo) proved my ruin; eſpecially when aided and inforced by the oaths of Don Fernando, the powers he called to witneſs, the tears he ſhed, and, in ſhort, by his genteel carriage and agreeable diſpoſition, accompanied by ſuch marks of real paſſion, as might have melted any other heart as ſoft and unexperienced as mine. I called my maid to be a joint evidence with the powers of heaven; Don Fernando repeated and confirmed his oaths; took other ſaints to witneſs his integrity; imprecated a thouſand curſes on his head, in caſe he ſhould fail to fulfil his promiſe; had recourſe to ſighs and tears again, ſtraining me ſtill cloſer in his arms, from which he had never releaſed me: by theſe means, and the departure of my maid, I forfeited that name, and he became a falſe and finiſhed traitor.

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The morning that ſucceeded this night of my misfortue, did not arrive ſo ſoon, I believe, as Don Fernando could have wiſhed; for, when once a man hath ſatisfied his rage of appetite, his chief inclination is to quit the ſcene of his ſucceſs. This I obſerve, becauſe Don Fernando ſeemed impatient to be gone, and, by the induſtry of my maid, who had conducted him to my chamber, found himſelf in the ſtreet before day: when he took his leave, he told me, tho' not with ſuch violence of rapture as he expreſſed on his firſt coming, that I might depend upon his honour, and the ſincerity of the oaths he had ſworn, as a further confirmation of which, he took a ring of value from his finger, and put it upon mine: in ſhort, he vaniſhed, leaving me in a ſituation which I can neither call joyful nor ſad. This I know, that I remained in a ſtate of confuſion and perplexity, and, as it were, beſide myſelf, on account of what had happened; but I either wanted courage or memory to quarrel with my maid for the perfidy ſhe had had been guilty of, in conducting Don Fernando to my apartment: indeed, I could not as yet determine, whether the adventure would redound to my advantage or misfortune. I told him, at parting, that now I was his wife, he might ſee me every night, by the ſame means he had uſed to procure this firſt interview, until he ſhould think proper to make our marriage public: but, excepting the following night, I could never ſet eyes on him, either in the ſtreet or at church, during a whole month which I ſpent in the utmoſt anxiety of expectation; altho' I knew he was in town, and almoſt every day employed in the chace, an exerciſe to which he was greatly addicted. Thoſe were doleful and diſtracting hours and days to me, for, then I began to doubt, and afterwards to diſbelieve the faith of Don Fernando: then was my maid expoſed to thoſe rebukes for her preſumption, which ſhe had never heard before: then was I obliged to huſband my tears, and wear compoſure on my countenance, that I might not give occaſion to my parents, to aſk the cauſe of my diſcontent; and be put to the trouble of inventing falſehoods to deceive them. But, all this conſtraint was baniſhed by an event, the knowledge of which trod down all other reſpects, put an end to all my prudent meaſures, and by deſtroying my patience, publiſhed my misfortune to the world. This was no other than a report that ſoon after prevailed in our town, by which I learned that Don Fernando was married, in a neighbouring city, to a young lady of exceeding beauty, and diſtinguiſhed birth, tho' her parents could not give her a portion ſuitable to ſuch a noble alliance. I underſtood her name was Lucinda, and that ſeveral ſurpriſing accidents had happened at their nuptials."

Cardenio hearing Lucinda's name, tho' he ſaid nothing, ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, bit his lips, contracted the ſkin of his forehead, and diſcharged from his eyes two fountains of tears: but, notwithſtanding, Dorothea con-

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tinued her ſtory, ſaying, "This melancholy piece of news no ſooner reached my ears, than, inſtead of freezing, it inflamed my heart with ſuch rage and fury, that I had well nigh run out into the ſtreets, and publiſhed aloud the falſehood and treachery he had practiſed upon me: but, my rage was reſtrained for that time, by a plan which I conceived, and actually put in execution that very night. I dreſſed myſelf in this garb, which I received from one of the ſwains belonging to the houſe, to whom I diſcloſed my whole deſign, intreating him to attend me to the city, where I underſtood my adverſary was. After having diſapproved of the attempt, and blamed my reſolution, ſeeing me determined, he offered to keep me company, as he ſaid, to the world's end: that moment I packed up my woman's dreſs in a pillow-caſe, together with ſome jewels and money, as a reſource in time of need; and in the dead of that very night, without giving the leaſt hint to my perfidious maid, left my father's houſe, and accompanied by my ſervant, and a thouſand ſtrange imaginations, ſet out for that city on foot, winged with the deſire of finding Don Fernando; and reſolved, tho' I could not prevent what was already done, to demand with what conſcience he had done it.

In two days and an half, I arrived at the city, and enquiring for the houſe of Lucinda's parents, the firſt perſon to whom I put the queſtion, told me more than I deſired to hear: he ſaid, that on the night of their nuptials, after ſhe had pronounced the Yes, by which he became her huſband, Lucinda was ſeized with a violent fit; that Don Fernando opening her breaſt to give her freſh air, found in it a paper written with her own hand, importing that ſhe could not lawfully eſpouſe Fernando, being already the wife of Cardenio, who, as the man told me, was one of the principal cavaliers of that town; and that ſhe had now pronounced the fatal Yes, meerly becauſe ſhe would not ſwerve from the obedience ſhe owed to her parents: in ſhort, he ſaid the contents of the paper plainly gave them to underſtand, that ſhe intended to make away with herſelf, immediately after the ceremony, induced by the reaſons which were there contained; and this reſolution was confirmed by a poignard which they found concealed in ſome part of her dreſs. Don Fernando perceiving, by what happened, that Lucinda had baffled, ſcorned and undervalued his addreſſes, ran to her before ſhe had recovered the uſe of her ſenſes, and with the poignard they had found, would have ſtabbed her to the heart, had he not been prevented by her parents and the reſt of the company. Next day, when ſhe recovered from her ſwoon, ſhe declared to her father and mother, that ſhe was the true and lawful wife of that ſame Cardenio, who, it ſeems, was preſent at the ceremony; and who, when he ſaw her actually married, contrary to his former belief and firm expectation, quitted the city in deſpair, having firſt left a writing, that declared the wrong ſhe had done him, and ſignified his intention, to baniſh himſelf

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himſelf for ever from the ſociety of mankind. All this tranſaction was ſo notorious and public in the city, as to furniſh diſcourſe for every body; and the ſubject was not diminiſhed when it was known, that Lucinda was not to be found either in her father's houſe, or in any other part of the town, which was ſearched all over by her parents, who had almoſt run diſtracted, not knowing what other method they ſhould take to retrieve her. This information revived my hopes a little, for, I was better pleaſed to have miſſed Don Fernando than to have found him married to another; thinking, that every gate of comfort was not yet ſhut againſt me; and that heaven, perhaps, had thrown that impediment in the way of his ſecond marriage, with a view of making him reflect upon what he owed to the firſt; and reminding him of his being a chriſtian, conſequently more intereſted in the care of his ſoul than in any other human concern. All theſe things I revolved in my imagination, and as I had no real comfort, conſoled myſelf with the moſt feeble and diſtant hope, in order to ſupport a life which I now abhor.

While I remained in this city, undetermined what courſe to take, as I could not find Don Fernando; I heard a public cryer deſcribe my perſon and dreſs, and offer a conſiderable reward to any one that ſhould diſcover where I was. Nay, it was ſaid, that I had ſeduced from my father's houſe, the young man who attended me; a circumſtance that touched me to the very ſoul: finding my credit fallen ſo low, that they were not ſatisfied with publiſhing my eſcape, but, muſt needs alſo mention my attendant, a creature ſo mean and unworthy of my attention and regard; as ſoon as I heard myſelf proclaimed, I quitted the town, accompanied by my ſervant, who already began to give marks of ſtaggering in his promiſed faith and fidelity; and that night, reached the moſt woody part of this mountain, urged by the fear of being diſcovered: but, as it is commonly obſerved, one miſchance invites another, and the end of one misfortune is often the beginning of a worſe; this was literally my caſe: my truſty ſervant, who had hitherto behaved with ſuch zeal and fidelity, ſeeing me in this ſolitary place, and inſtigated by his own villainy, rather than any beauty of mine, attempted to avail himſelf of the opportunity which he thought this deſart offered; and with great impudence, contempt of heaven, and diſregard to me, began to talk of love; when, finding that I rejected his immodeſt propoſals with juſt indignation and diſdain, he laid aſide intreaties for the uſe of thoſe who might pleaſe to uſe them, and began to employ force for the accompliſhment of his will: but, juſt heaven, who ſeldom or never abandons the righteous intention, favoured and aſſiſted mine ſo effectually, that with the little ſtrength I have, and no great trouble, I puſhed him over a precipice, unknowing whether or not he ſurvived the fall; then, as nimbly as my weari-

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rineſs and terror would allow, I penetrated farther into the mountain, without any other thought or intention, than that of keeping myſelf concealed from my father, and thoſe whom he had employed to find me out.

I know not how many months I have lived in this place, where I met with a grazier, who took me into his ſervice, and carried me to his houſe, which ſtands in the very heart of the mountain. Him I have ſerved all this time, in quality of a cowherd, endeavouring to be always in the field, that I might the more eaſily conceal that hair which hath now ſo unexpectedly diſcovered my ſex: yet, all my care and induſtry were vain; for, my maſter having found me out to be a woman, was ſeized with the ſame deſire that took poſſeſſion of my own ſervant: but, fortune with the evil, does not always ſend the remedy; for, I could neither find rock nor bog, by which I might have diſabled my maſter, as I had before puniſhed my man; and therefore, as the leaſt inconvenience, I have left his houſe, and choſen to hide myſelf again among theſe thickets, rather than try my ſtrength againſt him, in defence of my innocence. I ſay, I returned to theſe woods, in hopes of finding a place in which I might, without impediment, implore heaven with ſighs and tears, to have compaſſion upon my miſery, and give me induſtry and grace to overcome it, or give up the ghoſt in this ſolitude, without leaving behind me the leaſt trace or remembrance of this forlorn wretch, who, without any fault of her own, hath afforded ſo much matter for converſation and cenſure both at home and abroad.

CHAP. II.

Of the beautiful Dorothea's diſcretion; with other pleaſant and entertaining particulars.

THIS, gentlemen, is the genuine detail of my tragic ſtory: conſider, therefore, and judge whether or not, I have ſufficient cauſe to heave more ſighs than I have vented, utter more complaints than you have heard, and ſhed more tears than have flowed from mine eyes; and when you ſhall have deliberated upon the quality of my misfortune, you will perceive how vain all conſolation muſt be; as the diſeaſe admits of no remedy. I only aſk what you eaſily can, and ought to grant, namely, that you would inform me where I can paſs my life, without being harraſſed by the ſurprize and fear of being found by thoſe who are in ſearch of me. For, though I am well aſſured, that my parents, out of their great love and affection, would receive me again into their favour, ſuch is the ſhame and confuſion I feel at the bare thought of their having altered their opinion

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to my prejudice, that I would rather conceal myſelf from their ſight for ever, than appear in their preſence, under the ſuſpicion of having acted contrary to the expectations they entertained from my virtue." So ſaying, ſhe ſtood ſilent, and her face was overſpread with a bluſh that plainly denoted the ſentiments and confuſion of her ſoul. Thoſe who had heard her ſtory, were equally ſurprized and afflicted at her misfortune; to which the curate was going to offer ſome conſolation and advice, when Cardenio took her by the hand, ſaying, " It ſeems then, madam, you are the beauteous Dorothea, only daughter of Cleonardo the rich!" She was aſtoniſhed to hear her father's name pronounced by one of ſuch a miſerable appearance; for we have already obſerved, how wretchedly Cardenio was cloathed, and ſaid to him, " And who are you, brother, who know ſo well my father's name, which, if I remember aright, I have not once mentioned in the whole courſe of my unfortunate ſtory?"

" I am, replied Cardenio, that unfortunate man, to whom, as you have obſerved, Lucinda ſaid ſhe was married. I am that miſerable Cardenio, whom the villainy of him who reduced you to your preſent ſituation, hath brought to this deplorable condition in which you now ſee me, ragged, half-naked, deſtitute of all human comfort, and, which is ſtill worſe, deprived of my underſtanding, except at certain ſhort intervals, that I enjoy by the permiſſion of heaven. I, Dorothea, am the perſon who was preſent at the perfidy of Don Fernando, and heard Lucinda pronounce the fatal Yes, by which ſhe accepted him for a huſband. I am he who wanted reſolution to wait the iſſue of her ſwoon, or ſtay and ſee the reſult of that paper which was found in her boſom: for, my ſoul could not ſuſtain the ſhock of ſuch accumulated misfortune; and therefore, I quitted the houſe, already abandoned by my patience, and leaving a letter with my hoſt, whom I charged to deliver it into Lucinda's own hand, betook myſelf to theſe deſarts, with an intention here to finiſh the life which from that inſtant I have abhorred as my moſt inveterate foe. But, fate hath not been pleaſed to grant my wiſh, contenting itſelf with having deprived me of my judgment, with a view, perhaps, of reſerving me for better fortune; which I begin to hope, may proceed from this lucky meeting with you, ſince, if that which you have recounted be true, as I believe it is, there is a poſſibility that heaven may have in ſtore for us both, a more favourable termination of our diſaſters, than we imagine; for, ſuppoſing that Lucinda, who is already my wife, as ſhe hath openly declared, cannot be married to Don Fernando, nor he lawfully wed her, being already eſpouſed to you, I think we have room to hope, that heaven will one day, reſtore what mutually belongs to us; as it is neither alienated, ruined, nor irretrievable. And ſince this conſolation ſtill remains,

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ſprung from hopes that are not very remote, and founded on expectations which are not the effects of a diſordered imagination, I entreat you, madam, in the purity of your ſentiments, to change your preſent reſolution, as I intend to alter mine, and accommodate yourſelf to the hopes of better fortune; for, I ſwear upon the faith of a gentleman and a chriſtian, that I will never abandon you, until I ſee you in the arms of Don Fernando, whom, if I cannot by reaſonable arguments, bring to a true ſenſe of his duty towards you, I will then uſe that privilege to which every gentleman is intitled, and, in ſingle combat, demand ſatisfaction for the injury he has done you, without minding my own wrongs, which I will leave to the vengeance of heaven, that I may the ſooner revenge yours upon earth."

This ſpeech of Cardenio put an end to the ſurprize of Dorothea, who being at a loſs how to thank him for his kind and generous offer, ſtooped in order to kiſs his feet; but, this piece of condeſcenſion he would by no means allow. The prieſt anſwering for both, approved of Cardenio's declaration, and, in a particular manner, intreated, adviſed and perſuaded them to accompany him to the village where he lived, in order to provide themſelves with what they wanted; and there conſult ſome ſcheme either for finding Don Fernando, or for carrying Dorothea back to her parents, or, in ſhort, for doing that which ſhould ſeem moſt neceſſary and convenient. Cardenio and Dorothea thanked him for his courteous offer, which they immediately embraced; and the barber, who had been ſilent and attentive all this time, having joined the curate in his compliments and hearty proffers of ſervice, briefly recounted the cauſe which had brought them thither; namely, the ſtrange madneſs of Don Quixote; obſerving, that they were then waiting for the return of his ſquire, whom they had ſent in queſt of his maſter. Cardenio immediately, as if it had been the faint impreſſion of a dream, recollected and related the quarrel which had happened between the knight and him, though he could not remember the cauſe of the diſpute.

At that inſtant they heard and recognized the voice of Sancho, who not finding them in the place where he had left them, hollowed aloud; upon which, they went to meet him, and inquiring about Don Quixote, were told by the ſquire, that he found him naked to the ſhirt, wan, meagre, half-famiſhed, and ſighing for his miſtreſs Dulcinea; that, when Sancho told him ſhe had commanded him to quit that place, and go immediately to Toboſo, where ſhe waited with impatience to ſee him, he had anſwered, that he was determined never to appear before her, until he ſhould have performed ſuch atchievements as would render him worthy of her favour; and Sancho obſerved, that if this reſolution ſhould hold,

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hold, it was poſſible he might never attain to the rank of an emperor, as he was in duty bound, nor even to that of an archbiſhop, which was the leaſt he could expect. He deſired them, therefore, to conſider ſome means of diſengaging the knight from his ſolitude. The prieſt bad him be under no concern, for, they would fall upon a method to remove his maſter, whether he would or no.

Then he explained to Cardenio and Dorothea, the plan he had laid, to cure Don Quixote of his madneſs, or, at leaſt, bring him back to his own houſe. This Dorothea no ſooner underſtood, than ſhe told him, that ſhe was more proper than the barber for acting the part of the diſtreſſed damſel; eſpecially, as ſhe had cloaths along with her, that would anſwer the purpoſe; and bad them truſt to her, for repreſenting every part of the character, which ſhould be neceſſary towards the ſucceſs of their deſign; for, ſhe had read a great many books of chivalry, and was perfectly well acquainted with the ſtate in which afflicted damſels were wont to beg boons of knights-errant. " If that be the caſe, ſaid the curate, let us not delay the execution of our ſcheme: for, without doubt, heaven ſeems to favour my endeavours; not only, in opening a door, ſo unexpectedly, towards the cure of your misfortunes, but alſo in making you ſubſervient in facilitating our ſucceſs. Dorothea then pulled out of her pillow-caſe, a gown and petticoat of very rich ſtuff, with a beautiful green mantelet, and opening a little caſket, took out a rich necklace and other jewels, with which ſhe inſtantly dreſſed herſelf to ſuch advantage, that ſhe appeared like a lady of the firſt rank and fortune. All theſe and other ornaments, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had carried off from her father's houſe, in caſe of what might happen; though hitherto, ſhe had met with no opportunity of uſing them. Every one preſent was charmed with her graceful mien, eaſy deportment, and exceeding beauty; and paſſed ſentence on Don Fernando, as a perſon of little taſte and diſcernment, for having abandoned ſuch excellence. But, the admiration of Sancho was ſuperior to that of all the reſt; for, he actually thought, and indeed it was true, that in all the days of his life, he had never ſeen ſuch a beautiful creature; and accordingly, aſked the curate, with great eagerneſs, who that handſome lady was, and what ſhe looked for in theſe by-places. " Friend Sancho, anſwered the curate, that handſome lady, to ſay no more of her, is heireſs, in the direct male line, of the kingdom of * Micomicon, come hither to beg as a boon of your maſter, that he would redreſs a wrong and grievance done to her by a diſcourteous giant: for, ſuch is the fame and reputation of that excellent knight Don Quixote, through the whole extent of Guinea, as to induce this princeſs to come from thence in queſt

* As if he had ſaid Ape-land: *Mico* ſignifying an ape.

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of him." "Bleſſed queſt! cried Sancho, and happy finding, ſay I! eſpecially, if my maſter ſhould be ſo fortunate as to right the wrong, and redreſs the grievance, by killing that ſon of a whore of a giant that your worſhip mentions: and kill him he certainly will, if they ſhould once meet, provided he be not a phantome; for, you muſt know, my maſter has no power over phantomes. But, one thing among many others, I muſt beg of you, Mr. Licentiate, and that is, to put my maſter out of conceit of an archbiſhopric, for, I am afraid his inclination leans that way, and adviſe him to marry this princeſs out of hand, a match which will make it impoſſible for him to receive holy orders; and therefore he will the more eaſily arrive at the ſeat of empire, and I at the end of my wiſh. For, I have carefully conſidered the affair, and by my reckoning, I ſhall not find my account in his being an archbiſhop, as I am altogether unfit for the church, by reaſon of my being married; and for me, who have a wife and children, to be petitioning for diſpenſations to hold livings, would be an endleſs taſk. Wherefore, ſignor, the point is this: let my maſter immediately take to wife that ſame lady, whoſe name I do not know; for, indeed, I never ſaw her grace before this bleſſed minute." "She is called the princeſs Micomicona, replied the curate, becauſe, her kingdom being Micomicon, 'tis plain her name muſt be Micomicona." "Yes, to be ſure, ſaid Sancho, I have known ſeveral people take a ſirname and addition from the place of their nativity, calling themſelves, for example, Pedro d'Alcala, Juna de Ubeda, Diego de Valladolid; and I ſuppoſe they have the ſame cuſtom in Guinea, where the queens take their names from the kingdoms they rule." The prieſt confirmed Sancho's opinion. and promiſed to uſe his utmoſt influence to promote the marriage of the knight. With this aſſurance Sancho reſted as much ſatisfied as the other was ſurprized at his ſimplicity, when he perceived how carefully he cheriſhed, in his imagination, the ſame extravagant whims that poſſeſſed his maſter, who, he firmly believed, would one day become an emperor.

By this time, Dorothea being mounted on the curate's mule, and the barber's face accommodated with the ox's tail, by way of beard, they deſired Sancho to guide them to the place where Don Quixote was, and cautioned him againſt pretending to know the licentiate and his companion, aſſuring him that his maſter's becoming an emperor entirely depended upon his profeſſing ignorance of their perſons. Yet neither the curate nor Cardenio would accompany them; becauſe the preſence of this laſt might recal to the knight's memory, the quarrel which had happened between them; and it was not yet proper that the prieſt ſhould appear: for which reaſons, they let the reſt proceed by themſelves, and they followed at a

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F. Hayman inv.t & Pinx.

G. Scotin Sculp.t.

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ſmall diſtance, after the curate had given her cue to Dorothea, who deſired him to make himſelf perfectly eaſy on her account; for, ſhe would act the part aſſigned to her, without having the leaſt occaſion for a prompter, in the true ſtile and ſpirit of knight-errantry.

Having travelled about three quarters of a league, they diſcovered Don Quixote already cloathed, though ſtill unarmed, ſitting in the midſt of a labyrinth of rocks; and Dorothea no ſooner underſtood it was he, in conſequence of Sancho's information, than ſhe whipt up her palfrey, cloſe attended by the well-bearded barber, who, when ſhe approached the knight, threw himſelf from his mule, and ran to help his lady to alight. But, ſhe, diſmounting with great agility, went and fell upon her knees before Don Quixote, whom, in ſpite of his repeated endeavours to raiſe her, ſhe accoſted in theſe words:

"Never will I riſe from this poſture, moſt valiant and invincible knight, until your benevolence and courteſy grant me a boon, which will not only redound to the honour and applauſe of your own perſon, but alſo to the advantage of the moſt injured and diſconſolate damſel that ever the ſun beheld; and, if the valour of your mighty arm correſponds with the voice of your immortal fame, you are obliged to favour the unfortunate, who, attracted by the odour of your celebrated name, come from far diſtant regions, in queſt of your aſſiſtance." "Beauteous lady, replied Don Quixote, I will not anſwer one word, nor hear one circumſtance of your affairs, until you riſe from the ground." "I will not riſe, ſignor, anſwered the afflicted damſel, until I ſhall have obtained from your condeſcenſion, the boon I beg." "I condeſcend and grant it, reſumed the knight, provided in ſo doing, I act neither to the detriment nor derogation of my king, my country, and her who holds my heart and liberty enſlaved*." "Your compliance, worthy ſignor, replied the mourning lady, ſhall in no ways affect the exceptions you have made."

At that inſtant Sancho, came up, and whiſpered ſoftly in his maſter's ear; "Your worſhip may ſafely grant the boon ſhe aſks, which is a meer trifle; no more than ſlaying a giantiſh ſort of a fellow; and ſhe who begs it, is the high and mighty princeſs Micomicona, queen of the great empire of Micomicon in Æthiopia." "Whoſoever ſhe is, anſwered Don Quixote, I will do what I am in duty bound to perform, and act accord-

* When a knight had once granted a boon in this manner, it was impoſſible for him to retract, let the requeſt be never ſo extravagant. We are told by Joinville, that the queen of St. Lewis, being big with child, and in the utmoſt terror of falling alive into the hands of the infidels at Damietta in Ægypt, fell upon her knees before an old knight turned of fourſcore, and conjured him to grant her boon: The old man having promiſed to comply, on the faith of his knighthood, ſhe told him the favour ſhe ſo preſſingly ſollicited, was, that he would cut off her head, before ſhe ſhould fall into the hands of the enemy; provided the Saracens ſhould become maſters of the town. The ſenior anſwered without heſitation, that ſhe might depend upon his ſword; and owned he had taken that reſolution even before ſhe ſignified her requeſt.

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ing to the dictates of my own conſcience, and conformable to the order I profeſs." Then turning to Dorothea, " Riſe, moſt beautiful lady, ſaid he, the boon you aſk is granted." " Then, what I aſk is this, reſumed the damſel, that your magnanimity would immediately accompany me to the place from whence I came, and promiſe to attempt no other adventure, nor grant any other requeſt, until you ſhall have taken vengeance on a traitor who hath uſurped my crown, contrary to all right human and divine." " I grant your requeſt, madam, anſwered Don Quixote: henceforth you may diſpel that melancholy with which you are depreſſed, and let your fainting hope reſume new ſtrength and vigour; for, with the aſſiſtance of God and this my arm, you ſhall, in a ſhort time, ſee yourſelf reſtored to your kingdom, and ſeated on the throne of your royal anceſtors, in defiance and deſpite of all thoſe evil-deſigning perſons who mean to oppoſe you: let us ſet hands to the work then, for, according to the common obſervation, Delay breeds danger.

The diſtreſſed damſel ſtruggled with great perſeverance, to kiſs his hand; but, Don Quixote, who was in all reſpects a well-bred knight, would by no means allow ſuch humiliation; on the contrary, raiſing her up, he embraced her with great politeneſs and cordiality, ordering Sancho to ſecure Rozinante's girths, and help him to arm with all expedition. The ſquire taking down the armour, which hung on a tree, in the manner of a trophy, and adjuſting the horſe's girths, in a twinkling, equipped his maſter, who finding himſelf armed, " Now, ſaid he, let us go, in the name of God, to the aſſiſtance of this high-born lady." The barber, who was all this time on his knees, at infinite pains to preſerve his gravity and his beard, the fall of which, perhaps, would have utterly ruined their laudable deſign, when he found the boon was granted, and ſaw with what eagerneſs the knight undertook to fulfil it, roſe up, and, with the aſſiſtance of Don Quixote, helped his lady upon her mule again; then her protector beſtrode Rozinante, and he himſelf mounted his own beaſt, while Sancho Panza being left on foot, felt the loſs of Dapple, anew: but, this he contentedly bore, believing that his maſter was now in the right road, and almoſt at the very point of being an emperor; for, he aſſured himſelf that the knight would wed that princeſs, and ſo become king of Micomicon at leaſt: the only uneaſineſs he felt, was, on account of that kingdom's being in the land of negroes, ſo that all his ſervants and vaſſals muſt be black; but, his imagination ſupplied him with a remedy for this inconvenience, and he ſaid within himſelf, " Suppoſe my vaſſals are negroes, what elſe have I to do, but tranſport them to Spain, where I can ſell them for ready money, with which I may purchaſe ſome title or poſt that will maintain me, unmarried, all the days of my life! No, to be ſure, ſleep on,

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on, void of all invention or ability to diſpoſe of your ware, and ſell thirty or ten thouſand ſlaves in the turning of a ſtraw. Before God! I'll make them fly, little and big, or juſt as I may; and, blacks as they are, turn them all into white and yellows. Let me alone to ſuck my own fingers." With theſe conceits he was ſo much engroſſed, and ſo well ſatisfied, that he actually forgot the pain of travelling on foot.

Cardenio and the curate ſaw every thing that paſſed from behind ſome ruſhes where they were hid, and could fall upon no method of joining them conveniently, until the prieſt, who was an excellent ſchemer, thought of an expedient for the purpoſe: having a pair of ſciſſars about him, he cut off the beard of Cardenio, with infinite diſpatch, and giving him a grey jacket, with his own black cloak, he himſelf remaining in his doublet and hoſe, the tattered cavalier was ſo much altered in point of appearance, that he would ſcarce have known himſelf had he looked in a glaſs. Although the others were jogging on, while they diſguiſed themſelves in this manner, they eaſily reached the highway, before the knight and his company, whoſe beaſts were retarded by the buſhes and rockyneſs of the ground: and taking their ſtation juſt at the mouth of the entrance to the mountain, no ſooner perceived the knight and his attendants come forth, than the curate looked earneſtly at him a good while, as if he had been recollecting a perſon whom he knew, then ran to him with open arms, crying aloud, "Bleſſed be this meeting with the mirror of chivalry, my worthy compatriot Don Quixote de la Mancha, the flower and cream of gentility, the protector and phyſician of the diſtreſſed, and quinteſſence of knights-errant!" So ſaying, he embraced the left knee of Don Quixote, who being aſtoniſhed at the words and action of the man, began to conſider his features with great attention, and at length, recollecting him, was ſtruck dumb with admiration, at ſeeing him in that place, and made many efforts to alight, which when the prieſt oppoſed, "Give me leave, Mr. Licentiate, ſaid he, it is not ſeemly, that I ſhould remain on horſeback, when ſuch a reverend perſon as you travels on foot." "I will, by no means, anſwered the curate, conſent to your alighting; ſince, on horſeback, your mighty arm hath atchieved the greateſt exploits and adventures that this age hath ſeen: it ſhall ſuffice for me, who am but an unworthy prieſt, to get up, with permiſſion, behind this gentleman who travels in your worſhip's company; and then I ſhall imagine myſelf mounted upon Pegaſus, a Zebra, or that fiery courſer that carried the famous moor Muzaraque, who ſtill lies enchanted in the vaſt mountain Zulema, at a little diſtance from the great Compluto." "I did not think of that expedient, Mr. Licentiate, reſumed the knight, but, I know that my lady the princeſs will, out of regard to me, be pleaſed to order her ſquire to accommodate

accommodate you with the ſaddle of his mule, and he himſelf may ride upon the crupper, if the beaſt will carry double." "I believe ſhe will, ſaid the princeſs; and I am ſure, there will be no occaſion to lay my commands upon my ſquire, who is too courteous and polite, to ſuffer an eccleſiaſtic to travel on foot, when it is in his power to provide him with a beaſt." "Your majeſty is in the right," anſwered the barber, who inſtantly alighting, complimented the curate with the ſaddle, which was accepted without much intreaty."

But, the misfortune was, when the ſquire attempted to get up behind, the mule, which was an hireling, conſequently miſchievous, lifted up her hind legs, and kicked with ſuch fury, that had they lighted on the head or breaſt of Mr. Nicholas, he would have had reaſon to curſe the hour on which he ſet out in queſt of Don Quixote: ſuch, however, was his confuſion, that he came to the ground, and his beard being neglected, fell off; ſo that he could find no other method to prevent a diſcovery, than to clap both hands to his face, with great expedition, and roar out that his teeth were demoliſhed. Don Quixote, ſeeing that huge maſs of beard torn from the jaw, without blood, and lying at a good diſtance from the ſquire's face; "Good heavens! cried he, what a wonderful phænomenon is this! the beard is taken off and ſhaved as clean by the heel of the mule, as if it had been done by the hand of a barber." The curate, ſeeing the riſk he ran of being detected in his ſcheme, ſnatched up the tail, and runing with it to Mr. Nicholas, who ſtill lay bellowing for help, pulled his head to his breaſt with one jerk, and clapping it on again, muttered ſome words, which he ſaid, were an infallible charm for fixing on beards, as they ſhould preſently ſee; accordingly, when the affair was adjuſted, he quitted the ſquire, who now ſeemed as well bearded and as ſound as ever: a circumſtance that, above meaſure, ſurprized the knight, who begged, that the curate, at a proper opportunity, would impart to him the charm which, he imagined, muſt contain more virtues than that of cementing beards; becauſe it was plain, that where the hair was torn off, the ſkin and fleſh muſt be lacerated and hurt; and if the application could heal theſe wounded parts, it was good for ſomething more than meer muſtachios." The curate confirmed his conjecture, and promiſed to diſcloſe the ſecret to him, with the firſt proper opportunity: then it was agreed, that the prieſt ſhould mount the mule by himſelf, and, with the other two, ride her by turns, until they ſhould arrive at the inn, which was about two leagues off.

Don Quixote, the princeſs, and the curate being thus mounted, and Cardenio, the barber, and Sancho Panza following on foot, the knight told the damſel, that her highneſs might conduct him whitherſoever ſhe pleaſed;

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pleaſed; but, before ſhe could make any reply, the prieſt interpoſed, ſaying, "Towards what kingdom is your majeſty journeying? I am much miſtaken in my notions of kingdoms, if you are not bound for Micomicon?" She, who had been well inſtructed in her cue, concluding, that ſhe muſt anſwer in the affirmative, ſaid, "Yes, ſignor, that is the place of my deſtination." "Then you muſt paſs through our village, anſwered the curate, and take your route to Carthagena, where your highneſs may happily embark, and if you meet with no hurricane, but be favoured with a fair wind and ſmooth ſea, in ſomething leſs than nine years, you may get ſight of that vaſt lake Meona, I mean Meotides, which is a little more than one hundred days journey from your majeſty's kingdom." "Your worſhip muſt be miſtaken, ſaid the princeſs, for, two years are not yet elapſed, ſince I ſet out from thence; and though the weather has been always bad, I have already obtained what I ſo much longed after, namely, the ſight of ſignor Don Quixote de la Mancha, whoſe fame reached mine ears, as ſoon as I landed in Spain, and induced me to come in queſt of him, that I might ſollicit his courteſy, and truſt my righteous cauſe to the valour of his invincible arm." "Enough, madam, ſaid Don Quixote; ſpare your encomiums; for, I am an utter enemy to all ſorts of adulation; and although you are not to be ſuſpected of flattery, my chaſte ears are always offended at that kind of diſcourſe. What I can ſafely affirm, is this: Whether I have valour or not, here is he, valiant or puſillanimous, who will exert himſelf to the laſt drop of his blood, in the ſervice of your highneſs. But, this apart; pray, Mr. Licentiate, what cauſe hath brought you hither alone, where I am really aſtoniſhed to find you ſo ill attended, and ſo ſlightly cloathed."

"In that particular you ſhall ſoon be ſatisfied, anſwered the curate: your worſhip muſt know that I and our friend Mr. Nicholas the barber, ſet out for Sevil, to recover a ſum of money, which was ſent to me by a relation of mine that went to the Indies, a good many years ago: no leſs than ſixty thouſand pieces of eight in good ſilver, which make no inconſiderable ſum; and yeſterday, paſſing through this place, we were ſet upon by four highwaymen, who ſtripped us even to our very whiſkers, and that in ſuch a manner as obliged the barber to wear artificial ones; and you may ſee, pointing to Cardenio, how they have deſpoiled the face of this young man who accompanied us; and the cream of the ſtory is, that, according to the public report, which prevails in this neighbourhood, thoſe who robbed us were galley-ſlaves, that, almoſt in this very place, were ſet at liberty by a man ſo valiant, as to let them all looſe, in ſpite of the commiſſary and his guards. Without all doubt, he muſt have been deprived of his ſenſes, or as great a villain as any of thoſe he freed,

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or ſome perſon void of all conſcience and feeling, who could thus turn looſe the wolf among the lambs, the fox among the poultry, and the flies among the honey-pots; defrauding juſtice, and rebelling againſt his king and rightful ſovereign, by acting contrary to his juſt commands, in depriving the gallies of their hands, and putting in confuſion the holy brotherhood, which hath continued ſo many years in undiſturbed repoſe: in ſhort, he hath done a deed that may tend to the perdition of his own ſoul as well as body."

Sancho had before, recounted to them, the adventure of the galley-ſlaves, which he had atchieved with ſo much glory; and therefore, the curate urged it home, in order to obſerve the behaviour of Don Quixote, who changed colour at every word, without daring to own himſelf the deliverer of that worthy crew. "Thoſe, added the prieſt, were the perſons who rifled us; and God of his infinite mercy forgive the man who prevented the puniſhment they ſo richly deſerved."

CHAP. III.

The pleaſant artifice practiſed to extricate our enamoured knight from the moſt rigorous penance he had impoſed upon himſelf.

SCARCE had the curate pronounced this apoſtrophe, when Sancho blundered out, "Then, in good faith, Mr. Licentiate, he who performed this exploit was no other than my maſter; not, that I neglected to tell and adviſe him beforehand, to conſider what he was about, and think what a ſin it would be to let looſe thoſe who were going to the gallies, for the moſt grievous enormities." "You blockhead, cried Don Quixote incenſed, it neither concerns, nor belongs to knights-errant, to examine whether the afflicted, the enſlaved and oppreſſed, whom they meet on the highway, are reduced to theſe wretched circumſtances by their crimes, or their misfortunes; our buſineſs is only to aſſiſt them in their diſtreſs, having an eye to their ſufferings, and not to their demerits. I chanced to light upon a ſtring of miſerable and diſcontented objects, in behalf of whom, I acted according to the dictates of my religion, without minding the conſequence; and he who takes umbrage at what I have done, ſaving the ſacred character and honourable perſon of Mr. Licentiate, is, I inſiſt upon it, utterly ignorant of chivalry, and lies like the baſe-born ſon of a whore; and this aſſertion I will make good with my ſword, in the moſt ample manner." So ſaying, he fixed himſelf in the ſtirrups, and cocked his beaver; the barber's baſon, which he miſtook for Mambrino's helmet hanging uſeleſs at the ſaddle-bow, until the damage it received from the galley-ſlaves could be repaired.

Dorothea,

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Dorothea, who was equally prudent and witty, underſtanding that every body preſent, except Sancho, diverted themſelves with the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, was willing to have her ſhare of the entertainment, and accordingly, perceiving that his indignation was raiſed, " Sir knight, ſaid ſhe, I hope your worſhip will remember your promiſe to me, by which, you are reſtricted from engaging in any other adventure, howſoever preſſing it may be. Subdue your reſentment therefore, and be aſſured, that had Mr. Licentiate known the galley-ſlaves were ſet at liberty by that invincible arm, he would have taken three ſtitches in his mouth, and bit his tongue three times, rather than have uttered one word that ſhould redound to the prejudice of your worſhip." " That I ſwear I would have done, ſaid the curate, ay, and have plucked off one of my whiſkers to boot." " Madam, anſwered the knight, I am ſilent. I will reſtrain the juſt indignation which begins to riſe within me, and proceed in the utmoſt peace and quiet, until I ſhall have fulfilled the boon I promiſed to your highneſs: but, in recompence for this my kind intention, I beſeech you, if it be not too much trouble, to make me acquainted with the nature of your misfortune; and tell me the number, quality and condition of thoſe perſons on whom I am to take juſt ſatisfaction and full vengeance, in your behalf." " With all my heart, anſwered Dorothea, tho' I am afraid of tiring you with a recital of my woes and misfortunes." The knight aſſured her, that would be impoſſible; and ſhe reſumed, " Well then, be ſo good as to favour me with your attention."

At theſe words, Cardenio and the barber went up cloſe to her, in order to hear what ſtory ſhe, in her diſcretion, would invent; and Sancho Panza, who was as much deceived as his maſter, followed their example. After ſhe had ſeated herſelf firmly in the ſaddle, cleared her pipes with a hem or two, and made other preliminary geſtures, ſhe, with great ſprightlineſs, thus began:

" In the firſt place, gentlemen, you muſt know, that my name is——" Here ſhe made a full ſtop, having forgot how the curate had chriſtened her: but, this defect was ſoon remedied; for, immediately conceiving the cauſe of her heſitation, he ſaid, " It is no wonder, madam, that your highneſs is diſturbed and diſordered at the recollection of your misfortunes, which are often ſo great, as to impair the memory to ſuch a degree, that the afflicted cannot even remember their own names: this effect they have had upon you, madam, who have forgot that you are the princeſs Micomicona legitimate heireſs of the great kingdom of Micomicon. With the aſſiſtance of this hint, your highneſs will eaſily recal the whole thread of your ſtory, to your ſorrowful remembrance." " You are in the right, replied the damſel;

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and I believe I ſhall be able to bring my true narrative to a happy concluſion, without further prompting.

The king, my father, whoſe name was Tinacrio the ſage, foreſaw, by his profound ſkill in magic, that my mother, who was called queen Xaramilla, would die before him, and that, as he himſelf muſt quit this life ſoon after, I ſhould be left an helpleſs orphan: but, this conſideration, he ſaid, did not give him ſo much pain and confuſion, as the certain foreknowledge, that a monſtrous giant, lord of a great iſland that bordered on our kingdom, called Pandafilando of the gloomy aſpect: (for, it is affirmed, that altho' his eyes are, like any other perſon's, placed in the middle of his face, he always looks aſkance, as if he ſquinted; and this obliquity the malicious tyrant practiſes, in order to ſurpriſe and intimidate thoſe who behold him:) I ſay, my father foreſaw by his art, that this giant, informed of my being an orphan, would invade me with a great army, and deprive me of my whole kingdom, without leaving ſo much as a village for my retreat; and that nothing could prevent this ruin and misfortune, unleſs I would conſent to marry him: tho', ſo far as he could learn, it would never come into my thoughts, to make ſuch an unequal match: and truly his conjecture was well founded; for, it never entered into my head, to wed any giant, or other perſon, howſoever tall and unmeaſurable he might be. My father, therefore, adviſed me, that when, after his death, I ſhould get notice that Pandafilando was beginning to invade my kingdom; I ſhould not ſtay to put myſelf in a poſture of defence, which would prove my deſtruction, but, freely leave him the poſſeſſion of my realms, if I was reſolved to avoid my own death, and to prevent the total deſtruction of my good and faithful ſubjects; for, it would be impoſſible to defend myſelf againſt the infernal force of the giant: but, that I ſhould immediately ſet out for Spain, where I would find a remedy for all my misfortunes, in the perſon of a certain knight-errant, whoſe fame would be, at that time, ſpread over the whole kingdom, and whoſe name, if I right remember, would be Don Hackſot or Kickſot." "Don Quixote, your ladyſhip would ſay, cried Sancho interpoſing, alias the knight of the rueful countenance." "The very ſame, replied Dorothea; he told me moreover, that this knight would be a tall man, with a long meagre viſage, and have on his right ſide, below his left ſhoulder, or thereabouts, a grey mole garniſhed with hairs, which bear ſome reſemblance to a hog's briſtles."

Don Quixote hearing this circumſtance, ſaid to his ſquire, "Come hither, ſon Sancho, and help me to ſtrip; for, I want to ſee if I am actually the knight of whom that ſage king foretold." "Why ſhould your worſhip ſtrip?" ſaid Dorothea, "In order to ſatisfy myſelf about that mole which your royal father mentioned. "You need not give yourſelf that trouble, ſaid Sancho,

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Sancho, I know your worſhip hath juſt ſuch a mole on the middle of your back-bone, which is a ſign of ſtrength." "That aſſurance is ſufficient, reſumed Dorothea, for, among friends, we ought not to ſtand upon trifles; and it is of very little conſequence whether the mole be upon the ſhoulder or the back-bone; provided there is really ſuch a mark on any part of your body, which is all compoſed of the ſame fleſh: without doubt, my worthy father was right in every thing he prognoſticated; and I have exactly followed his directions, in recommending my cauſe to the protection of ſignor Don Quixote, who is certainly the individual knight my father deſcribed; ſince his features correſpond with his fame, which fills not only Spain, but, likewiſe the whole province of la Mancha*; for, ſcarce had I landed at Oſſuna, than hearing of his vaſt exploits, my mind ſuggeſted that he muſt be the very perſon I came in queſt of." "How could your highneſs, ſaid Don Quixote, land at Oſſuna, which is not a ſea-port."

Before ſhe had time to make a reply, the curate took the taſk upon himſelf, ſaying, "The princeſs muſt mean, that after ſhe landed at Malaga, Oſſuna was the firſt place in which ſhe heard of your worſhip." "That was my meaning, ſaid Dorothea." "There is nothing more plain, anſwered the prieſt, and now, your majeſty may proceed." "I have nothing more to ſay, reſumed the princeſs, but that, at length, deſtiny has been ſo favourable to me, in my finding Don Quixote, I reckon, and look upon myſelf as queen again, and miſtreſs of my whole realms, ſince out of his great courteſy and magnificence, he hath promiſed, in conſequence of the boon I aſked, to go with me, whitherſoever I ſhall conduct him; and my intention is no other than to bring him face to face, with Pandafilando of the gloomy aſpect, that he may, by puting him to death, reſtore me to the poſſeſſion of that which he ſo unjuſtly uſurps: and all this will literally happen, as it was propheſied by my worthy father Tinacrio the ſage, who hath alſo left it written in Chaldean or Greek characters, for, I cannot read them, that if the knight mentioned in the prophecy ſhould, after having cut off the giant's head, demand me in marriage, I muſt inſtantly accept of him as my lawful huſband, without the leaſt heſitation, and give him immediate poſſeſſion of my perſon and throne."

Don Quixote hearing this circumſtance, cried, "What d'ye think now, friend Sancho? d'ye hear what paſſes? and did not I tell thee as much? Obſerve now, whether or not, we have not a queen to marry, and a kingdom to govern." "Adzookers! it is even ſo, cried the ſquire, and plague upon the ſon of a whore who refuſes to marry her, as ſoon as Mr. Pandahilado's

* This is a diverting example of the Bathos, not unlike that anticlimax repeated in the art of ſinking.

Nor Alps, nor Appenines could keep us out,
Nor fortified redoubt!

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weazond is cut: then, what a delicate morſel the queen is! odd! I wiſh all the fleas in my bed were ſuch as ſhe!" So ſaying, he cut a brace of capers, with marks of infinite ſatisfaction, then running up, and taking hold of the bridle of Dorothea's mule, made her halt, while he, falling down on his knees before her, beſought the princeſs to let him kiſs her hand, in token of his receiving her as his queen and miſtreſs. Which of the company could behold the madneſs of the maſter, and the ſimplicity of the man, without laughing! Dorothea actually gave him her hand, and promiſed to make him a grandee, as ſoon as, by the favour of heaven, ſhe ſhould be reſtored to the poſſeſſion of her kingdom; and he thanked her in terms which redoubled the mirth of all preſent.

"This, gentlemen, added the damſel, is my ſtory, and nothing now remains, but to tell you, that of all the people who attended me when I left my own country, not one ſurvives, except this well-bearded ſquire; all the reſt having periſhed in a dreadful ſtorm that overtook us after we were within ſight of land: he and I miraculouſly floated to the ſhore on two planks; and indeed the whole courſe of my life, as you may have obſerved in my narration, hath been full of myſtery and wonder. If I have in any thing exceeded the bounds of credibility, or been leſs accurate than I ought, I hope you will impute it to that cauſe aſſigned by the Licentiate, in the beginning of my ſtory, namely, the continual and extraordinary affliction which often impairs the memory of the unfortunate." "But, mine ſhall not be impaired, moſt high and virtuous lady! ſaid Don Quixote, by all the misfortunes I ſhall undergo in your ſervice, let them be never ſo great and unprecedented: therefore, I again confirm the boon I have promiſed, and ſwear to attend you even to the world's end, until I get ſight of that ferocious adverſary of yours, whoſe proud head I hope to ſlice off, with the aſſiſtance of God, my own arm, and the edge of this (I will not ſay good) ſword; thanks to Gines de * Paſſamonte who run away with my own:" (this laſt apoſtrophe he muttered between his teeth, and then proceeded, aloud, ſaying) "And after I ſhall have deprived him of his head, and put you in peaceable poſſeſſion of your throne, you ſhall be at free liberty to diſpoſe of your perſon, according to your own will and pleaſure; for, while my memory is engroſſed, my will enſlaved, and my underſtanding ſubjected to her who—I ſay no more, but, that it is impoſſible I ſhould incline, or have the leaſt thought towards marrying any other perſon, tho' ſhe were a perfect phœnix."

Sancho was ſo much diſguſted at this laſt declaration of his maſter, refuſing the marriage, that raiſing his voice, he cried, with great indigna-

* If the knight was robbed of his own ſword by Gines; where did he find that which he wore on this occaſion?

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tion, " Signor Don Quixote, I vow and ſwear your worſhip is crazy, elſe you would never boggle at marrying ſuch a high-born princeſs as this! Do you imagine that fortune will offer ſuch good luck at every turn, as ſhe now preſents? or pray, do you think my lady Dulcinea more handſome than the princeſs? I am ſure ſhe is not half ſo beautiful, and will even venture to ſay, that ſhe is not worthy to tie her majeſty's ſhoe-ſtrings. How the plague ſhall I ever obtain the earldom I expect, if your worſhip goes thus a fiſhing for muſhrooms at ſea? Marry her, marry her, in the devil's name, without much ado; lay hold on this kingdom that drops, as it were, into your hand; and, after your coronation, make me a marquis or lord lieutenant, and then the devil, if he will, may run away with the reſt."

Don Quixote was enraged, when he heard ſuch blaſphemies uttered againſt his miſtreſs Dulcinea, and lifting up his lance, without ſpeaking a ſyllable, or giving the leaſt notice of his intention, diſcharged two ſuch hearty blows upon the ſquire, as brought him inſtantly to the ground, and had not Dorothea called aloud, and begged of him to forbear, would certainly have murdered poor Sancho on the ſpot. " Do you think, (ſaid he, after ſome pauſe) you plebeian ſcoundrel, that I will always ſtand with my hands in my pockets; and that there is nothing to be done, but for you to miſbehave, and for me to forgive you? I'll teach you better manners, you excommunicated raſcal, for ſuch to be ſure you are, elſe you would not wag your tongue againſt the peerleſs Dulcinea. Don't you know, you grovelling beggarly villain, that were it not for the valour with which ſhe inſpires this arm, I ſhould not have enough to kill a flea? Tell me, you viperiſh ſcoffer, what you think hath won this kingdom, cut off the giant's head, and made you a marquis, for all this I look upon as already done and determined? Is it not the valour of Dulcinea that makes uſe of my arm as the inſtrument of her exploits? In me ſhe fights and overcomes; in her I live, breathe, and have my being. O thou whoreſon, ungrateful ruffian, who ſeeſt thyſelf raiſed from the duſt of the earth, to the rank of nobility, and repayeſt the obligation by ſlandering thy benefactreſs."

Sancho, was not ſo roughly handled but he heard every ſyllable that his maſter ſpoke, and ſtarting up as nimbly as he could, ran behind Dorothea's palfrey, from whence, he ſaid to the knight, " Pray, Sir, if your worſhip is determined againſt marrying this great princeſs, is it not plain, that the kingdom cannot be yours; and if that be the caſe, what favours can you beſtow upon me? This is what I complain of. I would your worſhip would, once for all, marry this queen, who is, as it were, rained down from heaven upon us; and then you may converſe with my lady Dulcinea, according to the cuſtom of ſome kings who keep concubines. As to the affair of beauty, I will not intermeddle, but, if the truth may be told, I like them

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them both very well, tho' I never ſaw my lady Dulcinea in my life." "How! not ſeen her? blaſphemous traitor! cried Don Quixote; have you not juſt brought a meſſage from her?" "I ſay, anſwered Sancho, that when I ſaw her, I had not an opportunity of examining the particulars of her beauty and good qualities one by one; but altogether, ſhe pleaſed me very much." "Now, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, I exculpate thee, and thou muſt forgive what I did in my wrath; for, no man can command the firſt emotions of his paſſion." "That I can plainly perceive, anſwered the ſquire, and therefore, the deſire of ſpeaking is always the firſt motion in me; and truly, when once my tongue begins to itch, I cannot for my blood keep it within my teeth." "For all that, friend Sancho, ſaid the knight, I would have you conſider before you ſpeak; for, tho' the pitcher goes often to the well—I need not mention what follows:" "In good time, replied the ſquire, there is a God above, who ſees the ſnare, and will judge which of us is moſt to blame; I in ſpeaking, or your worſhip in doing evil." "Let there be no more of this, Sancho, ſaid Dorothea, but run and kiſs your maſter's hand, and beg his pardon; and henceforth, ſet a better guard upon your praiſe, and diſparagement: above all things, beware of ſaying any thing to the prejudice of that lady Toboſa, whom I know by nothing elſe than my inclination to ſerve her: and if you put your truſt in God, you will not fail of acquiring ſome eſtate, by which you will live like a prince."

Sancho took her advice, and, hanging his head, went to beg a kiſs of his maſter's hand, which was granted with great ſolemnity of deportment; nay, the knight gave him his bleſſing alſo, deſiring he would attend him while he rode on a little before the reſt of the company, that he might have a better opportunity of aſking a few queſtions, and converſing with him about affairs of the utmoſt importance. Sancho obeyed the order, and the two having advanced a good way before the reſt, "Since thy return, ſaid Don Quixote, I have had neither time nor convenience, to enquire about many particular circumſtances of thy embaſſy, with the anſwer thou haſt brought: and now, that fortune favours us with a fit opportunity, thou muſt not deny me the pleaſure I ſhall receive from thy agreeable information." "Your worſhip, anſwered the ſquire, may aſk as many queſtions as you pleaſe: I hope my anſwers will make the end anſwer the beginning of your content; but, I intreat your worſhip, dear Sir, not to be ſo revengeful for the future: "Why do'ſt thou call me revengeful," ſaid the knight? "Becauſe, reſumed the ſquire, thoſe blows I was juſt now honqured with, were more owing to the quarrel the devil picked between us, t'other night, than to any thing I ſaid againſt my lady Dulcinea, whom I love and reverence as a relic, tho' ſhe be not one, merely, becauſe ſhe appertains to your worſhip." "No more of theſe reflexions, on thy life,

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life, ſaid Don Quixote; elſe thou wilt give me freſh umbrage: I freely forgave thee at that time, and thou knoweſt, that, according to the common obſervation, Every new fault, deſerves a new penance."

While this converſation paſſed between them, they perceived a man riding towards them on an aſs; and, when he came a little nearer, diſcerned him to be a gypſie: but, Sancho Panza, who ſent his ſoul abroad with his eyes, to examine every aſs that appeared, no ſooner beheld the rider, than he recogniſed Gines de Paſſamonte, and by the thread of the gypſie diſcovered the clue of his own aſs; for, it was actually Dapple that carried Paſſamonte, who, for the better convenience of ſelling the beaſt, had diſguiſed himſelf in the dreſs of a gypſie, whoſe language, with many others, he could ſpeak as fluently as his mother tongue. Sancho ſaw and recollected him, and no ſooner had he ſeen and recollected him, than he bellowed forth, "Ah villain Gineſillo! reſtore my goods—give me back the comfort of my life—rob me not of my heart's content—give me my aſs—give me my darling—fly, thief—ſkip, robber; and ſeek not to preſerve that which is none of thy own."

There was no need of all this exclamation and reproach; for, Gines leaped off at the firſt word, and at a pretty round trot, which might have paſſed for a gallop, made the beſt of his way, and vaniſhed in a twinkling. Sancho running to his aſs, embraced it with great affection, ſaying, "How haſt thou been, my dear Dapple? my truſty companion and joy of my eyes!" Then kiſſed and careſſed it as if it had been a chriſtian; while Dapple very peaceably received theſe demonſtrations of love and kindneſs, without anſwering one word. The whole company wiſhed him joy of his recovery; particularly Don Quixote, who aſſured him, that altho' he had retrieved Dapple, the promiſe of the three colts ſhould not be annulled; and Sancho thanked him for his generoſity.

While the maſter and man were converſing by themſelves, the curate told Dorothea, that ſhe had behaved with great diſcretion in her ſtory, both with regard to the matter and brevity of it, as well as the reſemblance it bore to thoſe legends that are found in books of chivalry. She obſerved that ſhe had employed a good part of her leiſure time in reading ſuch romances, but, being ignorant of the ſituation of different provinces and ſea-ports, ſhe had ſpoke at random, when ſhe mentioned her landing at Oſſuna." "I thought ſo, reſumed the prieſt, and made all haſte to adjuſt matters by what I ſaid: but, is it not very ſtrange, to ſee with what facility this poor unfortunate gentleman ſwallows all thoſe lies and fictions, meerly, becauſe they are delivered in the ſtile and manner of his nonſenſical books?" "So very ſtrange and ſingular, ſaid Cardenio, that I queſtion if there be any genius whatever ſo fertile as to frame ſuch a character by the meer force of invention."

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vention:" "And what is a very remarkable circumſtance, replied the curate, waving thoſe extravagancies which this worthy gentleman utters upon the ſubject of his diſorder, he can diſcourſe upon other topics with ſurpriſing ability, and appears to be a man of great knowledge and intellects: ſo that, if you do not touch upon chivalry, his hearers muſt look upon him as a perſon of excellent underſtanding.

While they were engaged in this converſation, Don Quixote proceeded in his with Sancho, to whom he ſaid, "Come, friend Sancho, let us forget what is paſt, with regard to animoſity, and tell me, without any ingredient of rancour and reſentment, where and how you found Dulcinea? What was ſhe doing? What did ſhe ſay? What anſwer did ſhe make? How did ſhe look when ſhe read my letter? Who tranſcribed it for her peruſal? Theſe particulars, and every other circumſtance of the affair, which you think worthy to be known, aſked and anſwered, I expect you will explain, without ſeeking to increaſe my pleaſure with falſe additions, much leſs to diminiſh it by malicious omiſſion." "Signor, anſwered Sancho, if the truth muſt be told, no body tranſcribed the letter; becauſe I had no letter to be tranſcribed." "That is very true, replied the knight; for, two days after thy departure, I found the pocket-book in which it was written; a circumſtance that gave me infinite pain, as I could not conceive what thou wouldſt do, when the miſtake ſhould appear; indeed I always imagined thou wouldſt have returned hither immediately upon the diſcovery." "That would certainly have been the caſe, ſaid the ſquire, if, when your worſhip read it to me, I had not retained it in my memory, ſo perfect as to be able to dictate it to a pariſh clerk, who, as I repeated, tranſcribed it ſo exactly, that he ſaid, in all the days of his life, tho' he had read many letters of excommunication, he had never ſeen ſuch a clever letter as yours." "And doſt thou ſtill retain it," ſaid Don Quixote. "No, Sir, replied Sancho. For, after I had repeated it to the clerk, I thought there was no further occaſion to retain it, and therefore let it ſlip out of my remembrance; or, if any part remains, it is that of the ſubterrene——I mean ſovereign lady, and the concluſion, Yours till death, the knight of the rueful countenance; with about three hundred ſouls, and lives, and pigſnies, which I ſet down in the middle."

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CHAP. IV.

The ſavoury converſation that paſſed between Don Quixote and his ſquire Sancho Panza; with many other incidents.

"ALL this is pretty well; proceed, ſaid Don Quixote: how was that queen of beauty employed, when you arrived? I dare ſay, you found her ſtringing pearls, or embroidering ſome device for this her captive knight, with threads of gold." "No, truly, anſwered the ſquire; I found her winnowing two buſhels of wheat, in the yard." "Then you may depend upon it, reſumed the knight, the grains of that wheat, were converted into pearls by the touch of her hand: and didſt thou obſerve, my friend, whether it was of the finer or common ſort?" "Why neither, ſaid Sancho, it ſeemed to be as it were, red wheat." "But, ſince it was winnowed by her fair hands, anſwered Don Quixote, I dare affirm, it will make the whiteſt bread in Spain. Go on with thy information. When the letter was delivered did ſhe not kiſs it, and place it upon the crown of her head, in token of reſpect? did ſhe not perform ſome ceremony worthy of the ſender? pray how did ſhe receive it?" "When I preſented the letter, anſwered Sancho, ſhe was in a main hurry, winnowing a large heap of wheat that was in her ſieve; and ſaid to me, Friend, lay down the letter on that ſack; for I can't pretend to read it, until I have made an end of my work." "Diſcreet lady! cried the knight; her intention certainly was to read it at her leiſure, that ſhe might recreate herſelf with the contents.——Proceed, Sancho——and while ſhe was thus employed, what converſation paſſed between you? what queſtions did ſhe aſk concerning me? and what anſwers didſt thou make? Recount the whole, without leaving one ſyllable untold."

"She aſked me no queſtions, replied the ſquire; but, I told her, how I had left your worſhip doing penance for love of her, ſkipping among thoſe rocks, naked from the waſte, upwards, like a meer ſavage, ſleeping on the bare ground; neglecting to eat your food like a chriſtian, or to comb your beard like a decent man, but whining, and weeping, and curſing your fortune." "If you ſaid I curſed my fortune, you miſrepreſented me, ſaid Don Quixote; for, I bleſs my fate, and will bleſs it all the days of my life, for having made me worthy to aſpire to the love of ſuch an high lady as Dulcinea del Toboſo." "High indeed! anſwered Sancho, for, in faith ſhe is a good hand taller than I am." "How, haſt thou been meaſured with her, Sancho?" ſaid the knight. "I'll tell you how, anſwered the ſquire; while I was helping her to lay a load of corn upon

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an aſs, we came ſo cloſe together, that I could eaſily perceive ſhe over-topped me by a full hand." "That may be true, ſaid Don Quixote; tho' her tallneſs is accompanied and adorned by a myriad of mental graces. But, this you will not deny, Sancho, that while you was ſo near her, your noſtrils were regaled by a ſabæan odour, an aromatic fragrance, a certain delicious ſenſation, for which there is no name. I mean a ſcent, a perfume, ſuch as fills the ſhop of ſome curious glover." "All that I can ſay, anſwered Sancho, is, that I was ſenſible of a ſort of rammiſh ſmell, which I believe, was owing to her being in a muck ſweat with hard work." "That is impoſſible, cried the knight; thy ſenſe muſt have been depraved; or that ſmell muſt have proceeded from thy own body; for, I am perfectly well acquainted with the odour of that roſe among briars, that lilly of the valley, that liquid amber." "It may be ſo, ſaid Sancho: I have often known ſuch ſmells come from myſelf, as then ſeemed to come from my lady Dulcinea: but that is not to be wondered at; becauſe, as the ſaying is, every fiend may ſtink of brimſtone." "Well then, added Don Quixote, ſhe hath now winnowed the wheat, and ſent it to the mill, how did ſhe behave after ſhe had read my letter." "The letter, anſwered Sancho, was not read at all: for, as ſhe could neither read nor write, ſhe choſe to rend and tear it to pieces, rather than give it to any body who might publiſh her ſecrets, in the village; ſaying, ſhe was very well ſatisfied with the information I gave her, by word of mouth, concerning your worſhip's love for her, and the extraordinary penance I left you doing on her account. Finally, ſhe bad me tell you, that ſhe kiſſed your worſhip's hands, being much more deſirous of ſeeing than writing to you, and therefore ſhe intreated and commanded your worſhip, by theſe preſents, to quit this deſart, and leave off playing the fool, and forthwith ſet out on your journey to Toboſo, provided that ſomething elſe of greater importance ſhould not happen; for, ſhe longed very much for a ſight of your worſhip: and laughed heartily when I told her, that you had taken the name of the knight of the rueful countenance. When I aſked, if the Biſcayan had been lately with her, ſhe anſwered, Yes; and that he was very much of a gentleman: but, when I inquired about the galley-ſlaves, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had as yet, ſeen none of them."

"Hitherto, all goes well, ſaid the knight; but, pray tell me, what jewel ſhe gave you at parting, for the news you had brought of me her lover; for, it is an ancient practice and cuſtom among knights-errant and their miſtreſſes, to beſtow upon their ſquires, damſels or dwarfs, who bring them news of each other, ſome rich jewel, as a reward and acknowledgment for the meſſage." "It may be ſo, ſaid Sancho, and I think it an excellent cuſtom; but, that muſt have been in times paſt: for, in this age,

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age, it is cuſtomary to give nothing but a piece of bread and cheeſe, which was all the preſent I received from my lady Dulcinea, who reached it over the yard wall, when I took my leave; by this token, that the cheeſe was made of ewe's milk." "She is liberal to exceſs, ſaid the knight; and if ſhe omitted giving thee a jewel, it muſt certainly have been owing to her not having any by her; but all in good time*: I ſhall ſee her ſoon, and then every thing will be ſet to rights. Yet, there is one thing, Sancho, which overwhelms me with aſtoniſhment. You ſeem to have travelled thro' the air; for, you have ſpent little more than three days in your journey; though Toboſo is more than thirty leagues diſtant from hence. From this extraordinary expedition, I conjecture, that the ſage, who is my friend, and intereſts himſelf in my affairs, and ſuch there certainly is, and muſt be, elſe I ſhould be no true knight-errant: I ſay, this enchanter muſt have aſſiſted thee in thy journey, tho' thou didſt not perceive it; for, ſome there are of that claſs, who will take up a knight-errant while he is aſleep in his bed, and without his knowing any thing of the matter, he ſhall awake next morning in ſome place more than a thouſand leagues from the houſe where he took up his lodging the night before; and without ſuch ſudden tranſportations, it would be impoſſible for knights to ſuccour each other in diſtreſs; as they frequently do. A knight-errant, for example, happens to be fighting in the deſarts of Armenia, with ſome fierce dragon, dreadful goblin, or rival knight; and being worſted, and juſt at the point of being ſlain, behold, when he leaſt expects it, there ſuddenly appears in a cloud or fiery chariot, another knight, a friend of his, who, but a minute before, reſided in England, and who aſſiſts and delivers him from death: then that ſame knight, finds himſelf ſupping at his eaſe, in his own houſe, which is often two or three thouſand leagues from the field of battle: and all this is effected by the induſtry and art of ſage inchanters, who take thoſe valiant knights under their protection.

Wherefore, friend Sancho, I can eaſily believe, that thou haſt in ſo little time, travelled from hence to Toboſo and back again; becauſe, as I have already obſerved, ſome friendly ſage muſt have carried thee through the air, though thou didſt not perceive it." "Not unlikely, replied the ſquire, for, in good faith, Rozinante went like a gypſy's aſs, with quick-ſilver in his ears." "With quickſilver, cried the knight; ay, and a legion of demons to boot, who are beings that travel themſelves, and make other people travel as faſt as they pleaſe, without tiring.

* Literally, Sleeves are good even after Eaſter, i. e. Though a good thing comes late, it is never unſeaſonable.

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But, waving this ſubject, how do'ſt thou think I ought to regulate my conduct, now that my miſtreſs commands me to appear in her preſence! for, although I find myſelf obliged to comply with her orders, I am utterly incapacitated by the boon I have granted to this princeſs: and, I am bound, by the laws of chivalry, to fulfil my promiſe, before I indulge my inclination. On one hand, I am perſecuted and harraſſed by the deſire of ſeeing Dulcinea; on the other, I am incited and invited by my honour, and the glory I ſhall acquire in this enterprize. I am therefore determined to travel with all expedition, until I arrive at the place where the giant reſides, and when I ſhall have reſtored the princeſs to the peaceful poſſeſſion of her kingdom, after having ſhortned the uſurper by the head, I will return to the rays of that beauty which enlightens my thoughts; and excuſe myſelf in ſuch a manner as to obtain her forgiveneſs, as ſhe will plainly perceive, that my delay tended to the increaſe of her glory and fame: ſeeing all my reputation in arms, paſt, preſent or to come, proceeds from her favour and inſpiration." "Lord! cried Sancho, how your worſhip is concerned about a parcel of potſheards. Pray tell me, ſir, do you intend to make this journey for nothing; and to let ſuch a rich and noble marriage as this ſlip through your fingers, while the dowry is no leſs than a kingdom, which, I have actually heard, is more than twenty thouſand leagues, round, plentifully ſtored with every thing that is needful for the ſuſtenance of mortal man, and larger than Portugal and Caſtile put together? Hold your tongue, a God's name, and take ſhame to yourſelf, for what you have ſaid: pardon my freedom, take my advice, and marry in the firſt place where we can find a curate; or make uſe of our friend the licentiate, who will buckle you handſomely. Take notice, therefore, that I am of an age to give good counſel, and this that I offer will fit you to a hair; for, a bird in hand is worth two in the buſh; and, as the ſaying is, He that hath good in his view, and yet will not evil eſchew, his folly deſerveth to rue."

"Sancho, anſwered Don Quixote, if thou adviſeſt me to marry, with a view of ſeeing me king, after I ſhall have killed the giant, that I may have an opportunity of rewarding thee with what I have promiſed, thou muſt know, that I can eaſily gratify thy wiſhes, without wedding the princeſs; for, before I engage in the combat, I will covenant, that provided I come off conqueror, and decline the marriage, I ſhall have it in my power to diſpoſe of one part of the kingdom, as I ſhall think proper; and to whom ſhould I give it but to thee?" "That is very plain, replied the ſquire; but, I beſeech your worſhip to make choice of the ſea-coaſt, becauſe, if I ſhould happen to diſlike the country, I may ſhip off my black ſlaves, and ſell them as I have already hinted. Wherefore, without troubling

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bling yourſelf, at preſent, about my lady Dulcinea, I would have you go and ſlay the giant, and conclude that affair, from which, before God! we ſhall certainly reap much honour and advantage." "I tell thee, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, thou art in the right, and I will follow thy advice, ſo far as it regards my attendance upon the princeſs, before I viſit Dulcinea. But, ſay not a word to any body, even thoſe of our company not excepted, of this converſation; for, as ſhe is ſo reſerved and careful of concealing her ſentiments, it would be inexcuſable in me, if I, or any other thro' my means, ſhould diſcloſe them." "Since that is the caſe, ſaid the ſquire, why does your worſhip command all thoſe that are vanquiſhed by your arm, to go and preſent themſelves before my lady Dulcinea? You may as well give it under your hand, that you are her true and truſty lover: for, if you compel them to fall upon their knees before her, and ſay they are ſent by your worſhip, to pay homage to her, how is it poſſible, that the ſentiments of either you or her can be concealed?"

"What an ignorant and ſimple fellow thou art! reſumed the knight, canſt thou not ſee that all this redounds to her praiſe and exaltation?—Thou muſt know, that in our ſtile of chivalry, it is deemed a great honour for a lady to be admired by a great many knights, whoſe wiſhes extend no farther than to the deſire of ſerving her for her own ſake, without expecting any other reward for their great and manifold ſervices, than the glory of being admitted into the number of her knights." "In like manner, ſaid Sancho, I have heard a prieſt in the pulpit, obſerve, that we muſt love our Saviour for his own ſake, without being moved thereto, by any fear of puniſhment or hopes of applauſe: though, for my own part, I am inclined to love and ſerve him, on account of his power." "Now, the devil take the clown! cried Don Quixote, he ſometimes makes ſuch ſhrewd obſervations, that one would think he had actually ſtudied!" "And yet, upon my conſcience, anſwered the ſquire, I know not ſo much as my letters." At that inſtant, maſter Nicholas calling aloud to them, to ſtop a little, that the reſt might have time to drink at a ſpring which they found in the way; Don Quixote turned back, to the no ſmall ſatisfaction of Sancho, who was already tired with telling lies, and afraid of being detected by his maſter; for, although he knew that Dulcinea was the daughter of a peaſant at Toboſo, he had never ſeen her in his life. By this time Cardenio had put on the cloaths which Dorothea wore, when they found her, and though they were none of the moſt elegant, he made a much better figure than with his tattered dreſs, which he now threw away. The whole company ſat down by the ſpring, where, while they appeaſed the keen hunger that poſſeſſed them all, with what the curate had brought from the inn, a lad chanced to paſs that way, who, looking earneſtly at the

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the whole company, at length ran up to Don Quixote, and embracing his knees, began to blubber moſt heartily, ſaying, " Ah! ſignor, don't you know me? look at me again; I am that ſame individual young man, called Andrew, whom your worſhip delivered from the tree to which I was tied." " The knight recollected his features, and taking him by the hand, addreſſed himſelf to the company, in theſe words:

" That you may ſee of what importance knight-errantry is, to redreſs the wrongs and grievances which are daily committed by the inſolent and wicked wretches who live upon this earth, know, that as I paſſed by a wood ſome time ago, I heard the ſcreams and woeful cries of ſome afflicted creature, in the utmoſt diſtreſs; and, in conſequence of my oath and obligation, riding towards the place from which the lamentation ſeemed to come, I found this very young man tied to an oak tree; and, I am glad from my ſoul, that he is here in perſon, to bear witneſs to the truth. I ſay, he was bound to an oak, naked from the waiſt, upwards; and, a peaſant, who, I afterwards underſtood, was his maſter, ſtood ſcourging him with the reins of a bridle. When I enquired into the cauſe of this barbarous treatment, the ruſtic anſwered, that he only whipped his own ſervant, for being guilty of ſome neglect that ſavoured more of knaviſhneſs than ſimplicity. The boy proteſted he had done nothing but aſked his wages: to this affirmation, the maſter replied, by ſome aſſeverations which I have forgot, but, though I heard his excuſes, I would not admit of them. In ſhort, I ordered the peaſant to untie the youth, and made him ſwear, that he would carry him home, and pay him his wages in ready caſh, nay, and pay him in rials that ſhould be perfumed. Is not this literally true, ſon Andrew? didſt thou not obſerve, with what authority I commanded, and with what humility he promiſed to comply with every thing that I impoſed, ſuggeſted and deſired? Anſwer without perturbation, or doubt, and tell this honourable company what paſſed, that they may ſee, and be convinced, of what uſe it is, as I ſaid, to have knights-errant continually upon duty.

" All that your worſhip hath told, is very true, anſwered the young man; but, the end of the buſineſs was quite the reverſe of what you imagined." " How! the reverſe! cried the knight; has not the peaſant paid thee thy wages?" " Far from paying me my wages, ſaid Andrew, your worſhip was no ſooner out of the wood, and we by ourſelves again, than he bound me a ſecond time, to the ſame oak, and laſhed me ſo ſeverely, that I remained like St. Bartholomew, flead alive; and, at every ſtripe, he jeered and ſcoffed and made game of your worſhip in ſuch a manner, that if it had not been for the exceſſive pain I felt, I could not have refrained from laughing at what he ſaid. In ſhort, he treated me ſo cruelly, that

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'till this very day, I have been in the hoſpital, for the cure of the wounds I received from that miſchievous farmer: and, truly your worſhip was the cauſe of all that I ſuffered; for, if you had followed your own road, without going where nobody called you, or meddling with other people's affairs, my maſter would have been ſatisfied with giving me a cool dozen or two, and then looſed and paid me my due. But, when your worſhip abuſed him ſo unſeaſonably, and called him ſo many bad names, his choler was inflamed, and as he could not be revenged upon you, as ſoon as you was gone, he diſcharged the ſtorm of his wrath upon me, in ſuch a manner, that I ſhall never be my own man again."

"The misfortune, ſaid the knight, was in my leaving him, before I had ſeen thee paid; for, I ought to have known, by long experience, that no peaſant will keep his word, if he thinks it his intereſt to break it. But, thou mayſt remember, Andrew, that I ſwore, if he did not perform his promiſe, I would return, and ſearch for him, until he ſhould be found, even if he ſhould hide himſelf in the whale's belly." "Very true, replied Andrew; but that threat ſignifies nothing." "Thou ſhalt preſently ſee what it ſignifies, reſumed Don Quixote, who getting up haſtily, ordered Sancho to bridle Rozinante, who was following their example, in refreſhing himſelf with graſs.

When Dorothea aſked what he intended to do, he replied, he was going in queſt of the peaſant, to chaſtiſe him for his villainous behaviour, and make him pay Andrew to the laſt farthing, in deſpite and defiance of all the ruſtics upon earth." To this declaration, ſhe anſwered, by deſiring him to conſider that, according to the promiſed boon, he could not engage in any enterprize, until her affair ſhould be finiſhed; and ſince this ſtipulation was known to himſelf better than to any other perſon, ſhe intreated him to repreſs his reſentment, till his return from her kingdom. "That is very true, reſumed the knight, and Andrew muſt wait with patience for my return, as your majeſty obſerves; but, I repeat my oath and my promiſe, never to deſiſt until I ſhall have ſeen his wages paid, and his injuries revenged." "I don't truſt to thoſe oaths, ſaid Andrew, and would rather, at preſent, have wherewithal to bear my expences to Sevil, than all the revenge in the world: be ſo good, if you have any victuals, to give me ſomething to eat upon my journey, and the Lord be with your worſhip and all knights-errant, who, I wiſh, may always err as much in their own affairs, as they have done in mine." Sancho, taking a luncheon of bread and cheeſe from the ſtore, gave it to the young man, ſaying, "Here, brother Andrew, take this: and now we have all ſhared in your misfortune." When Andrew aſked, what ſhare of it had fallen to him, he replied, "That ſhare of bread,

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bread and cheeſe which I have given you: and God knows whether I ſhall not feel the loſs of it; for, you muſt know, friend, that we ſquires of knights-errant are ſubject to many a hungry belly, with other misfortunes which are more eaſily felt than deſcribed."

Andrew accepted of the bread and cheeſe, and ſeeing that no body offered him any thing elſe, made his bows, and as the ſaying is, took his foot in his * hand. True it is, before he departed, he addreſſed himſelf to Don Quixote, ſaying, "For the love of God! Sir knight-errant, if ever you meet me again, ſpare yourſelf the trouble of coming to my aſſiſtance, even tho' you ſhould ſee me cut into minced meat, but leave me to my misfortune, which cannot be ſo great, but that it may be increaſed by the ſuccour of your worſhip, whom God confound, together with all the knights-errant that ever were born." Don Quixote ſtarted up, in order to chaſtiſe him, but, he ran away with ſuch nimbleneſs, that no body attempted to purſue him; and the knight was ſo aſhamed of his exploit, that the company were at great pains to contain their laughter, to prevent his being quite out of countenance.

CHAP. V.

Which treats of what happened to Don Quixote and his company at the inn.

THEIR ſumptuous meal being ended, they ſaddled their beaſts, and without meeting any thing worthy of mention, arrived next day at the very inn which was ſo much the dread and terror of Sancho; but, unwilling as he was to enter, he could not avoid going into it. The innkeeper, his wife, daughter and Maritornes, ſeeing Don Quixote and Sancho at the gate, went out to receive them, with great demonſtrations of joy; and the knight returned their compliments with grave deportment and ſolemn approbation, deſiring them to prepare a better bed for him than that which he had occupied before. To this demand, the landlady anſwered, that, provided he would pay better than he did before, he ſhould lye like a prince: he promiſed to ſee her ſatisfied, and they immediately made up a tolerable bed, in the ſame garret where he had formerly lodged, in which, he laid himſelf down, very much diſordered, both in body and mind. He was no ſooner locked up in his chamber, than the landlady attacked the barber, and ſeizing him by the beard, cried, By my faith! you ſhall no longer uſe my tail for a beard. Give me my tail, I ſay, for, it is a ſhame to ſee how my huſband's thing is bandied about for want of it; I mean the comb that he

* Literally, Took the road in his hands.

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uſed to ſtick in my tail." But, the barber would not part with it, for all her tugging, until the prieſt deſired him to reſtore it; becauſe there was no further occaſion for the diſguiſe, as he might now appear in his own ſhape, and tell the knight, that after he had been robbed by the galley-ſlaves, he had fled to that inn; and if he ſhould enquire for the princeſs's gentleman uſher, they would tell him, ſhe had diſpatched him away before her, to advertiſe her friends and ſubjects, that ſhe was upon the road, accompanied by the deliverer of them all. Thus ſatisfied, the barber willingly reſtored the landlady's tail, and every thing elſe they had borrowed, with a view of diſengaging Don Quixote from the mountain; and all the people of the inn were aſtoniſhed at the beauty of Dorothea, as alſo at the genteel mien of the ſwain Cardenio. The curate ordered them to get ready ſomething to eat; and the innkeeper, in hope of being well paid, dreſſed, with all diſpatch, a pretty reaſonable dinner, but, they did not think proper to waken Don Quixote, who, they believed, ſtood at that time more in need of ſleep than of food.

The diſcourſe at table, in preſence of the innkeeper, his wife, daughter, Maritornes, and all the other lodgers, happening to turn upon the uncommon madneſs of the knight, and the condition in which they found him; the hoſteſs recounted to them, what had happened in her houſe, between him and the carrier; then looking round the room, and ſeeing Sancho was not preſent, ſhe told the whole ſtory of the blanketting, to the no ſmall entertainment of the company. The curate obſerving that Don Quixote's underſtanding was diſordered by the books of chivalry he had read, the innkeeper replied, "I cannot conceive how that is poſſible; for, really, in my opinion, they are the beſt reading in the world: I have now in my cuſtody two or three of them, together with ſome other papers, which, I verily believe, have preſerved not only my life, but alſo that of many others; for, in harveſt time, a great number of reapers come hither, to paſs the heat of the day; and there being always, one among them, who can read, he takes up a book, and we, to the number of thirty or more, forming a ring about him, liſten with ſuch pleaſure, as were enough to make an old man grow young again; at leaſt, I can ſay for myſelf, when I hear him read of thoſe furious and terrible ſtrokes that have been given by certain knights, I am ſeized with the deſire of being at it myſelf; and could liſten to ſuch ſtories whole nights and days without ceaſing." "I wiſh you would, with all my heart, replied the wife; for, I am ſure, I never enjoy a quiet minute in the houſe, except when they are reading, and then you are ſo bamboozled with what you hear, you forget to ſcold for that time." "That is the very truth of the matter, ſaid Maritornes; in good faith, I myſelf am hugely diverted, when I hear thoſe things; they are ſo clever, eſpecially when they

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tell as how yon t'other lady lay among orange trees, in the embraces of her knight, while a duenna half dead with envy and ſurprize, kept ſentry over them——odd! all theſe things make my chops water."

"And what is your opinion of the matter, my young miſtreſs, ſaid the prieſt to the innkeeper's daughter?" "Truly, ſignor, I don't well know, ſhe replied; but, liſten among the reſt, and really, tho' I do not underſtand it, I am pleaſed with what I hear: yet, I take no delight in thoſe ſtrokes that my father loves; but, in the lamentations made by the knights, when they are abſent from their miſtreſſes, which in good ſooth, often make me weep with compaſſion." "Then you would ſoon give them relief, if they mourned for you, my pretty maid, ſaid Dorothea?" "I don't know what I ſhould do, anſwered the girl; but, this I know, that ſome of thoſe ladies are ſo cruel, their knights call them lions, tygers, and a thouſand other reproachful names. Jeſus! I can't conceive what ſort of folks thoſe muſt be, who are ſo hard-hearted and unconſcionable as to let a man of honour die, or loſe his ſenſes, rather than take the leaſt notice of him: why ſhould they be ſo coy? if their ſuitors court them in an honeſt way, let them marry, and that is all the men deſire." "Hold your peace, child, ſaid the landlady; methinks, you are too well acquainted with theſe things: young maidens, like you, ſhould neither know nor ſpeak ſo much." The daughter ſaid, as the gentleman aſked her the queſtion, ſhe could do no leſs than anſwer him; and the curate demanding a ſight of the books, "With all my heart," replied the innkeeper, who going to his own chamber, brought out an old portmanteau ſecured with a chain, which being opened, the prieſt found in it three large volumes, and ſome manuſcripts written in a very fair character.

The firſt book they opened appeared to be Don Cirongilio of Thrace, the ſecond, Felixmarte of Hyrcania, and the third was the hiſtory of that great captain Gonçalo Hernandes de Cordova, with the life of Diego Garcia de Paredes. The curate having read the titles of the two firſt, turned to the barber, ſaying, "We now want our friends the houſekeeper and couſin." "Not at all, anſwered Mr. Nicholas, I myſelf can convey them to the yard, or rather to the chimney, where there is actually a ſpecial good fire." "What! you intend to burn theſe books, then, ſaid the innkeeper?" "Only theſe two, anſwered the curate, pointing to Don Cirongilio and Felixmarte." "I ſuppoſe then, reſumed the landlord, my books are heretic and flegmatic?" "You mean ſchiſmatic, honeſt friend, and not flegmatic, ſaid the barber." "Even ſo, replied the landlord; but, if any of them be burnt, let it be the hiſtory of that great captain, together with Diego Garcia; for, I would rather ſuffer you to commit my ſon to the flames, than to burn e'er a one of the reſt." "Heark ye, brother, ſaid the curate, theſe

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theſe two books are ſtuffed with lies, vanity and extravagance; but, that of the great captain is a true hiſtory, containing the exploits of Gonçalo Hernandez de Cordova, who, by his numerous and valiant atchievements, acquired all the world over, the epithet of the great captain, a renowned and ſplendid appellation, merited by him alone: and that Diego Garcia de Paredes was a noble cavalier, born in the city of Truxillo in Eſtremadura, a moſt valiant ſoldier, and endowed with ſuch bodily ſtrength, that with a ſingle finger, he could ſtop a mill-wheel in the heat of its motion; and being once poſted at one end of a bridge, with a two-handed ſword, he alone prevented a vaſt army from paſſing over it: he performed a great many actions of the ſame kind, which he himſelf hath recounted with all the modeſty of a gentleman who writes his own memoirs; whereas, had they been committed to writing, by any other free and diſpaſſionate author, they would have eclipſed all the Hectors, Achilleſes and Orlandos that ever lived." "You may tell ſuch ſtuff to my grannam, ſaid the innkeeper. Lord! how you are ſurpriſed at the ſtopping of a mill-wheel! before God! I adviſe your worſhip to read, as I have done, the hiſtory of Felixmarte of Hyrcania, who, with a ſingle backſtroke, cut five giants thro' the middle, as eaſily as if they had been made of beans, like the figures with which the boys divert themſelves. Another time, he engaged a moſt infinite and powerful army, conſiſting of a million and ſix hundred thouſand ſoldiers, all armed capapee, whom he totally routed, as if they had been flocks of ſheep. Then what ſhall we ſay of the moſt excellent Don Cirongilio of Thrace, who was ſo valiant and couragious, as may be ſeen in the book of his hiſtory, that while he was ſailing on a river, a fiery ſerpent roſe above the water, which he no ſooner ſaw, than leaping on its back, he faſtened himſelf aſtride upon its ſcaly ſhoulders, and ſeized it by the throat, with both hands, ſo forcibly, that the ſerpent feeling itſelf well nigh ſtrangled, could find no other remedy but to dive to the bottom, with the knight, who would not quit his hold, and when he had deſcended a great way, he found himſelf in a palace ſituated in the midſt of a garden that was wonderfully pleaſant; and then the ſerpent turned itſelf into an ancient man, who told him ſuch things as you would rejoice to hear——Say no more, ſignor, if you was to hear it, you would run ſtark mad for joy——ſo that, a fig for your great captain, and that ſame Diego Garcia you talk of."

Dorothea hearing this harrangue, whiſpered to Cardenio, "Our hoſt wants not much to make the ſecond edition of Don Quixote." "I think ſo too, anſwered Cardenio; for, by his diſcourſe, he ſeems to take it for granted, that every thing which is recounted in theſe books, is neither more nor leſs than the truth; and all the capuchins in Spain will not be able to alter his belief." "Conſider, brother, reſumed the curate, that there ne-

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ver was upon earth, ſuch a perſon as Felixmarte of Hyrcania, nor Don Cirongilio of Thrace, nor any other of ſuch knights as are celebrated in books of chivalry. The whole is a fiction compoſed by idle perſons of genius, for the very purpoſe you mentioned, namely paſtime, which was the aim of your reapers; for, I ſwear to you, no ſuch knights ever exiſted, nor were any ſuch exploits and extravagancies ever performed in this world." "You muſt throw that bone to ſome other dog, replied the landlord, as if I did not know that two and three make five; or where my own ſhoe pinches. Your worſhip muſt not think to feed me with pap, for, egad I am no ſuch ſuckling: a good joke, faith! You would make me believe that all the contents of theſe books are madneſs and lies, altho' they are printed by licence from the king's council; as if they were perſons who would wink at the printing of ſuch lies, battles and enchantments as turn people's brains." "Friend, replied the curate, I have already told you, that they are deſigned for the amuſement of our idle hours; and as in every well-governed commonwealth, the games of cheſs, billiards and tennis, are licenſed for the entertainment of thoſe who neither can nor ought to work; in like manner, thoſe books are allowed to be printed; on the ſuppoſition, that no body is ſo ignorant as to believe a ſyllable of what they contain; and if I was now permitted, or the company required it, I could give ſome hints towards the improvement of books of chivalry, which perhaps might be both ſerviceable and entertaining; but, I hope, the time will come, when I may have an opportunity of imparting my ſuggeſtions to thoſe who can convert them to general uſe: mean while, Mr. Publican, you may depend upon the truth of what I have ſaid; take your books away, and ſettle the affair of their truth or falſehood, juſt as your own comprehenſion will permit; much good may they do you, and God grant that you may never halt on the ſame foot of which your lodger Don Quixote is lame." "I hope, anſwered the innkeeper, I ſhall never be mad enough to turn knight-errant, as I can eaſily perceive that the cuſtoms now-a-days are quite different from thoſe in times paſt, when, as it is reported, thoſe famous heroes travelled about the world."

Sancho, who had come into the room, about the middle of this converſation, was very much confounded and perplexed, when he heard them obſerve, that there was no ſuch thing as knight-errantry in the preſent age, and that all the books of chivalry were filled with extravagance and fiction: he therefore determined within himſelf, to wait the iſſue of his maſter's laſt undertaking; and if it ſhould not ſucceed as happily as he expected, to leave him, and return, with his wife and children, to his former labour.

When the innkeeper took up the portmanteau with the books, in order to carry them away, "Stay, ſaid the curate, until I examine theſe papers which

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which are written in ſuch a fair character." The landlord accordingly pulled out a manuſcript, conſiſting of eight ſheets of paper, intitled, in large letters, * The novel of the Impertinent Curioſity. The prieſt having read three or four lines, within himſelf, ſaid, "Really the title of this novel pleaſes me ſo much, that I have a ſtrong inclination, to peruſe the whole." To this obſervation, the innkeeper replied, "Then your reverence may read it aloud; for, you muſt know, the reading of it hath given great ſatisfaction to ſeveral lodgers at this inn, who have earneſtly begged the copy: but, that requeſt I would not comply with, becauſe I expect that the perſon who left the portmanteau with the books and papers, in a miſtake, will return, on purpoſe to fetch them; or, you know, he may chance to travel this way, on other buſineſs; and tho' I ſhould miſs them heavily, in faith, they ſhall be reſtored; for, tho' an innkeeper, I am ſtill a chriſtian." "Friend, ſaid the curate, you are very much in the right; but for all that, if I like the novel, you ſhall give me leave to tranſcribe it." "With all my heart, replied the landlord." While this diſcourſe paſſed between them, Cardenio having taken taken up the manuſcript, and begun to read, was of the curate's opinion, and intreated him to read it aloud, that the whole company might hear it. "I will, anſwered the prieſt, if you think we had not better ſpend the time in ſleeping than in reading." "For my own part, ſaid Dorothea, it will be a ſufficient refreſhment for me, to liſten to ſome entertaining ſtory; for, my mind is not compoſed enough to let me ſleep, even if I ſtood in need of repoſe." "If that be the caſe, reſumed the curate, I will read it out of curioſity, at a venture, and perhaps, it will yield us ſome entertainment into the bargain." Maſter Nicholas earneſtly joined in the requeſt, and Sancho himſelf expreſſed a deſire of hearing it; upon which, the licentiate finding he ſhould pleaſe the whole company, as well as himſelf; "Well then, ſaid he, liſten with attention, for the novel begins in this manner:"

* The original, which is *Curioſo impertinente*, ſignifies one who is impertinently curious, not a curious impertinent.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VI.

The novel of the impertinent curioſity.

IN Florence, a rich and celebrated city of Italy, ſituated in the province called Tuſcany, lived Anſelmo and Lothario, two wealthy and noble cavaliers, ſo ſtrictly united in the bands of amity, that every body who knew them, called them by way of excellence and epithet, the Two Friends: and indeed, being both batchelors, and their age and education ſo much alike, it was not to be wondered at, if a reciprocal affection ſprung up between them: true it is, Anſelmo was rather more addicted to amorous paſtime than Lothario, whoſe chief delight was in hunting; yet, upon occaſion, Anſelmo could quit his own amuſements to purſue thoſe of his friend; and Lothario could poſtpone his favourite diverſion, in order to practiſe that of Anſelmo: in this manner, their inclinations proceeded ſo mutually, that no clock ever went with more regularity. Anſelmo happened to fall deſperately in love with a young lady of rank and beauty, in the ſame city, deſcended from ſuch a noble family, and ſo amiable in herſelf, that he determined, with the approbation of his friend, without which he did nothing, to demand her of her parents, in marriage; and accordingly, put his reſolution in practice. Lothario was intruſted with the meſſage, and concluded the affair ſo much to the ſatisfaction of his friend, that in a very little time, Anſelmo ſaw himſelf in poſſeſſion of his heart's deſire; and Camilla thought herſelf ſo happy in having obtained ſuch a huſband, that ſhe was inceſſant in her acknowledgments to heaven and Lothario, by whoſe mediation her happineſs was effected.

During the firſt two days after marriage, which are commonly ſpent in feaſting and mirth, Lothario, as uſual, frequented the houſe of his friend, with a view of honouring his nuptials, and endeavouring, as much as in him lay, to promote the joy and feſtivity attending all ſuch occaſions: but, the wedding being over, and the frequency of viſits and congratulations abated, he began carefully and gradually to abſent himſelf from Anſelmo's houſe, thinking, as every prudent perſon would naturally conclude, that a man ought not to viſit and frequent the houſe of a friend after he is married, in the ſame manner as he had practiſed, while he was ſingle; for, tho' ſuſpicion ſhould never find harbour with true and virtuous friendſhip, yet the honour of a married man is ſo delicate, as to be thought ſubject to injury, not only from a friend, but even from a brother. Anſelmo perceived Lothario's remiſſneſs, and complained of it loudly, ſaying, that if he had thought his marriage would have impaired their former correſpondence, he never would have altered

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tered his condition; and begged, that as by the mutual friendſhip which inſpired them while he was ſingle, they had acquired ſuch an agreeable title as that of The two friends, he would not now ſuffer that endearing and celebrated name to be loſt, by a ſcrupulous adherence to meer form and punctilio. He therefore intreated him, if he might be allowed to uſe the expreſſion, to be maſter of his houſe, and to come in and go out as formerly, aſſuring him that the inclinations of Camilla, in that reſpect, were exactly conformable to his own; and that, knowing the perfect friendſhip which ſubſiſted between them, ſhe was extremely mortified at his late ſhyneſs.

To theſe and many other arguments uſed by Anſelmo, to perſuade his friend to frequent his houſe as uſual, Lothario anſwered with ſuch prudence, force and diſcernment, that the other was convinced of his diſcreet conduct; and it was agreed betwixt them, that Lothario ſhould dine with him twice a week, beſides holidays; but, notwithſtanding this agreement, he reſolved to comply with it no further than he ſhould ſee convenient for the honour of Anſelmo, which was dearer to him than his own. He ſaid, and his obſervation was juſt, that a man on whom heaven hath beſtowed a beautiful wife, ſhould be as cautious of the men he brings home to his houſe, as careful in obſerving the female friends with whom his ſpouſe converſes, abroad: for, that which cannot be performed, nor concerted in the ſtreet or the church, or at public ſhews and diverſions, with which a huſband muſt ſometimes indulge his wife, may be eaſily tranſacted in the houſe of a female friend or relation, in whom his chief confidence is repoſed. Wherefore, Lothario obſerved, that every married man had occaſion for ſome friend to apprize him of any omiſſion in her conduct; for, it often happens, that he is too much in love with his wife, to obſerve, or too much afraid of offending her, to preſcribe limits to her behaviour, in thoſe things, the following or eſchewing of which, may tend to his honour or reproach: whereas, that inconvenience might be eaſily amended by the advice of a friend. But, where ſhall we find ſuch a zealous, diſcreet truſty friend, as is here required? I really know not, except in Lothario himſelf, who conſulting the honour of Anſelmo, with the utmoſt care and circumſpection, was at great pains to contract, abridge and diminiſh the number of the days on which he had agreed to frequent his houſe; that the idle vulgar, and prying eyes of malice, might not indulge their love of ſlander, when they perceived a genteel young man of ſuch birth, fortune, and accompliſhments as he knew himſelf poſſeſſed of, go into the houſe of ſuch a celebrated beauty as Camilla; for, although his virtue and honour might be a ſufficient check to the moſt malevolent tongue, he would not expoſe his own character, or that of his friend, to the

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the ſmalleſt cenſure; and therefore, employed the greateſt part of thoſe days on which he had agreed to viſit Anſelmo, in ſuch things as he pretended, were indiſpenſable: ſo that when they were preſent, a great deal of time was conſumed by the complaints of the one, and the excuſes of the other. One day, however, as they were walking through a meadow, near the ſuburbs of the city, Anſelmo addreſſed himſelf to Lothario in theſe terms:

"You believe, my friend Lothario, that I can never be thankful enough to heaven, for the bleſſings I enjoy, not only in the moſt indulgent parents, and in the abundance of thoſe things which are called the goods of nature and fortune; but, alſo in a friend like you, and a wife like Camilla; two pledges which I eſteem, if not as highly as I ought, at leaſt, as much as I can. Yet, though I poſſeſs all thoſe benefits which uſually conſtitute the happineſs of mankind, I find myſelf one of the moſt diſguſted and diſcontented men alive. I have been for theſe many days, ſo harraſſed and fatigued with ſuch an odd unaccountable deſire, that I cannot help being amazed at my infatuation, for which I often blame and rebuke myſelf, endeavouring to ſuppreſs and conceal it from my own reflexion: but, I find it as impoſſible to keep the ſecret, as if I had induſtriouſly publiſhed it to the whole world; and ſince it muſt actually be diſcloſed to ſome body, I would have it depoſited in the moſt ſecret archives of your heart; in full confidence, that by the diligence which you, as a truſty friend, will exert in my behalf, when you know it, I ſhall ſoon ſee myſelf delivered from that anxiety to which it hath reduced me; and by your aſſiduity be raiſed to a pitch of joy, equal to the degree of vexation which my own folly hath intailed upon me."

Lothario was aſtoniſhed at this diſcourſe of Anſelmo, as he could not comprehend the meaning of ſuch a long preface and preamble; and endeavoured, by revolving every thing in his imagination, to find out what this deſire could be, that preyed ſo much upon the ſpirits of his friend; but, finding himſelf always wide of the mark, he was willing to eaſe himſelf immediately of the exceſſive pain his ſuſpence occaſioned; and with this view, told Anſelmo, that he did a manifeſt injury to the warmth of his friendſhip, in going about the buſh, ſeeking indirect methods to impart his moſt ſecret thoughts, ſince he was well aſſured, that he might entirely depend upon him, either for advice to ſuppreſs, or aſſiſtance to ſupport them. "I am well convinced of the truth of what you ſay, anſwered Anſelmo; and in that confidence will tell you, my friend, that the deſire with which I am poſſeſſed, is to be certain, whether or not my wife Camilla is as virtuous and perfect as I believe her to be: and this truth I ſhall never be fully perſuaded of, until the perfection of her nature appear upon

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upon trial, as pure gold is proved by fire: for, it is my opinion, that there is no woman virtuous, but in proportion to the ſollicitation ſhe hath withſtood; and, that ſhe only is chaſte, who hath not yielded to the promiſes, preſents, tears and continual importunities of perſevering lovers. And pray, where is the merit in a woman's being chaſte, when nobody ever courted her to be otherwiſe? what wonder, that ſhe ſhould be reſerved and cautious, who has no opportunity of indulging looſe inclinations, and who knows her huſband would immediately put her to death, ſhould he once catch her tripping? Wherefore, I can never entertain the ſame degree of eſteem for a woman who is chaſte out of fear, or want of opportunity, as I would for her who hath triumphed over perſeverance of ſolicitation: ſo that, for theſe and many other reaſons I could urge to ſanction and enforce my opinion, I deſire that my wife Camilla may undergo the teſt, and be refined in the fire of importunate addreſſes, by one poſſeſſed of ſufficient accompliſhments to inſpire a woman with love; and, if ſhe comes off, as I believe ſhe will, victorious, in the trial, I ſhall think my own happineſs unparalelled. I ſhall then, be able to ſay, that my wiſhes are fulfilled; and that ſhe hath fallen to my lot, of whom the wiſe man ſaith, "Who hath found her?" And even, if the contrary of what I expect, ſhould happen, the ſatisfaction of ſeeing my opinion confirmed, will help me to bear with patience that which would otherwiſe prove ſuch a coſtly experiment. Suppoſing then, that nothing you can ſay, in oppoſition to this deſire of mine, can avail in diverting me from my purpoſe, I expect and intreat that you, my friend Lothario, will condeſcend to be the inſtrument with which I execute this work of my inclination. I will give you proper opportunities, and ſupply you with every thing I ſee neceſſary for ſolliciting a woman of virtue, honour and diſintereſted reſerve: and, what, among other things, induces me to entruſt you with this enterprize, is the conſideration, that ſhould Camilla's ſcruples be overcome, you will not purſue your conqueſt to the laſt circumſtance of rigour, but only ſuppoſe that done, which for good reaſon, ought to remain undone; ſo that I ſhall be injured by her inclination alone, and my wrongs lie buried in the virtue of your ſilence, which, I know, in whatever concerns my welfare, will be eternal as that of death. Wherefore, if you would have me enjoy what deſerves to be called life, you will forthwith undertake this amorous conteſt, not with lukewarmneſs and languor, but with that eagerneſs and diligence which correſponds with my wiſh, and the confidence in which I am ſecured by your friendſhip."

Such was the diſcourſe of Anſelmo, to which Lothario liſtened ſo attentively, that, except what he is already ſaid to have uttered, he did not open his lips, until his friend had finiſhed his propoſal; but, finding he

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had nothing more to alledge, after having, for ſome time, gazed upon him as an object hitherto unſeen, that inſpired him with aſtoniſhment and ſurprize: "I cannot be perſuaded, Anſelmo, ſaid he, but what you have ſaid was ſpoke in jeſt, for, had I thought you in earneſt, I ſhould not have ſuffered you to proceed ſo far, but, by refuſing to liſten, have prevented ſuch a long harangue. Without doubt, you muſt either miſtake my diſpoſition, or I be utterly unacquainted with yours; and yet, I know you to be Anſelmo, and you muſt be ſenſible that I am Lothario: the misfortune is, I no longer find you the ſame Anſelmo you wont to be, nor do I appear to you the ſame Lothario as before; your diſcourſe ſavours not of that Anſelmo who was my friend; nor is what you aſk, a thing to be demanded of that Lothario who ſhared your confidence. Good men, as a certain poet obſerves, may try and avail themſelves of their friends, Uſque ad aras; but, not preſume upon their friendſhip, in things contrary to the decrees of heaven. Now, if a heathen entertained ſuch ideas of friendſhip, how much more ſhould they be cheriſhed by a chriſtian, who knows, that no human affection ought to interfere with our love to God: and, when a perſon ſtretches his connexions ſo far, as to lay aſide all reſpect for heaven, in order to manifeſt his regard for a friend he ought not to be ſwayed by trifles or matters of ſmall conſequence, but by thoſe things only on which the life and honour of a friend, depend. Tell me then, Anſelmo, which of theſe is in danger, before I venture to gratify your wiſh, by complying with the deteſtable propoſal you have made? Surely, neither: on the contrary, if I conceive you aright, you are deſirous, that I ſhould indefatigably endeavour to deprive you and myſelf alſo, of that very life and honour, which it is my duty to preſerve: for, if I rob you of honour, I rob you of life; ſince a man without honour, is worſe than dead; and I being the inſtrument, as you deſire I ſhould be, that entails ſuch a curſe upon you; ſhall not I be diſhonoured, and of conſequence, dead to all enjoyment and fame. Liſten, with patience, my friend Anſelmo, and make no anſwer, until I ſhall have done with imparting the ſuggeſtions of my mind, concerning the ſtrange propoſal you have made; for, there will be time enough for you to reply, and me to liſten in my turn." "With all my heart, cried Anſelmo; you may ſpeak as long as you pleaſe."

Accordingly, Lothario proceeded, ſaying, "In my opinion, Anſelmo, your diſpoſition is at preſent like that of the Moors, who will not ſuffer themſelves to be convicted of the errors of their ſect, by quotations from the holy ſcripture, nor with arguments founded on ſpeculation, or the articles of faith; but, muſt be confuted or convinced by examples that are palpable, eaſy, familiar, and ſubject to the certainty of mathematical demonſtrations:

monſtration: for inſtance, if from equal parts, we take equal parts, thoſe that remain are equal. And if they do not underſtand this propoſition verbally, as is frequently the caſe, it muſt be explained and ſet before their eyes, by manual operation, which is alſo inſufficient to perſuade them of the truth of our holy religion. The ſelf-ſame method muſt I practiſe with you, whoſe deſire deviates ſo far from every thing that bears the leaſt ſhadow of reaſon, that I ſhould look upon it as time miſpent, to endeavour to convince you of your folly, which is the only name your intention ſeems to deſire: nay, I am even tempted to leave you in your extravagancy, as a puniſhment for your prepoſterous deſire: but, I am prevented from uſing ſuch rigour by my friendſhip, which will not permit me to deſert you in ſuch manifeſt danger of perdition. But, to make this affair ſtill more plain, tell me, Anſelmo, did not you deſire me to ſollicit one that was reſerved, ſeduce one that was chaſte, make preſents to one that was diſintereſted, and aſſiduouſly court one that was wiſe? Yes, ſuch was your demand. If you are appriſed, then, of the reſerve, virtue, diſintereſtedneſs and prudence of your wife, pray, what is your aim? if you believe that ſhe will triumph over all my aſſaults, as undoubtedly ſhe will, what fairer titles can you beſtow upon her, than thoſe ſhe poſſeſſes already? or how will ſhe be more perfect after that trial, than ſhe is at preſent? You either do not believe ſhe is ſo virtuous as you have repreſented her, or know not the nature of your demand. If you think ſhe is not ſo chaſte as you have deſcribed her, you ſhould not hazard the trial, but rather, according to the dictates of your own prudence, treat her as a vicious woman: if you are ſatisfied of her virtue, it would be altogether impertinent to make trial of that truth, which from the teſt, can acquire no additional eſteem. From whence we may reaſonably conclude, that for men to execute deſigns which are clearly productive of more hurt than benefit, is the province of madneſs and temerity; eſpecially, when they are not incited or compelled to theſe deſigns by any ſort of conſideration; but, on the contrary, may at a greater diſtance, perceive the manifeſt madneſs of their intention. Difficulties are undertaken, either for the ſake of God, of this world, or of both. The firſt are incurred by holy men, who live the life of angels here on earth; the ſecond, by thoſe who traverſe the boundleſs ocean, viſiting ſuch a diverſity of climates and nations, with a view of acquiring what are called the goods of fortune: and ſuch undertakings as equally regard God and man, fall to the ſhare of thoſe valiant ſoldiers, who no ſooner behold, in the wall of an adverſe city, a breach, though no bigger than that which is made by a ſingle cannon ball, than, laying aſide all fear, and overlooking with unconcern, the manifeſt danger that menaces them, winged with deſire of ſignalizing their

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valour in behalf of their king, country and religion, throw themſelves, with the utmoſt intrepidity, into the midſt of a thouſand deaths that oppoſe and await them. Theſe are the enterprizes which are generally undertaken, and, though full of peril and inconvenience, attended with glory, honour and advantage; but that which you have planned, and purpoſe to put in execution, neither tends to your acquiring the approbation of God, the goods of fortune, nor the applauſe of mankind: for, granting that the experiment ſhould ſucceed to your wiſh, it will make you neither more happy, rich, or reſpected than you are; and ſhould it turn out contrary to your expectation, you will find yourſelf the moſt miſerable of all mortals. It will then, give you little eaſe to reflect, that your misfortune is unknown: for, the bare knowing it yourſelf, will be ſufficient to plunge you in affliction and deſpair. As a confirmation of this truth, you muſt give me leave to repeat the following ſtanza, written by the celebrated poet Lewis Tanſilo, at the end of the firſt part of the tears of St. Peter.

When Peter ſaw the approach of roſy morn,
His ſoul with ſorrow and remorſe was torn,
For, though from ev'ry mortal eye conceal'd,
The guilt to his own boſom ſtood reveal'd:
The candid breaſt will ſelf-accuſing, own
Each conſcious fault, tho' to the world, unknown:
Nor, will th' offender 'ſcape internal ſhame,
Though unimpeach'd by juſtice or by fame.

Wherefore, ſecrecy will never aſſuage your grief, but, on the contrary, you will inceſſantly weep, not tears from your eyes, but drops of blood, from your heart, like that ſimple doctor, whom our * poet mentions, who made trial of the veſſel, which the prudent Reynaldo, with more diſcretion, refuſed to touch: and although this be a poetical fiction, it nevertheleſs contains a well-couched moral worthy of notice, ſtudy and imitation; eſpecially, as what I am going to ſay will, I hope, bring you to a due ſenſe of the great error you want to commit.

Tell me, Anſelmo, if heaven or good fortune had made you maſter and lawful poſſeſſor of an exquiſite diamond, the brilliancy of which was admired by all the lapidaries who had ſeen it, and unanimouſly allowed to be the moſt perfect of it's kind; an opinion, which, as you knew nothing to the contrary, was exactly conformable to your own; would it be wiſe or pardonable in you, to put that jewel betwixt an anvil and a hammer, and by meer dint of blows and ſtrength of arm, try if it was as hard and

* Ludovico Arioſto, author of Orlando Furioſo.

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perfect as it had been pronounced? for, ſuppoſing that the diamond ſhould reſiſt the force of this fooliſh experiment, it would thereby acquire no addition of value or fame; and if it ſhould be broke to pieces, a thing that might eaſily happen, would not all be loſt? Yes, for certain; and the owner be univerſally deemed a fool. Conſider then, my friend, that Camilla is an exquiſite diamond, not only in your eſtimation, but in that of every one who knows her, and it would be highly unreaſonable to expoſe her to the leaſt poſſibility of being broke; for, even ſhould ſhe remain intire, her reputation will receive no increaſe; but, ſhould ſhe fail in the trial, reflect upon what you muſt feel, and the reaſon you will then have to complain of yourſelf, for having been the fatal cauſe of her perdition and your own deſpair. Conſider, that no jewel upon earth is comparable to a woman of virtue and honour; and, that the honour of the ſex conſiſts in the fair characters they maintain. Since, therefore, the reputation of your wife is already as high as it poſſibly can be, why would you bring this truth into queſtion? Remember, my friend, that woman is an imperfect creature, and that, far from laying blocks in her way, over which ſhe might ſtumble and fall, we ought to remove them with care, and clear her paths from all obſtructions, that ſhe may, without trouble, proceed ſmoothly, in attaining to that perfection which ſhe may ſtill want, namely, immaculate virtue. We are informed by naturaliſts, that the ermin is a little animal, covered with a fur of exceſſive whiteneſs, and that the hunters uſe this artifice to catch it: being well acquainted with the places through which it chuſes to paſs in its flight, they daub them all over with mud, and as ſoon as they get ſight of the creature, drive it directly thither. The ermin finding itſelf thus barricadoed, ſtands ſtill, and is taken; chuſing captivity, rather than by paſſing through the filth, to ſtain and ſully the whiteneſs of its fur, which it prizes above liberty, and even life itſelf. A chaſte and virtuous wife is like the ermin, her character being more pure and white than drifted ſnow; but he, who would guard and preſerve it, muſt uſe a method quite different from that which is practiſed upon the little animal, and beware of clogging her way with the mud of entertainments, and the addreſſes of importunate lovers; leſt perhaps, nay, without a perhaps, ſhe ſhould not poſſeſs ſuch virtue and reſolution as are ſufficient of themſelves, to ſurmount thoſe obſtructions. It is therefore neceſſary to remove them, and place before her, the purity of virtue, and the beauty of an unblemiſhed reputation. A virtuous woman alſo reſembles a bright tranſparent mirrour, which is liable to be ſtained and obſcured by the breath of thoſe who approach too near it. A virtuous woman, like reliques, ought to be adored at a diſtance. She ought to be preſerved and eſteemed as a beauti-

beautiful garden full of flowers and roſes, the owner of which will ſuffer nobody to handle them or paſs through it, permitting them only, to enjoy its fragrance and beauty afar off, through the iron rails that ſurround it. In fine, I will repeat a few verſes that I juſt now recollect, from a modern comedy, becauſe they ſeem to have been compoſed upon the very ſubject of our preſent diſcourſe. A ſage old man adviſing his friend, who is bleſſed with an handſome daughter, to lock her up, and watch over her with the utmoſt vigilance and care, among other reaſons, cautions him with theſe.

I.

WOMAN is form'd of brittle ware;
Then, wherefore raſhly ſeek to know
What force, unbroken ſhe will bear,
And ſtrike, perhaps, ſome fatal blow.

II.

Though eaſily to fragments tore,
'Twere equally abſurd and vain,
To daſh in pieces on the floor,
What never can be join'd again.

III.

This maxim, then, by facts aſſur'd,
Should henceforth be eſpous'd by all;
Where'er a Danae lies immur'd,
The tempting ſhow'r of gold will fall.

All that I have hitherto ſuggeſted, Anſelmo, regards yourſelf; and now it is but reaſonable you ſhould hear ſomething that concerns me; and if I ſhould be prolix in my obſervations, you muſt excuſe me, becauſe it is abſolutely neceſſary to expatiate on the ſubject, in order to extricate you from the labyrinth in which you are involved, and from which you deſire to be diſengaged by my aſſiſtance. You conſider me as your friend, and yet, ſeek to deprive me of my honour; a deſire oppoſite to all friendſhip or regard; nay, even endeavour to make me rob you of your own. That you want to deſtroy mine, is plain; for, Camilla finding herſelf expoſed to my ſollicitations, as you deſire, will certainly look upon me as a man void of all principle and honour; becauſe I attempt to ſucceed in a deſign ſo contrary to the dignity of my own character, and the friendſhip ſubſiſting between us. That you deſire I ſhould rob you of yours, is not to be doubted; becauſe Camilla, ſeeing herſelf importuned by my addreſſes, will think I muſt have obſerved ſome levity in her conduct, which hath encouraged me to diſcloſe my vitious inclinations, and think herſelf diſhonoured

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honoured accordingly; ſo that you will be as much concerned in her diſhonour, as if it was your own. Hence ſprings the common obſervation, that the huſband of a lewd woman, though he neither knows, nor hath given the leaſt occaſion for the miſconduct of his wife; and, though his misfortune was neither owing to his want of prudence or care, is notwithſtanding pointed at, and diſtinguiſhed by a name of ſcandal and reproach; being looked upon, by thoſe who know the frailty of his wife, with an eye of diſdain, inſtead of compaſſion, which he certainly deſerves, as his diſgrace proceeds not from any fault of his, but from the looſe inclinations of his worthleſs ſpouſe. I will now explain the reaſon, why the huſband of a bad woman is juſtly diſhonoured, though he neither knows, nor hath been in any ſhape acceſſory to her backſlidings; and you muſt hear me with patience, becauſe my remarks will, I hope, redound to your own advantage.

When God created our firſt parent in the terreſtrial paradiſe, we are told by the holy ſcripture, that he was thrown into a deep ſleep, during which, the Almighty took a rib from his left ſide, and of this, Eve being formed, Adam no ſooner awoke and beheld her, than he cried, "This creature is fleſh of my fleſh and bone of my bone." Nay, God himſelf, pronounced, "For this ſhall a man leave father and mother, and they two ſhall be one fleſh." Then was inſtituted the divine ſacrament of marriage, conſiſting of ſuch ties as death alone can unbind; and endowed with ſuch miraculous virtue and power, as to unite two different perſons in one fleſh; nay, what is ſtill more wonderful, to combine two ſouls, ſo as to produce but one will; provided the union be happily effected. From hence, it follows, that the fleſh of the wife being the ſame with that of the huſband, whatever ſtains or blemiſhes are imbibed by the firſt, muſt equally affect the other, although, as I have already obſerved, he is, in no manner, acceſſory to the misfortune. Wherefore, as the whole perſon is affected by the pain of the foot or any other member of the human body; and the head, though no way concerned in the cauſe, be a fellow-ſufferer with the ancle when it is hurt; by the ſame rule, an huſband, being a part of the ſame whole, muſt bear a ſhare of his wife's diſhonour; for, as all the honours and diſgraces of this life proceed from fleſh and blood; the infamy of a vicious woman, being of the ſame origin, muſt be ſhared by her huſband, who ought to be looked upon as a diſhonoured perſon, though he be utterly ignorant of the guilt. Reflect, therefore, Anſelmo, on the danger into which you bring yourſelf, by ſeeking to diſturb the peace and tranquillity of your virtuous wife. Reflect upon the vanity and impertinence of that curioſity, which prompts you to awaken and ſtir up thoſe humours, that now lie tamed and quiet in the boſom of your chaſte

ſpouſe.

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ſpouſe. Conſider, that in this raſh adventure, your gain muſt be very ſmall, but your loſs may be ſo great, that I leave it unmentioned, becauſe I want words to expreſs its eſtimation. On the whole, if what I have ſaid, be inſufficient to divert you from your miſchievous deſign, I deſire you will chuſe ſome other inſtrument of your misfortune and diſgrace; for, I will not undertake the office, though, by my refuſal, I ſhould even loſe your friendſhip, which is dearer to me than any thing upon earth."

Here the virtuous and prudent Lothario left off ſpeaking, and Anſelmo remained in ſuch confuſion and perplexity, that, for ſome time, he could not anſwer one word: at length, however, he broke ſilence, ſaying, "I have liſtened, my friend Lothario, as you may have perceived, with great attention to all you had to ſay, and by your arguments, examples and compariſons, am fully convinced, not only of your great diſcretion, but alſo of that perfection of friendſhip to which you have attained; I ſee alſo, and own, that in refuſing your counſel, and following my own, I avoid the good and purſue the evil." This truth being acknowledged, you muſt conſider me as a perſon afflicted with that infirmity, which induces ſome women to ſwallow earth, chalk, coals, and other things of a worſe nature, which, if loathſome to the ſight, how much more diſagreeable muſt they be to the taſte. Wherefore, there is an abſolute neceſſity for uſing ſome method of cure, which you may eaſily effect, by beginning to ſollicit the love of Camilla, though coldly and feignedly; and ſure, ſhe cannot be ſo frail as to ſurrender her virtue at the firſt encounter. With this ſlight attempt I ſhall reſt ſatisfied, and you fulfil the duty of friendſhip, not only in giving me new life, but alſo, in diſſuading me from being the cauſe of my own diſhonour. Nay, you are obliged to comply with my requeſt, by this other conſideration, that, determined as I am to put my deſign in execution, you ought not to allow me to communicate this extravagant reſolution to any other perſon, leſt I run the riſk of loſing that honour which you endeavour to preſerve: and, as to your ſuffering in the opinion of Camilla, by attempting to ſeduce her, that is a reflection of ſmall importance, becauſe, when her integrity is proved, you can ſoon inform her of our whole contrivance, conſequently, regain and repoſſeſs the former place you held in her eſteem. Since therefore, by adventuring ſo little, it is in your power to give me ſo much ſatisfaction; I hope, you will not refuſe the office, even if it was attended with more inconvenience; for, I have already told you, that I ſhall look upon the affair as concluded, whenever you ſhall have made the firſt attempt."

Lothario ſeeing him fixed in his reſolution, even after he had exhauſted all his rhetoric to diſſuade him from it; and fearing he would execute his threat of imparting his unhappy deſign to ſome other perſon, determined

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termined to prevent a greater misfortune, by complying with his desire: purposing, however, to manage the business in such a manner, as to satisfy Anselmo, without altering the sentiments of his wife. With this view, he told Anselmo, that he should have no occasion to communicate his intention to any other man; for he, Lothario, would undertake the affair, and begin as soon as he pleased. Anselmo, embracing his friend with great tenderness and affection, thanked him as much for his compliance, as if he had granted him some vast favour; and it was concerted between them, that Lothario should begin the enterprise the very next day, when Anselmo would give him time and opportunity of being alone with Camilla, that he might speak to her with freedom; and also supply him with money and jewels, that with such presents he might promote his suit: he, moreover, advised him to attempt her by music, and write verses in her praise; or, if that would be too much trouble for the gallant, he himself would compose them for the purpose. Lothario undertook every thing, but with a very different intention from what Anselmo supposed; and the agreement being made, they returned to the house of this last, where they found Camilla waiting with great anxiety, for her husband, who had that day tarried longer than usual, abroad. Lothario soon after, went home to his own lodgings, leaving his friend as happy as he himself was perplexed how to contrive a scheme for bringing this affair to a fortunate issue: but, that night, he fell upon an expedient to deceive Anselmo, without giving offence to his wife.

Next day, he went to dine with his friend, and was very kindly received by Camilla, who entertained him with great cordiality, as her husband's intimate companion. Dinner being ended, and the table withdrawn, Anselmo rising up, desired Lothario to stay with Camilla till his return from an indispensible piece of business, that would detain him an hour and an half. Camilla intreated him to defer it until another time, and Lothario offered to go along with him; but, he was deaf to both, pressing Lothario to let him go, while he should wait at his house till he came back, for he wanted to talk with him upon a subject of the last importance; at the same time, desiring Camilla to keep Lothario company till his return: in short, he so well feigned the necessity, or rather folly, of his absence, that no body could have suspected the deceit. He accordingly went out, and left Camilla and his friend by themselves; for, the rest of the family had gone to dinner: so that Lothario seeing himself within the lists, according to Anselmo's desire, with his fair enemy, whose beauty alone was powerful enough to overcome a whole squadron of armed knights, it may be easily conceived what reason he had to fear: yet all he did, was to lean the side of his head on his hand, while his elbow rested upon the arm of the chair in which he sat, and after having begged pardon for his ill-manners, to tell

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Camilla, he would take a nap till Anſelmo's return. She ſaid, he would be more at his eaſe in a couch than in the chair, and adviſed him to walk into a chamber where he would find one. This offer, however, he declined, and ſlept where he was till the return of his friend, who finding Camilla in her own apartment, and Lothario aſleep, concluded, that by his long ſtay, he had given them time, not only to ſpeak, but alſo to take their repoſe; and was impatient for Lothario's waking, that he might carry him out to walk, and inquire about his own fortune.

Every thing ſucceded to his wiſh: when his friend awoke, they went forth together, and he put every queſtion to him that his curioſity ſuggeſted: Lothario anſwered, that thinking it improper to explain himſelf, on the firſt occaſion, he had done nothing but praiſed Camilla's beauty, which, together with her diſcretion, he told her, engroſſed the converſation of the whole city: this, he imagined, was the moſt prudent beginning, as it might prepoſſeſs her in his favour, and diſpoſe her to liſten to him another time, with pleaſure; being the ſame artifice which is practiſed by the devil, who, when he would ſeduce thoſe who are on their guard, tranſforms himſelf from an imp of darkneſs into an angel of light, and flattering them with ſpecious appearances, at length diſcovers his cloven foot, and ſucceeds in his deſign, provided his deceit be not detected in the beginning. This declaration was altogether ſatisfactory to Anſelmo, who ſaid he would give him the ſame opportunity every day, without quitting the houſe, in which he would employ himſelf ſo artfully, that Camilla ſhould never ſuſpect his deſign. Many days paſſed, in which, tho' Lothario never opened his mouth on the ſubject to Camilla, he told Anſelmo that he had made many efforts, but, could never perceive in her the leaſt tendency to weakneſs, or obtain the leaſt ſhadow of hope; on the contrary, that ſhe had threatened, if he did not lay aſide his wicked deſign, to diſcloſe the whole affair to her huſband. "Very well, ſaid Anſelmo, hitherto ſhe is proof againſt words; we muſt now try whether or not ſhe can reſiſt works alſo: to-morrow, you ſhall have two thouſand crowns in gold, for a preſent to her; and as much more to purchaſe jewels for a bait: theſe are things with which all beautiful women are captivated; for, be they ever ſo chaſte, they love finery and gay apparel; if ſhe withſtands that temptation, I will reſt ſatisfied, and give you no further trouble."

Lothario promiſed to go thro' with the enterprize, now that he had begun, tho' he was perſuaded he ſhould be fatigued and baffled in the execution. Next day, he received four thouſand crowns, and as many perplexities along with them; for, he did not know what lie he ſhould next invent: however, he determined to tell his friend, that Camilla was as invincible to preſents as to words; and that he ſhould give himſelf no further vexation, ſince

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ſince all his endeavours were thrown away to no purpoſe: but, fortune, which conducted matters in another manner, ordained, that Anſelmo, one day, after having, according to cuſtom, left Lothario and his wife by themſelves, and gone to his own chamber, ſhould peep thro' the key-hole, and liſten to their converſation: it was then, he perceived, that in half an hour and more, Lothario did not ſpeak one word; neither would he have opened his mouth, had he remained a whole age in the ſame ſituation. From hence he concluded, that every thing his friend had told him of Camilla's replies, was meer fiction: but, to be ſtill more aſſured, he came out of his chamber, and calling Lothario aſide, aſked what news he had, and how Camilla ſtood affected to him? He replied, that he was reſolved to drop the buſineſs intirely; for, ſhe had checked him with ſuch bitterneſs and indignation, that he had no mind to return to the charge. "Ah Lothario! Lothario, ſaid Anſelmo, how much you have failed in the duty of friendſhip, and abuſed the confidence I have repoſed in your affection! I have been all this time, looking thro' the key-hole of that door, and perceived that you have not ſpoken one word to Camilla; from whence, I ſuſpect, that your firſt declaration is yet to come; and if that be the caſe, as without doubt it is, wherefore have you thus deceived me; and in ſo doing, prevented me from other means to ſatisfy my deſire?" He ſaid no more, but this was ſufficient to cover Lothario with ſhame and confuſion; who thinking his honour concerned, in being convicted of a lie, ſwore to Anſelmo, he would, from that moment, take the charge of giving him the ſatisfaction he required, without the leaſt equivocation, as he might perceive, by watching him narrowly; tho' there would be no occaſion for uſing ſuch diligence, becauſe, his future behaviour in that affair, would acquit him of all ſuſpicion.

Anſelmo gave credit to his proteſtation, and that his opportunities might be more ſecure, and leſs ſubject to interruption, reſolved to abſent himſelf from his own houſe, for eight days, during which he propoſed to viſit a friend who lived in a village not far from the city; and whom he deſired to invite him to his houſe with the moſt earneſt intreaties, that he might excuſe himſelf to Camilla for his abſence—Unfortunate and imprudent Anſelmo! what art thou doing? what art thou contriving and concerting? conſider that thou art acting againſt thyſelf, planning thy own diſhonour and perdition. Your wife Camilla is virtuous and ſober, and you poſſeſs her at preſent, in quiet; enjoying uninterrupted pleaſure: her inclinations never ramble beyond the walls of your own houſe; you are her paradiſe upon earth, the goal of her deſires, the accompliſhment of her wiſhes, and the ſtandard by which ſhe meaſures her will, adjuſting it, in all reſpects, according to your pleaſure and the directions of heaven. Since the mine of her honour, beauty, modeſty and virtue, yields thee, without trouble, all

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the riches which it contains, or thou can'ſt deſire; why would'ſt thou, by digging in ſearch of a new and unheard-of treaſure, riſk the fall or deſtruction of the whole, which is ſuſtained by the feeble props of female conſtancy? remember, it is but juſt, that he who builds on impoſſibilities, ſhould be denied the privilege of any other foundation; as the poet hath better expreſſed it, in the following couplets:

In death, I ſought new life to find,
And health, where pale diſtemper pin'd:
I look'd for freedom in the jail,
And faith where perjuries prevail:
But fate ſupreme, whoſe ſtern decree
To ſorrow match'd my deſtiny,
All poſſible relief withdrew;
Becauſe th'impoſſible I kept in view.

Next day, Anſelmo went to the country, after having told Camilla, that, in his abſence, Lothario would take charge of the family; and deſired her to treat him with all the reſpect due to his own perſon. Camilla, being a woman of honour and diſcretion, was diſguſted at this order, and bad him conſider how unſeemly it was, for another man to ſit at the head of his table in his abſence; at the ſame time, begging, that if his directions proceeded from his diffidence in her capacity, he would for once put her management to the trial, and be convinced, by experience, that ſhe was equal to a more important charge. Anſelmo replied, that ſuch was his pleaſure, and her province was to bow the head and obey; upon which, ſhe, tho' unwillingly, ſubmitted. Next day he ſet out accordingly, and Lothario went to his houſe, where he met with a very kind and honourable reception from Camilla, who never gave him an opportunity of being alone with her, but always went about the houſe among her ſervants, generally attended by her own maid, whoſe name was Leonela, for whom her miſtreſs had a particular affection, becauſe they had been brought up together from their infancy, in the houſe of Camilla's parents, and when ſhe married Anſelmo, ſhe accompanied her to his houſe in quality of waiting-woman.

During the firſt three days, Lothario did not declare himſelf, altho' he had opportunities immediately after the table was uncovered, while the ſervants were at dinner, which Camilla always ordered them to finiſh with all expedition. Nay, ſhe gave directions to Leonela, to dine every day, before the cloth was laid for herſelf, that ſhe might always be in waiting; but her maid's thoughts were too much engroſſed by her own amuſements, the enjoyment of which required ſuch time and opportunity, as often hindered

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her from obeying the commands of her miſtreſs; ſo that ſhe frequently behaved as if ſhe had received orders to leave them alone—But, the dignified preſence of Camilla, the gravity of her countenance, and awfulneſs of perſon were ſuch, as effectually bridled Lothario's tongue: yet the energy of virtue, in having this very effect, redounded the more to the diſadvantage of them both; for, tho' his tongue was reſtricted, his thoughts had a full and free opportunity of contemplating, at leiſure, the charms both of her mind and perſon, which were ſufficient to captivate not only an heart of fleſh, but, even a ſtatue of ſtone.

Lothario, by gazing at her, during thoſe opportunities, beheld how worthy ſhe was to be beloved; and this conviction, began gradually to ſap his regard for his friend; ſo that he made a thouſand reſolutions to quit the city, and go where he ſhould never more be ſeen by Anſelmo, or be expoſed to danger from the beauty of his wife; but, all theſe were baffled by the pleaſure he had already felt, in ſeeing and admiring her charms: he conſtrained himſelf, and combated his own inclinations, in order to expel and efface that ſatisfaction; when he was alone, he condemned his own madneſs, and reproached himſelf as a falſe friend and worthleſs chriſtian; he made a thouſand reflections and compariſons between himſelf and Anſelmo, and they all terminated in this concluſion, that the madneſs and raſh confidence of his friend, greatly exceeded his own infidelity; and that, if he could excuſe himſelf to heaven, for what he intended to do, as eaſily as to mankind, he had no reaſon to dread any puniſhent for the crime: in ſhort, the beauty and other accompliſhments of Camilla, together with the opportunity which the ignorant huſband put into his hands, intirely overthrew the integrity of Lotharia; who, giving way at once, to the dictates of his paſſion, began, at the end of three days, during which he had been at continual war with his deſires, to addreſs himſelf to Camilla with ſuch diſorder, and amorous diſcourſe, that ſhe was utterly aſtoniſhed, and riſing up, went to her own chamber, without anſwering one word: but, this coyneſs did not abate Lothario's hope, which always increaſes with a man's love; on the contrary, he redoubled his efforts, while ſhe, perceiving him behave ſo wide of expectation, did not well know what conduct to eſpouſe: but, thinking it would be both unſeemly and unſafe in her, to grant him another opportunity, ſhe determined that very night, to ſend a meſſage to her huſband, and actually diſpatched a ſervant to him, with the following letter:

CHAP.

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CHAP. VII.

The continuation of the novel called the Impertinent curioſity.

"IT is a common obſervation, that an army without a general, and a "garriſon without a chief, make but a very indifferent appearance: "but, I ſay, that a young married woman without a huſband, makes a "worſe, eſpecially when his abſence is not the effect of abſolute neceſſity: "for my own part, I find myſelf ſo uneaſy, and unable to ſupport our ſe- "paration, that if you do not return immediately, I muſt go and paſs my "time at my father's houſe; tho' I ſhould leave yours without a guard; "for, I believe, he that you left, if he was deſigned for that purpoſe, hath "more regard to his own pleaſure than to your advantage; and ſince "you are wiſe, I have nothing more to ſay, nor is it proper I ſhould."

When Anſelmo received this letter, he was convinced that Lothario had begun the enterprize, and that his wife had behaved according to his wiſh; rejoiced beyond meaſure at this information, he anſwered by a verbal meſſage, that ſhe ſhould, by no means, leave the houſe; for, he would return in a very little time. Camilla was aſtoniſhed at this reply, which perplexed her more than ever; as ſhe durſt neither ſtay in her own houſe, nor go to her father's; for, in ſtaying at home, ſhe endangered her honour, and in going to her parents, ſhe tranſgreſſed the commands of her huſband. In fine, ſhe reſolved upon that which was worſt of all; namely, to remain where ſhe was, determined not to avoid Lothario, that the ſervants might not obſerve her ſituation; and ſhe was already ſorry for what ſhe had written to Anſelmo, being afraid he would imagine Lothario had perceived ſome levity in her conduct, which encouraged him to lay aſide the decorum he ought to have preſerved. Confident of her own virtue, ſhe truſted to God and her conſcious prudence, by the help of which ſhe thought ſhe could, in ſilence, reſiſt all the ſolicitations of Lothario, without giving her huſband any further information, leſt it ſhould involve him in ſome trouble or dangerous diſpute: nay, ſhe was even induſtrious in inventing ſome excuſe for Lothario, in caſe Anſelmo ſhould aſk the reaſon that induced her to write ſuch a letter.

With theſe ſentiments, which were more honourable than prudent and advantageous, ſhe, next day, ſat liſtening to Lothario, who exerted himſelf in ſuch a manner, as to ſhake her fortitude, which, with all her virtue, was barely ſufficient to hinder her eyes from giving manifeſt indications

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of the amorous compaſſion that his tears and addreſſes had awakened in her breaſt. All this tenderneſs, which Lothario obſerved, inflamed his paſſion the more; and thinking there was a neceſſity for ſhortening the ſiege, while this opportunity of Anſelmo's abſence, laſted; he aſſaulted her pride with the praiſes of her beauty; for, nothing ſooner ſucceeds in overthrowing the embattelled towers of female vanity, than vanity itſelf, employed by the tongue of adulation: in ſhort, he ſo aſſiduouſly undermined the fortreſs of her virtue, and plied it with ſuch irreſiſtible engines, that tho' ſhe had been made of braſs, ſhe muſt have ſurrendered at mercy: he wept, intreated, promiſed, flattered, feigned and importuned, with ſuch earneſt expreſſions of love, as conquered all her reſerve; at laſt, he obtained a complete triumph, which, tho' what he leaſt expected, was what of all things, he moſt ardently deſired: ſhe yielded—the chaſte Camilla yielded! But, what wonder? ſince even Lothario's friendſhip gave away. A clear and inconteſtible proof, that love is to be conquered by flight alone; and that no perſon whatever, ought to engage ſuch a powerful adverſary, hand to hand; becauſe nothing but force divine can ſubdue that human power.

Leonela alone was privy to the weakneſs of her miſtreſs, which the two new lovers and falſe friends could not poſſibly conceal from her knowledge: and Lothario did not chooſe to tell Camilla, the contrivance of Anſelmo, who had given him the opportunity of accompliſhing his deſign; that ſhe might not undervalue his love, by ſuppoſing, that he courted her by accident, without being at firſt, really enamoured of her charms. Anſelmo returning in a few days, did not perceive the loſs of that, which, tho' he preſerved with the leaſt care, he prized above all other poſſeſſions: but, going in queſt of Lothario, whom he found in his own lodging, after a mutual embrace, he deſired he would tell him the news that muſt determine his life or death. "The news which I have to give you, my friend, ſaid Lothario, are theſe: you have a wife who truly deſerves to be the pattern and queen of all good women. The expreſſions I uſed to her were ſpent in the air, my promiſes were deſpiſed, my preſents rejected, and ſome tears that I feigned, moſt heartily ridiculed: in ſhort, Camilla is the ſum of all beauty, and the caſket in which are depoſited honour, affability, modeſty, and all the qualifications that dignify and adorn a woman of virtue. Here, take back your money, which I have had no occaſion to uſe: the chaſtity of your ſpouſe is not to be ſhaken by ſuch mean conſiderations as thoſe of promiſes and preſents: be ſatisfied, Anſelmo, and make no more unprofitable trials; ſince you have dry-ſhod croſſed the ſea of thoſe doubts and ſuſpicions, which are and may be entertained of women, ſeek not to plunge yourſelf anew into the dangerous gulf of freſh difficulties, by uſing another pilot to make a ſecond trial of the ſtrength and tightneſs of the veſſel, which

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you have received from heaven, to perform the voyage of this life: but, conſider yourſelf as in a ſafe harbour, where you ought to ſecure yourſelf with the anchor of ſound reflection, and remain until you are called upon to pay that tax from which no human rank can exempt you."

Anſelmo was infinitely rejoiced at this information of Lothario, which he believed as implicitly as if it had been pronounced by an oracle: but, nevertheleſs, he beſought him to continue his addreſſes, merely for curioſity and amuſement, tho' not with the ſame eagerneſs and diligence which he had uſed before: he deſired him to write verſes in praiſe of Camilla, under the name of Chloris, promiſing to tell his wife, that he, Lothario, was in love with a lady whom he celebrated under that fictitious name, in order to preſerve the decorum due to her character: and he aſſured him, that if Lothario did not chooſe to take the trouble of making verſes, he himſelf would compoſe them for the occaſion. "You ſhall not need, ſaid Lothario; the muſes are not quite ſo averſe, but they viſit me ſometimes: you may tell Camilla what you have mentioned, concerning my pretended love; and as for the verſes, if not adequate to the ſubject, they ſhall, at all events, be the beſt I can make."

This agreement being concerted between the impertinent huſband and treacherous friend, Anſelmo returned to his own houſe, and aſked Camilla, what ſhe wondered he had not mentioned before; namely, the meaning of that letter which ſhe had diſpatched to him in the country. She anſwered, that ſhe fancied Lothario once looked at her with more freedom than he uſed to take when Anſelmo was at home; but, now ſhe was undeceived, and convinced of its being no more than mere imagination; for, he had of late, avoided all occaſions of being alone with her. Anſelmo ſaid ſhe might make herſelf intirely eaſy, from that quarter; for, he knew that Lothario was in love with a lady of faſhion in the city, whom he celebrated under the name of Chloris; and even, if he was free of any ſuch engagements, there was nothing to be feared from the honour of Lothario, and the friendſhip ſubſiſting between them. If Camilla had not been previouſly advertiſed by her ſecret gallant, of this ſuppoſed love of Chloris, with which he intended to hoodwink her huſband, that he might ſometimes indulge himſelf in her own praiſe, under the cover of that name; ſhe would, without doubt, have been diſtracted with jealouſy, but, thus inſtructed, ſhe heard him without ſurpriſe or concern.

Next day, while they were at dinner, Anſelmo intreated his friend to repeat ſome of the verſes he had compoſed in praiſe of Chloris, who being utterly unknown to Camilla, he might ſecurely ſay what he pleaſed: "Tho' ſhe were of her acquaintance, anſwered Lothario, I ſhould not think myſelf bound to conceal my paſſion; for, when a lover praiſes the beauty, and at

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at the ſame time, bewails the cruelty of his miſtreſs, her reputation can ſuffer no prejudice: but, be that as it will, I own, I yeſterday wrote a ſong on the ingratitude of Chloris, which you ſhall hear.

I.

WHEN night extends her ſilent reign,
And ſleep vouchſafes the world to bleſs,
To heav'n and Chloris, I complain
Of dire and affluent diſtreſs.

II

When Phœbus, led by roſy morn,
At firſt, his radiant viſage ſhews,
With tears, and ſighs and groans, forlorn,
My ſoul the bitter plaint renews.

III.

When from his bright meridian throne,
The rays deſcend in dazzling rain,
With aggravated grief I moan,
And night brings back the woeful ſtrain.
Thus, to my vows and pray'rs, I find
My Chloris deaf, and heav'n unkind.

The ſong was approved by Camilla, and much more ſo by her husband, who applauded it to the ſkies, and obſerved that the lady muſt be exceſſively cruel who could reſiſt ſuch a true and pathetic complaint. "What! ſaid Camilla, is every thing true that we are told by the poets when they are in love?" "What they rehearſe as poets, anſwered Lothario, is not always truth; but, what they affirm as lovers, is always from the heart." "You are certainly in the right," replied Anſelmo, with a view of ſupporting and giving ſanction to Lothario's ſentiments, in the opinion of Camilla, whoſe indifference about her huſband's artifice was now equal to her love for his pretended friend. Pleaſed therefore, with his performances, becauſe ſhe very well knew that his inclinations and compoſitions were inſpired by, and addreſſed to her, who was the true Chloris, ſhe deſired him, if he had any more ſongs or verſes, to repeat them. "I have another, ſaid Lothario, but, I believe, it is not ſo good; or rather, it is leſs tolerable than the laſt. However, you ſhall judge for yourſelf—here it is.

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I.

YES, cruel maid! I welcome death,
And tho' I periſh undeplor'd,
Thy beauty, with my lateſt breath,
Shall be applauded and ador'd.

II.

Tho' loſt in dark oblivion's ſhade,
Bereft of favour, life and fame,
My faithful heart, when open laid,
Will ſhew thine image and thy name.

III.

Theſe reliques I preſerve with care,
My comfort in diſaſtrous fate;
For, ſteel'd and whetted by deſpair,
My love, new force acquires from hate.
Unhappy thoſe! who darkling, ſail
Where ſtars and ports and pilots fail.

This ſong was commended as much as the firſt, by Anſelmo, who in this manner, added link to link of the chain with which he enſlaved himſelf, and ſecured his own diſhonour; for, then Lothario diſgraced him moſt, when he thought himſelf moſt honoured, and every ſtep that Camilla deſcended towards the very center of contempt, ſhe, in the opinion of her huſband, mounted to the very ſummit of virtuous reputation: about this time, happening to be alone with her maid, "I am aſhamed, dear Leonela, ſaid ſhe, when I conſider how I have undervalued myſelf; for, I ought to have made Lothario employ a great deal of time, in purchaſing the intire poſſeſſion of my favours, which I ſo willingly ſurrendered at once; and I am afraid that he will look upon my ſudden yielding as the effect of levity, without reflecting upon the violence of his own addreſſes, which it was impoſſible to reſiſt." "Let not that give you the leaſt diſturbance, madam, anſwered Leonela; for, there is no reaſon why a thing ſhould loſe its eſtimation, by being freely given, if it is actually good in its kind and worthy of eſteem; nay, it is a common ſaying, that he who gives freely, gives twice." "There is alſo another common obſervation, replied Camilla, that which is eaſily got, is little valued." "You are not at all affected by that obſervation, reſumed Leonela; for, love (they ſay) ſometimes flies, ſometimes walks, runs with one, creeps with another, warms a third, burns a fourth, wounding ſome, and ſlaying others. In one moment, it begins, performs and concludes its career; lays ſiege in the morning to a fortreſs, which is ſurrendered before night, there being no force that can withſtand

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its power. This being the caſe, what cauſe have you to be alarmed or afraid; this was the power that aſſiſted Lothario, by making uſe of my maſter's abſence, as the inſtrument of his ſucceſs; and what love had determined, muſt of neceſſity have been concluded during that period, before Anſelmo could, by his return, prevent the perfection of the work. Opportunity is the beſt miniſter for executing the deſigns of love; and is employed in all his undertakings, eſpecially in the beginning of them. This I know to be true, more by experience than hearſay; and I ſhall one day tell you, madam, that I am a girl of fleſh and blood, as well as your ladyſhip. Beſides, your ladyſhip did not yield until you had diſcerned in the looks, ſighs, proteſtations, promiſes and preſents of Lothario, his whole ſoul undiſguiſed, and adorned with ſuch virtues as rendered him worthy of your love. Let not, therefore, theſe ſcrupulous and whining reflexions harraſs your imagination; but, aſſure yourſelf, that Lothario's love and yours are mutual: ſo, that you may think yourſelf extremely happy, in being caught in the amorous ſnare by a man of worth and honour, who not only poſſeſſes the four qualities beginning with *S, which ought to be the caſe of all true lovers, but alſo, a whole alphabet of accompliſhments. Liſten, and you ſhall hear how cleverly I will recount them. He is, in my ſimple opinion, amiable, benevolent, courageous, diverting, enamoured, firm, gay, honourable, illuſtrious, loyal, mettleſome, noble, obedient, princely, qualified, rich, and the S. S. as I have already obſerved. Then, he is truſty, vigilant, the X does not ſuit him, becauſe it is a harſh letter; Y ſtands for youth, and Z for zeal, in his attachment to you."

Camilla laughed at the alphabet of her maid, whom ſhe found more knowing in the affairs of love than ſhe had imagined; and this knowledge indeed ſhe confeſſed, diſcloſing to her miſtreſs an intrigue that ſhe carried on with a young man of a good family in town. Camilla was diſturbed at this information, fearing that her honour ran ſome riſk from their correſpondence; and when ſhe preſſed her to confeſs, whether or not it had been brought to the laſt extremity, ſhe, without the leaſt ſymptom of ſhame, anſwered in the affirmative: for, it is very certain, that the failings of miſtreſſes diveſt their ſervants of all modeſty; becauſe, ſeeing their ladies trip, they think themſelves intitled to halt, without being at the trouble to conceal their defect. Camilla, thus circumſtanced, could fall upon no other expedient than that of cautioning her maid againſt betraying her to the perſon who was her gallant, and beſeeching her to keep her own intrigue ſecret, that it might not fall under the obſervation of Anſelmo and Lothario.

* *Senſato, Secreto, Sobrepuſado, Senzero,*—Senſible, ſecret, ſurpaſſing and ſincere.

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Leonela promiſed to be upon her guard, but managed her affairs with ſo little diſcretion, that ſhe confirmed Camilla in the apprehenſion of loſing her reputation by the careleſſneſs of her maid; for, the bold and immodeſt Leonela, ſeeing that her lady's conduct was not the ſame as formerly, had the aſſurance to introduce and conceal her lover in the houſe, conſcious, that although her miſtreſs ſhould perceive, ſhe durſt not detect him, in that ſituation. Among other diſadvantages incurred by the ſlips of women of faſhion, they become ſlaves to their own ſervants, and find themſelves obliged to connive at their impudence and vice.

This was the very caſe of Camilla, who, though ſhe more than once, obſerved Leonela engaged with her gallant, in one of the chambers, far from reprimanding her on that ſcore, ſhe gave her opportunities of concealing him, and did all ſhe could to prevent his being ſeen by her huſband. But, all their caution could not ſcreen him from the notice of Lothario, who, perceiving him come out of the houſe, one morning at break of day, and not knowing who he was, at firſt miſtook him for a phantome; but, ſeeing him run away, and ſeek to hide himſelf with care and concern, he ſoon changed that ſimple opinion for another which would have ruined them all, had not Camilla found out an expedient to prevent their deſtruction. He was ſo far from thinking, that this man, whom he ſaw coming out of Anſelmo's houſe, at ſuch an unſeaſonable hour, had gone in on Leonela's account, that he did not even remember there was ſuch a perſon in the world; on the contrary, he was firmly perſuaded, that Camilla, who yielded ſo eaſily to his addreſſes, had acted in the ſame manner, to ſome other perſon: for, this additional misfortune attends a looſe woman, that ſhe loſes her credit even with the man by whoſe importunities and intreaties her honour was ſubdued: nay, he believes that ſhe will be more eaſily won by another than by him, and implicitly credits every ſuſpicion that may ariſe from that unjuſt inference. On this occaſion, Lothario's good ſenſe failed, and all his caution ſeemed to vaniſh; ſince, regardleſs of every thing that was right or reaſonable, without further examination, he hied him to Anſelmo before he was up, where, impatient and blind with the jealous fury that preyed upon his entrails, and inflamed with the deſire of being revenged upon Camilla, who had given him no offence, he expreſſed himſelf thus:

"You muſt know, Anſelmo, that for ſome days paſt, I have had a continual ſtruggle with myſelf, endeavouring to ſuppreſs that which I no longer, either can or ought to conceal from your knowledge. The fortreſs of Camilla is at laſt ſurrendered, and ſubmitted entirely to the dominion of my will. This I have delayed imparting to you, until I ſhould be certain, whether her compliance was owing to ſome tranſient flaſh of affection,

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tion, or to the desire of trying the sincerity of those addresses which, by your own direction, were carried on: and, I likewise concluded, that if she was a woman of honour and virtue, as we both imagined, she would, ere now, have given you an account of my sollicitation. But, finding that still undone, I take it for granted, she means to keep her promise of giving me an interview in the wardrobe, the very next time you go to the country. And here it was where Camilla actually used to entertain him. However, as the crime is committed in thought only, before an opportunitity offers of performing that promise, Camilla may change her mind, and repent of her weakness. Wherefore, as you have hitherto, in whole, or in part, followed my advice, I hope you will treasure up and observe one which I shall now offer, that you may, without the least possibility of being deceived, carefully and cautiously satisfy yourself, so as to take such measures as your prudence shall suggest. You may pretend that you are going, as usual, for two or three days, to the country, and, in the mean time, conceal yourself in the wardrobe, where you will find tapestry and plenty of other things for the purpose: from thence, you, with your own eyes, as I with mine, will observe the conduct of Camilla, and if unhappily you should find more cause to fear than to hope, you may in person, revenge your own wrongs, with silence, safety and discretion."

Anselmo was thunderstruck at this declaration of Lothario, which came upon him when he least expected it; for, he already looked upon Camilla as a conqueror in the fictitious assaults of his friend, and had actually begun to enjoy the glory of her triumph. After having stood silent for a long time, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, "Lothario, said he, you have acted up to the expectation of my friendship: I will adhere to your advice in every thing; and hope you will keep this unexpected affair as secret as the nature of it requires."

His false friend promised to observe the caution, but soon as he quitted the apartment, repented of every thing he had said, reflecting how ill-informed he was of the truth, and that he might have punished Camilla by means less cruel and dishonourable. He cursed his own folly, condemned his precipitation, and endeavoured to find out some expedient to undo what he had done, or, at least, bring it to some favourable issue. At length, he resolved to disclose the whole to Camilla, as there wanted not opportunities of being with her alone; and that very day, being together, she made use of the first that happened, addressing herself to him in this manner: "Know, my dear Lothario, that my heart is ready to burst with one affliction, which is so grievous, that it will be a wonder if I survive it: Leonela is arrived to such a pitch of impudence, that, every night

she

ſhe introduces a gallant into the houſe, and remains with him till morning, very much at the expence of my reputation, as the field is left open for any malicious conſtruction, upon ſeeing a man come out of my houſe, at ſuch unſeaſonable hours: and the misfortune is, I dare neither chide nor chaſtiſe her for her audacity; for, her being privy to our correſpondence, puts a bridle in my mouth, obliging me to be ſilent on the ſubject of her folly, from which, I fear, ſome miſchance will befal us."

When Camilla began this diſcourſe, Lothario imagined it was an artifice to deceive and perſuade him, that the man he had ſeen coming out of the houſe had been there on Leonela's account only; but, ſeeing his miſtreſs weep, and in the utmoſt affliction, intreat him to find out ſome remedy for this inconvenience, he was convinced of the truth, and covered with ſhame and remorſe for what he had done: nevertheleſs, he deſired Camilla to make herſelf eaſy, and promiſed to fall upon ſome method to curb Leonela's inſolence. He then told her what, inſtigated by the rage of jealouſy, he had diſcloſed to Anſelmo, who, by his appointment, was to conceal himſelf in the wardrobe, that he might have an inconteſtible proof of her infidelity: he begged pardon for his madneſs, with advice how to remedy it, and to extricate himſelf from the labyrinth in which he was involved by his own imprudence. Camilla was aſtoniſhed at the diſcourſe of Lothario, whom ſhe chid and reprimanded with great reaſon and reſentment, for the groundleſs ſuſpicion which had driven him to ſuch a mad and miſchievous reſolution. But, women having naturally more invention than man can boaſt of, either for a good or bad occaſion, though ſometimes, they fail in premeditated ſchemes; Camilla inſtantly thought of a cure for this ſeemingly incurable dilemma, and bad Lothario prevail upon her huſband to conceal himſelf in the appointed place, the very next day; for, ſhe hoped to reap ſuch advantage from his concealment, as that, for the future, they ſhould enjoy each other, without the leaſt fear or interruption. She, therefore, without diſcloſing to her lover, the whole of her plan, deſired him to take care, when Anſelmo was hid, to come at Leonella's call, and anſwer every queſtion ſhe ſhould aſk, in the ſame manner as he would reply, if he did not know that her huſband was within hearing. Lothario inſiſted upon knowing the particulars of her ſcheme, that he might with more ſecurity and ſucceſs perform his cue; but, Camilla aſſured him, he had nothing to do but anſwer her queſtions with truth and ſincerity; being unwilling to make him previouſly acquainted with her deſign, leſt he ſhould diſapprove of that which to her ſeemed ſo neceſſary, and recommend another, which, perhaps, ſhe might not think ſo effectual. Accordingly, Lothario took his leave; and next day, Anſelmo, under pretence

of

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of going to his friend's country-houſe, ſet out, but ſoon returned to his hiding-place; Camilla and her maid having purpoſely given him an opportunity of getting in unſeen. There he remained in a ſtate of perturbation, which may be eaſily conceived to harraſs the breaſt of a man who expected to ſee with his own eyes, the bowels of his honour diſſected, and found himſelf on the brink of loſing that ſupreme bliſs which he thought he poſſeſſed in his beloved Camilla.

She and her maid, by this time, certified of his being there, went to the wardrobe, which Camilla no ſooner entered, than heaving a profound ſigh, "Dear Leonela, ſaid ſhe, rather than execute the deſign which I conceal from your knowledge, that you may not endeavour to prevent it, would it not be better for you to take this poignard of Anſelmo, and plunge it in my unfortunate boſom? Yet, do not, Leonela; for it were unreaſonable, that I ſhould be puniſhed for another's crime; I want, firſt, to know what the daring and licentious eyes of Lothario have diſcerned in my conduct, that ſhould encourage him to declare a paſſion ſo guilty as that which he hath owned, ſo much to my diſhonour and the prejudice of his friend. Go to that window, Leonela, and beckon to him, for, doubtleſs, he is now in the ſtreet, expecting to ſucceed in his wicked intention: but, I ſhall firſt, execute mine, which is equally honourable and ſevere." "Alas, madam! anſwered the cunning and well-inſtructed Leonela, how do you intend to uſe that fatal poignard? are you determined to take away your own life, or that of Lothario? by ſacrificing either the one or the other, you will intirely ruin your own reputation. You ſhould rather ſtifle your wrongs, than give that wicked wretch an opportunity of finding us here alone: conſider, madam, that we are but weak women, and he a determined man, who, blinded by his guilty paſſion, may, by force deprive you of that, which you value more than life, before you can execute your purpoſe upon him. A plague upon my maſter Anſelmo, for allowing that impudent fellow, to be ſo free in his houſe! beſides, madam, ſhould you kill him, as I believe you intend to do, what ſhall we do with him, after he is dead?" "Nothing, my friend, replied Camilla, but, let Anſelmo bury him; for, he ought to take pleaſure in the taſk of interring his own infamy. Go and beckon to him, I ſay, for every moment I delay my juſt revenge ſeems to injure afreſh that fidelity which I owe to my huſband."

All this converſation was overheard by Anſelmo, whoſe ſentiments were entirely changed by what Camilla ſaid: and when he underſtood that ſhe intended to kill Lothario, he was inclined to come out and diſcover himſelf, in order to prevent the deed: but, he was diverted from that reſolution by the deſire of ſeeing the iſſue of his wife's gallant and virtuous determination;

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tion; purpoſing, however, to appear ſeaſonably enough for the ſafety of his friend.

About this time Camilla, throwing herſelf upon a couch, was ſeized with a violent fit, during which Leonela wept bitterly, exclaiming, "Ah, woe is me! muſt I then ſee, expiring in theſe unfortunate arms, the flower of human virtue, the queen of excellent wives, the pattern of chaſtity!" with other epithets of the ſame kind, which no body could have heard, without eſteeming her the moſt faithful and afflicted damſel upon earth, and her miſtreſs another perſecuted Penelope. Camilla, having ſoon recovered from her fit, ſaid to her woman, "Why don't you go and call this the moſt faithful friend that ever was ſeen by the day, or ſhrouded by the night? make haſte, go, run, fly; let not the fire of my rage be conſumed by your delay, and the juſt vengeance I mean to take, evaporate in curſes and unſubſtantial threats." "I go, anſwered Leonela, but, you muſt firſt give me that poignard, leſt, in my abſence, you do a deed to make all thoſe who love you weep to the end of their lives." "Go, dear Leonela, replied her miſtreſs, and fear nothing: for, although, in my opinion, I may be raſh and even unreaſonable in thus reſenting the affront upon my honour; I ſhall not behave like that Lucretia, who, 'tis ſaid, killed herſelf, though innocent, without having firſt puniſhed the villainous cauſe of her misfortune. If I muſt die, I will at leaſt fall, fully revenged of him who is the occaſion of my being here, to bewail his audacious behaviour, which, I am ſure, proceeded from no miſconduct of mine."

Many intreaties did ſhe uſe, before Leonela would go and call Lothario, but, at length, ſhe prevailed; the maid went out to ſeek him, and, in her abſence, Camilla uttered the following ſoliloquy: "Good heaven! would it not have been more prudent to diſmiſs Lothario, as uſual, than to give him this occaſion of thinking me vitious and immodeſt, even though that opinion can only laſt until I have an opportunity of undeceiving him? Yes, certainly: but, I ſhall not think myſelf revenged, nor the honour of my huſband ſufficiently vindicated, if he eſcapes ſo ſmooth and clean from this ſnare into which his wicked inclinations have decoyed him. Let the traitor pay with his life, for the enterprize of his laſcivious deſire;—the world ſhall know, if even the affair be made public, that Camilla not only preſerved her affection for her huſband, inviolate, but alſo took vengeance on the man who ſought to impair it. Yet, methinks, I ought to diſcloſe the whole to Anſelmo: but, I have already touched upon the ſubject, in the letter I ſent to him when he was in the country; and his omitting to apply a remedy to the evil I then hinted at, muſt certainly be owing to his own integrity, and unſuſpecting heart, which would not ſuffer him to believe, that the breaſt of ſuch a conſtant friend, could harbour one

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one thought to the prejudice of his honour: indeed, this was my own opinion, until his behaviour became intolerably licentious, and his preſents, promiſes and tears, fully manifeſted his guilty purpoſe. But, wherefore theſe reflections? does a gallant reſolution ſtand in need of heſitating advice? No!—traitor, avaunt! hither vengeance! enter, thou falſe, perfidious wretch, come, quick, be ſpeedy, die, and let the conſequence be what it will! Pure and unſpotted I came into the poſſeſſion of him whom heaven appointed to be my huſband and my lord! and equally pure ſhall I leave his embrace, tho' bathed in my own chaſte blood, and embrued in the tainted gore of the falſeſt friend that ever friendſhip ſaw!" So ſaying, ſhe brandiſhed the drawn dagger in her hand, and ſtalked acroſs the room with ſuch diſordered ſteps and violent geſtures, that ſhe ſeemed to have loſt her ſenſes, and looked more like a deſperate ruffian than a delicate wife.

All this tranſport and agitation was perceived, with aſtoniſhment, by Anſelmo, where he ſtood concealed behind the tapeſtry: he thought he had now ſeen and heard enough to diſpel ſuſpicions of a ſtronger kind, than thoſe he entertained; and even wiſhed that the proof might proceed no farther, by Lothario's failing to keep the appointment; for, he was afraid that ſome ſudden, unlucky accident might happen—Being therefore, on the point of ſhewing himſelf, and running to embrace and undeceive his wife, he was prevented by ſeeing Leonela return with his friend, whom Camilla no ſooner beheld, than drawing a line before her, with the dagger, ſhe ſaid, "Take notice, Lothario, if you attempt to paſs this line, or even approach it, the moment I perceive your intention, I will plunge the poignard in my breaſt. Without offering the leaſt reply therefore, to this declaration, I deſire you will liſten to ſome queſtions I mean to aſk, which you may anſwer as you ſhall think proper: in the firſt place, tell me, Lothario, if you know my huſband Anſelmo, and what ſtation he maintains in your opinion? and then be as explicit in your ſentiments of me: anſwer without perturbation or difficulty; for, the queſtions I aſk, are eaſily ſolved."

Lothario was not ſo ignorant, but that he had conceived her deſign, from the moment of her deſiring him to adviſe Anſelmo to conceal himſelf; and therefore, his replies were ſo ſeaſonable, and correſponded ſo exactly with her aim, that this fiction had all the air of the moſt genuine truth. "Beauteous Camilla, ſaid he, I did not imagine you had ſent for me, with a view of aſking queſtions ſo foreign to the purpoſe for which I come: if you mean to delay the promiſed bliſs, you might have protracted the aſſignation to a more diſtant term; for, the nearer the proſpect of enjoyment is, the more grievous will the diſappointment be: but, that you may have no cauſe to complain of my refuſing to anſwer your demands, I will own that I know

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your husband Anselmo, with whom I have been intimate from our most tender years. Of the friendship (as you know) subsisting between us, I will say nothing, that I may not bear witness to the wrong which love, the powerful excuse of greater crimes, compels me to commit: you too I know, and rate as high as you can possibly be in his esteem; for a prize of less value I should not have acted so unbecoming my own character, or transgressed those laws of perfect friendship, which I have broken and violated, at the instigation of that mischievous and irresistible power."

"Since thou art self-convicted so far, replied Camilla, thou mortal enemy to all that merits love! with what face darest thou appear before her who is the mirrour that reflects him, and in which thou oughtest to have seen how little reason and encouragement thou hadst to wrong his honour: but, unfortunate that I am! I have found out the cause that induced thee to forget thyself so far; it must have been some lightness of carriage in me; immodesty I will not call it, because it could not be the effect of deliberate determination, but must have proceeded from a neglect of some of those forms which women often inadvertently omit, before those whom they think they can entertain without ceremony. Otherwise, tell me traitor, when did I ever answer thy addresses with any word or sign that could awaken in thy breast, the least glimpse of hope to accomplish thy infamous aim? did I not always reject and reprove thy amorous protestations with rigour and severity? and when were thy promises and presents believed and accepted? But, as I think no person could long persevere in such a flagitious intention, without being supported by some sort of hope, I am willing to lay the blame of your impertinence at my own door; since, without doubt, some failure of care in me, hath enabled you to exert yours so long; and therefore, I will inflict upon myself, the punishment that your crime deserves: but, that you may see, in being thus inhuman to myself, it was impossible for me to deal mildly by you, I have invited you hither, to be witness of the sacrifice I mean to offer to the injured honour of my noble husband, whom you have aggrieved to the utmost of your power, I myself being accessory to the wrong, because I have not industriously enough avoided all occasion, if I gave you any, of favouring and countenancing your wicked inclinations. I say, the suspicion I have, that some levity of mine engendered such frantic sentiments in your bosom, gives me the utmost pain, and prompts me to chastise my indiscretion with my own hands, rather than make my fault more public, by submitting to another executioner: but, if I must perish, my fall shall be accompanied with the death of him whose blood will satisfy the vengeance which I already in some measure enjoy, when I consider that, wheresoever I go, I shall have before mine eyes, the victim

victim I offered to the moſt diſintereſted juſtice, in puniſhing the wretch who hath reduced me to this deſpair."

So ſaying, ſhe aſſaulted Lothario with incredible force and agility, manifeſting ſuch eagerneſs to plunge the poignard in his breaſt, that he himſelf doubted whether her endeavours were feigned or real, and was actually obliged to exert his whole ſtrength in defending himſelf from Camilla, who acted this ſtrange impoſture ſo much to the life, that, in order to give it the greater appearance of truth, ſhe reſolved to colour it with her own blood; for, ſeeing, or feigning that ſhe could not touch Lothario, ſhe cried, "Tho' fate denies me the full ſatisfaction of my juſt deſire, it cannot rob me of one part of my revenge." With theſe words, ſtruggling to diſengage her dagger-hand, which was held by Lothario, ſhe at laſt ſucceeded, and directing her poignard to a part of her body, which ſhe thought ſhe might ſlightly wound without danger, ſhe ſheathed it between her ſhoulder and left breaſt, and fell upon the floor, as in a ſwoon.

Leonela and Lothario were aſtoniſhed and confounded at this event, and ſtill dubious whether or not Camilla was in earneſt, when they ſaw her ſtretched upon the ground, and bathed in her own blood. Lothario ran, in the utmoſt fright and conſternation, to draw forth the dagger; but, perceiving what a ſuperficial wound ſhe had made, he recovered of the terror which had begun to ſeize him, and could not help admiring anew, the uncommon ſagacity, prudence, and diſcretion of the beautiful Camilla: that he might, therefore, proceed in the part he had to act, he began to make a long and ſorrowful lamentation over the body, as if ſhe had been really dead, imprecating a thouſand curſes, not only upon himſelf, but alſo upon him who was the original cauſe of this diſaſter: and as he knew that Anſelmo was liſtening, ſaid ſuch melancholy things, that whoſoever had heard him, would have pitied his caſe as much as that of Camilla, tho' they had believed her actually dead.

Leonela lifted her up, and laying her on the bed, earneſtly intreated Lothario to find ſome perſon who would cure her privately; and begged he would adviſe her, with regard to what ſhe ſhould tell Anſelmo, about her lady's wound, in caſe he ſhould return before ſhe was cured: he ſaid, ſhe might tell him what ſhe pleaſed, for, he was then in no condition to give any profitable advice about the matter: he only deſired her to fall upon ſome method of ſtaunching the blood; and declared, that for his own part, he would go where man ſhould never ſee him. He accordingly departed, with the appearance of infinite grief and anxiety, and, when he found himſelf alone, in a private place, croſſed himſelf with amazement, at the invention of Camilla, and the artful behaviour of her maid: he could eaſily conceive that Anſelmo was, by this time, thoroughly convinced of his having

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ſecond Portia for his wife; and was impatient to ſee him, that they might together extol her behaviour, which, tho' impoſture, had more appearance of truth than any thing of the ſame kind that had ever been practiſed.

Leonela, as ſhe was deſired, ſtopt her lady's blood, of which there was juſt enough to give credit to her artifice; and waſhing the wound with a little wine, bound it up as well ſhe could, uttering ſuch ſorrowful expreſſions all the time, as would have been ſufficient, without any previous lamentation, to perſuade Anſelmo that his wife was the mirror of chaſtity. Leonela's complaints were joined by thoſe of her miſtreſs, who taxed herſelf with cowardice and puſillanimity, in having loſt the beſt opportunity ſhe ſhould ever have of parting with that life which ſhe abhorred. She conſulted her maid about diſcloſing the whole affair to her beloved ſpouſe; but, this ſcheme Leonela oppoſed, obſerving that it would lay her maſter under an obligation of taking vengeance on Lothario; a ſatisfaction he could not enjoy, without expoſing himſelf to great danger; and that a virtuous woman, far from ſeeking to involve her huſband in quarrels, was in duty bound to keep him free of all ſuch diſputes, by every method in her power. Camilla ſeemed to approve of her maid's prudence, and promiſed to follow her advice; but, ſaid it would be neceſſary, at all events, to invent ſome excuſe to Anſelmo, about the wound which he could not fail of obſerving. Leonela aſſuring her, that ſhe could never tell a lie even in jeſt, the miſtreſs replied, "What ſhall I do then, child? for, I would not attempt to frame and maintain a falſehood, even tho' my life depended upon it: ſince, therefore, we know not how to extricate ourſelves otherwiſe, we muſt e'en diſcover the naked truth, rather than run the riſk of being detected in a lie." "Don't give yourſelf any further uneaſineſs, madam, ſaid Leonela, by to-morrow morning I ſhall have found ſome expedient: perhaps the wound being where it is, may be concealed from his view, and heaven vouchſafe to favour your upright and honourable intention. Compoſe yourſelf, dear madam, endeavour to calm the perturbation of your ſpirits, that my maſter may not perceive your diſorder; and leave the conſequence to my care, and that of heaven, which never fails to favour the righteous deſign."

Anſelmo liſtened with the utmoſt attention to this tragedy, of the death of his honour, which was repreſented with ſuch exquiſite and ſurpriſing addreſs, that the actors ſeemed really transformed into the very characters they feigned: he longed impatiently for night, and an opportunity of eſcaping unſeen, that he might fly to his worthy friend Lothario, and receive his congratulation upon the precious jewel he had found in this vindication of his wife's virtue: they took care to furniſh him with the occaſion he wanted, and he, without letting it ſlip, ran immediately in queſt of Lothario:

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thario: it would be difficult to deſcribe the eagerneſs of his embraces, at meeting, or to recount the expreſſions he uſed in the overflowings of his ſatisfaction, and the extravagant praiſes he beſtowed on Camilla. All theſe Lothario heard, without being able to manifeſt the leaſt ſigns of joy; his reflexion taxed him with the deceit he had practiſed, and the injury he had done his unſuſpecting friend. Anſelmo took notice, that he did not ſeem to participate in his pleaſure, but, believed his concern proceeded from the thoughts of having been the occaſion of Camilla's wound: he therefore, among other things, told him to make himſelf eaſy on that ſcore; for, the hurt muſt certainly have been very ſlight, as they had agreed to conceal it from his knowledge; and ſince there was no bad conſequence to be apprehended, he hoped, for the future, to enjoy, in mirth and good humour, the friendſhip of his dear Lothario, by whoſe induſtry and mediation, he now ſaw himſelf raiſed to the moſt ſublime pitch of human felicity: at the ſame time he ſignified, that his deſire and deſign was to purſue no other amuſement than that of compoſing verſes in praiſe of Camilla, that ſhould tranſmit to lateſt poſterity the remembrance of her worth.

Lothario commended his laudable determination, and promiſed to contribute all that lay in his power towards the rearing of ſuch an illuſtrious edifice: ſo that Anſelmo being the moſt agreeably deceived of any man that ever lived, led by the hand, to his own houſe, the very man who, tho' in his opinion, the inſtrument of his glory, was the total perdition of his fame. Camilla received him with a countenance expreſſing reſentment, but, a ſoul brimful of joy; and their ſecret correſpondence continued uninterrupted for a few months, at the end of which, the wheel of fortune having performed a full circle, the intrigue, which had been hitherto ſo artfully concealed, was diſcovered, and Anſelmo's Impertinent Curioſity coſt him his life.

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CHAP. VIII.

The concluſion of the Impertinent Curioſity.

A LITTLE more of this novel remained to be read, when Sancho came running in great confuſion, from the garret where his maſter Don Quixote lay, bawling aloud, "Come hither, gentlemen! make haſte to the aſſiſtance of my maſter, who is this precious minute engaged and grappled in the toughest battle that ever my eyes beheld! Egad! he has given that ſame giant, the enemy of my lady the princeſs of Micomicona, ſuch a back-ſtroke, as hath ſliced off his head, as ſmooth and clean as the ſkin of a turnip." "What do you mean, brother, ſaid the curate, cloſing the book? are you in your right wits, Sancho? how the devil can your maſter be fighting with a giant who is two thouſand leagues from hence?"

That inſtant, they heard a great noiſe in the apartment, and Don Quixote pronounced aloud, "Stay, villain, robber, caitiff, here I have thee, and thy ſcymitar ſhall not avail." Then he began to ſtrike furiouſly at the walls; and, Sancho exclaimed, "Don't ſtand here liſtening, but, go in and part the fray, or lend your aſſiſtance to my maſter; tho' I believe that will be needleſs by this time; for, the giant is certainly dead, and giving an account to God, of his wicked and miſpent life: nay, I ſaw, with my own eyes, his blood running about the floor, and his head cut off, lying on one ſide, as large as a wine-bag." "May I be hanged, cried the innkeeper, at theſe words, if this Don Quixote, or Don Devil, has not cut open one of the ſkins filled with red wine, that ſtood at his bed's head, and the wine that ran out is miſtaken by this ſimple fellow for blood!"

So ſaying, he ruſhed into the apartment, with the whole company at his heels, and found the knight in a very ludicrous ſituation: he appeared in his ſhirt, which was too ſcanty before, to cover his thighs, and ſtill ſhorter behind, by ſix inches at leaſt, and diſplayed a pair of long lank legs, imbrowned with hair, and not extremely clean; his head was covered with a little, red, greaſy night-cap, belonging to the landlord; round his left arm he had wrapped the blanket of his bed, to which Sancho, for good reaſons known to himſelf, bore an inveterate grudge; and in his right, he wielded his drawn ſword, with which he laid about him at a furious rate, talking as if he was actually at blows with the giant: but, what was very ſurpriſing, his eyes were ſhut all the time, and he was faſt aſleep, dreaming of this encounter; for, his imagination was ſo much engroſſed by the adventure he had un-

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C. Grignion sculp.

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undertaken to atchieve, as to make him dream that he was already arrived in the kingdom of Micomicon, and engaged in ſingle combat with his gigantic adverſary, inſtead of whom, he hacked the wine-bags ſo furiouſly, that the whole room was afloat with their contents.

The innkeeper no ſooner perceived this havock, than incenſed to the laſt degree, he aſſaulted Don Quixote with his clenched fiſts, and began to pummel him ſo ſeverely, that if the curate and Cardenio had not interpoſed, he would ſoon have put an end to the adventure of the giant: yet, for all that, the poor knight did not awake, until the barber, fetching a kettle of cold water from the well, ſouſed him all over; even then, tho' ſleep forſook him, he did not recollect the ſituation he was in; and Dorothea ſeeing him ſo ſlight and airily equipt, did not chooſe to be a ſpectator of the combat between her adverſary and protector. Mean while, Sancho went about the room, prying into every corner, and ſearching for the giant's head, which, when he could not find, "I knew, ſaid he, that every thing goes by enchantment in this houſe: the laſt time I was in this very ſpot, I received a great many thwacks and thumps, without ſeeing a ſoul, or being able to gueſs from whence they came; and now this head is vaniſhed, tho' I ſaw it cut off with mine own eyes, and the blood ſpout out of the body, like water from a fountain." "What do'ſt thou talk of blood and fountains, thou enemy of God and his ſaints, cried the innkeeper! don't you ſee, raſcal, that there is no blood or fountain, but, the ſkins that are pierced, and the red wine that ſwims about the room? I hope the ſoul of him who pierced them, will ſwim in hell!" "I know nothing of the matter, replied Sancho; but that, on account of my not finding the head, I ſhall ſee my earldom diſſolve like ſalt in water."

Thus the ſquire, tho' awake, was more extravagant than Don Quixote in his dream: ſuch an impreſſion had his maſter's promiſes made upon his imagination. The phlegmatic temper of the ſquire, together with the miſchievous diſpoſition of the knight, well nigh diſtracted the landlord, who ſwore, that they ſhould not now, as formerly, go away without paying; and that all the privilege of their errantry ſhould not exempt them, or either of them, from paying to the laſt farthing for the damage they had done, even to the bits of leather for botching the wine-ſkins that were cut. The curate, by this time, had got hold of the hands of Don Quixote, who, believing he had now finiſhed the adventure, and was, in preſence of the princeſs Micomicona, fell upon his knees, before the prieſt, ſaying, "Renowned princeſs, your highneſs may henceforth live ſecure of what that miſbegotten wretch can do; and I, from this day forward, am acquitted of my promiſe, which is now, by the aſſiſtance of heaven above, and the favour of her for whom I live and breathe, happily and fully performed."

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"Did not I tell you ſo? cried Sancho, hearing theſe words. You ſee I am not drunk, and may take notice that my maſter hath put the giant in pickle—the holidays will certainly come round, and the earldom fit me to a hair."

Who could refrain from laughing at the follies of the maſter and man? they occaſioned abundance of mirth to every one preſent, except the landlord, who curſed himſelf to the devil. At length the barber, curate and Cardenio, with no ſmall difficulty, put the knight to bed again, where he fell aſleep in an inſtant, like one who had been exceſſively fatigued: they left him to his repoſe, and went out to conſole Sancho for his diſappointment in loſing the giant's head; but, they found it a harder taſk to pacify the innkeeper, who was driven almoſt to deſpair, by the ſudden death of his wine-bags: beſides, the landlady began to cry, in a whimpering tone, "In an unlucky minute and evil hour did this knight-errant enter my doors; for, I am ſure, I never beheld him, without paying dearly for the ſight! The laſt time he was here, he refuſed to defray a whole night's expence of ſupper, lodging, ſtraw and barley, for himſelf and his ſquire, his hor and his aſs; ſaying that he was a knight-errant, forſooth; (God ſend him and all other knights-errant upon errands that will tend to their ſorrow!) and therefore, was not obliged to pay for any thing, becauſe it was not ordained in the regiſters of chivalry: then, this gentleman coming after him t'other day, borrowed my tail, and tho' I have got it again, it is a good penny the worſe for the wearing, the hair being plucked off in ſuch a manner as makes it unfit for my huſband's purpoſe; and to finiſh and conclude the whole, my bags are broke, and my wine ſpilt: (would I could ſee his heart's blood in the ſame condition!) but, he muſt not think to get off ſo eaſily, for by the bones of my father, and my mother's ſoul! they ſhall pay for every thing upon the nail; or, may I never be called by my own name again, or believed to be my father's own child!"

Theſe, and other expreſſions of the ſame kind, were uttered, with great bitterneſs, by the landlady; and her faithful ſervant Maritornes joined in the exclamation, while the daughter held her peace, and, from time to time, ſmiled at their indignation, which at laſt was appeaſed by the curate, who promiſed to give them ſatisfaction, to the beſt of his power, for the loſs they had ſuſtained in bags and wine, and, in particular, for the damage done to the tail, which they valued ſo highly: and Dorothea comforted Sancho, by telling him, that as ſoon as ever it ſhould appear that his maſter had actually cut off the giant's head, and ſhe ſhould find herſelf in quiet poſſeſſion of her kingdom, ſhe would beſtow upon him the beſt earldom in her gift. The ſquire was conſoled by this promiſe, and aſſured the princeſs, that he was certain he had ſeen the giant's head, by the ſame token,

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that he had a huge beard that flowed down to his middle; and that the whole was now vaniſhed, becauſe every thing in that houſe was performed by enchantment, as he had found by woeful experience, the laſt time he had lodged in that apartment. Dorothea ſaid ſhe was of the ſame opinion, deſiring he would give himſelf no uneaſineſs, for, every thing would be for the beſt, and ſucceed to his heart's content. The quiet of the houſe being thus re-eſtabliſhed, the curate wanted to read the remaining part of the novel, which, he perceived, already drew near a cloſe; and Cardenio, Dorothea and the reſt, intreating him to finiſh the ſtory, he, with a view of pleaſing them as well as himſelf, proceeded in theſe words:

" Anſelmo being now ſatisfied of his wife's virtue, enjoyed himſelf without the leaſt diſturbance or care; while Camilla, in order to diſguiſe her real ſentiments, affected always to frown upon Lothario, who, as a further ſanction to this ſtratagem, deſired Anſelmo to excuſe him from coming to his houſe, ſince it was plain that Camilla was diſguſted at his preſence: but, the infatuated Anſelmo would by no means comply with this requeſt; ſo that this unhappy huſband was, in a thouſand ſhapes, the author of his own diſhonour, while, in his own opinion, he was laying up a ſtore of happineſs and reputation."

About this time, Leonela's deſire of gratifying her own looſe wiſhes, carried her to ſuch a pitch of imprudence, that ſhe gave her wantonneſs the rein, without the leaſt caution; conſcious that her miſtreſs would conceal her conduct, and even adviſe her how to carry on the intrigue with the leaſt danger of being detected. At length, however, Anſelmo, one night, heard ſomebody walking in her apartment, and endeavouring to get in and ſee who it was, found the door ſhut againſt him. This circumſtance increaſing his deſire, he made a violent effort, and the door flew open; upon which he entered, and ſeeing a man leap out of the window, into the ſtreet, ran haſtily to lay hold or get ſight of him; but, he was diſappointed in both, by Leonela, who hanging upon her maſter, cried, " Hold, dear Sir, be not ſurprized, nor ſeek to purſue the perſon who is fled; he was here on my account, and is as good as my wedded huſband."

Anſelmo would give no credit to her words, but, blinded with paſſion, drew his poignard to ſtab Leonela, whom he commanded to reveal the truth, on pain of immediate death. She, terrified by his threats, anſwered, without knowing what ſhe ſaid, " Spare my life, good Sir, and I will diſcloſe things of greater importance than you imagine." " Speak then, cried Anſelmo, or thou ſhalt inſtantly die." " At preſent, replied Leonela, I am in ſuch perturbation, that I cannot poſſibly make a diſtinct confeſſion—delay your vengeance till to-morrow morning, and then you ſhall hear ſomething that will ſtrike you with aſtoniſhment; mean while, be aſſured,

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that he who leapt out of the window, is a young man of this city, who has given me a promiſe of marriage.

Anſelmo being ſomewhat pacified by this declaration, reſolved to grant the reſpite ſhe demanded; tho' he never dream'd of hearing any thing to the prejudice of Camilla, of whoſe virtue he was ſatisfied and ſecure: he, therefore, quitted the room in which, however, he locked up Leonela, telling her, ſhe muſt continue in that place, until ſhe ſhould have made this promiſed diſcovery: then going to Camilla, informed her of every thing that had paſſed, together with the promiſe her maid had made of diſcovering things of great importance. It is almoſt needleſs to ſay that Camilla was diſturbed at this information; the terror that took poſſeſſion of her was ſuch, that believing, with good reaſon too, Leonela would actually diſcloſe to Anſelmo, every circumſtance of her infidelity, ſhe had not reſolution enough to wait the iſſue of her ſuſpicion; but, that very night, while her huſband was aſleep, collected the beſt of her jewels, with ſome money, and getting out of the houſe, without being perceived, fled to Lothario, and recounted what had happened; at the ſame time, beſeeching him to put her in a place of ſafety, or accompany her to ſome retreat, where they ſhould be ſecure from the ſearch of Anſelmo.

Such was the confuſion of Lothario, at the news of this unexpected event, that he could not anſwer one ſyllable, nor for ſome time, reſolve upon what was to be done. At length, he propoſed to carry Camilla to a monaſtery, the abbeſs of which was his firſt couſin; and his miſtreſs conſenting to the propoſal, he conducted her thither, with all the diſpatch which the nature of the caſe required, and leaving her to the care of his relation, quitted the city that very night, without imparting the cauſe of his abſence to any living ſoul.

Next morning, ſoon as it was day, Anſelmo, without perceiving that Camilla was gone, ſo eagerly did he long to hear this confeſſion of her maid, aroſe and went directly to the room in which he had confined her; but, he no ſooner opened the door, and entered the apartment, than he perceived the ſheets of the bed tied together, hanging out at the window; a manifeſt proof that Leonela had lowered herſelf down into the ſtreet, by means of that contrivance: he then returned, with a good deal of chagrin, to communicate his diſappointment to Camilla, whom, when he could not find, he was ſeized with the utmoſt conſternation, eſpecially, as none of the ſervants could give the leaſt account of her departure: but, chancing, in the courſe of his inquiry, to find the coffers open, and the beſt part of her jewels carried off, he began to comprehend his diſgrace; and concluded, that Leonela was not the cauſe of his misfortune.

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Diſpirited with this reflexion, he did not ſtay to dreſs, but went, in a moſt diſconſolate ſituation, to give an account of his miſhap, to his friend Lothario; and, when he underſtood from his ſervants, that their maſter had gone out in the night, and carried all his ready money along with him, he had well nigh loſt his ſenſes. To crown his miſery, he returned to his own houſe, which was deſerted by all his ſervants, and found himſelf the moſt ſolitary being in nature: he knew not what to think, ſay or do, and his judgment began to be impaired; for, upon recollection, he perceived that he was in an inſtant, deprived of wife, friend and ſervants, renounced by heaven, and, what he felt more deeply than any other part of his diſaſter, deſtitute of honour, by the miſconduct of Camilla, from which he dated his utter deſtruction. At length, after a long internal ſtruggle, he reſolved to go to the country-houſe of his friend, where he had been, when he furniſhed the opportunity of planning his own ruin. Accordingly, having locked his door, he mounted his horſe, and almoſt fainting under the burthen of his woes, ſet out for that place: but, ſcarce had he travelled one half of the way, when harraſſed by his ſhocking reflexions, he was obliged to alight and tie his horſe to a tree, at the root of which, he threw himſelf down, giving vent to the moſt lamentable ſighs that ever were heaved: there he remained till the twilight, about which time, perceiving a man coming on horſeback from the city, after ſalutation, he aſked what news were ſtirring at Florence?—"The ſtrangeſt, replied the citizen, that have been heard theſe many days: it is publicly reported, thet Lothario, the intimate friend of Anſelmo the rich, who lived at St. John's, hath this laſt night, carried off the wife of his friend, who is alſo miſſing. This diſcovery was made to the governor by Camilla's maid, who was detected in letting herſelf down by a ſheet, from one of the windows of Anſelmo's houſe: in ſhort, I do not know the particulars exactly; but, the whole city is aſtoniſhed at this event, which they could never have expected from the intimacy of the two gentlemen, who were ſo ſtrictly united in the bands of amity, as to acquire the title of the Two Friends." "Do you know what road Lothario and Camilla have taken," ſaid Anſelmo? "That is not yet diſcovered, replied the traveller; tho' the governor hath uſed great diligence in the inquiry." Anſelmo wiſhed him a good even; and the citizen having returned the compliment, proceeded on his journey.

Theſe unhappy news reduced this ill-fated huſband to the verge of death as well as diſtraction: he mounted, however, as well as he could, and arrived at the houſe of his friend, who had not as yet heard of his misfortune; but, ſeeing him ſo exhauſted, ghaſtly and pale, imagined he had met with ſome grievous diſaſter. Anſelmo begged to be put to bed immediately, and furniſhed with pen, ink and paper: thus provided, he was left alone, and the

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chamber lock'd, at his own desire: then, the remembrance of his misfortune began to be so heavy upon his soul, that he plainly perceived his end approaching, and being desirous of declaring the cause of his strange and sudden death, he took up the pen; but, before he could execute his design, his breath failed him, and he expired, a victim to that sorrow which was occasioned by his own impertinent curiosity. His friend finding it grow late, and that Anselmo had not called, went into his chamber, to enquire about his health: there he found him lying upon his face, one half of his body in bed, and the other on the table, with a pen in his hand, and a written paper lying open before him.

The gentleman, having spoke to him, without receiving an answer, took him by the hand, and feeling him cold and stiff, concluded he was dead. Surprized and concerned to the last degree, he called up his family to be witnesses of this melancholy event, and knowing the paper to be Anselmo's own hand-writing, read the contents, in these words: "I am deprived of life by my own impertinent curiosity: if the news of my death reach Camilla's ears, let her know that I forgive her infidelity; for, she was not bound to perform miracles, nor I under any necessity of expecting them at her hands: since therefore, I have been the contriver of my own dishonour, there is no reason that——" So far he had written, but life had forsaken him, before he could finish the sentence. Next day, his friend sent an account of his death to his parents, who were already informed of his mischance, as also of the convent to which Camilla had retreated; and where she now lay at the point of accompanying her spouse in his last, indispensible journey; not so much on account of Anselmo's death, as in consequence of the information she received concerning her absent lover: it was said, that tho' she was now a widow, she would neither quit the convent, nor take the veil: but, in a little time, the news arrived of Lothario's being killed in a battle which was fought between the renowned captain Gonçalo Fernandez de Cordova, and monsieur de Lautrec, in the kingdom of Naples, whither this too late repenting friend had made his retreat. This event was no sooner known, than Camilla professed herself nun, and, in a few days, yielded up her life a prey to grief and melancholy. Such was the untimely end to which they were all brought, from a beginning of whim and indiscretion!

This novel, said the curate, is not amiss; but, I cannot think the story is true, and if it be feigned, the author has erred in point of invention; for, it cannot be supposed, that any husband would be so mad as to try this dangerous experiment of Anselmo: had it been related of a gallant and his mistress, it might have passed; but, with regard to a husband and his wife, it is altogether improbable: however, the manner of narrating it is not disagreeable.

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CHAP. IX.

An account of other ſtrange adventures that happened at the inn.

AT that inſtant, the landlord ſtanding at the inn-door, exclaimed, "There's a noble company: odd! if they halt here, we ſhall ſing for joy." "What company," ſaid Cardenio? "Four men, replied the inn-keeper, who ride with ſhort ſtirrups, each of them equiped with lance, target and maſk; with a lady on a ſide-ſaddle, dreſſed in white and veiled, and two attendants on foot." When the prieſt aſked if they were near, he anſwered, "So near, that they are already at the gate."

Dorothea hearing this information, put on her veil, and Cardenio withdrew into Don Quixote's apartment. Immediately the whole company, announced by the landlord, entered the inn yard, and the four horſemen, who were perſons of genteel mien and carriage, inſtantly alighting, went to help the lady from her horſe; when one of them, taking her in his arms, placed her in a chair that ſtood by the door of the room, in which Cardenio had concealed himſelf. All this time, neither ſhe nor they took off their maſks, nor uttered one ſyllable; but, when ſhe was ſeated, ſhe heaved a profound ſigh, and let her arms fall down on each ſide, like a perſon fainting with weakneſs. While the footmen led the horſes into the ſtable, the curate, being curious to know who thoſe perſons were, ſo remarkable in their ſilence and dreſs, went up and put the queſtion to one of the lacquies, who anſwered, "Truly, ſignor, we are as ignorant in that particular as you are; tho' they ſeem to be people of condition, eſpecially he who took the lady in his arms, becauſe all the reſt behave to him with great reſpect, following his directions in every thing, with the utmoſt punctuality." "And, pray who may the lady be, ſaid the prieſt?" "We know as little of her as of the men, replied the lacquey; for, during the journey, I have never once beheld her face; I have often heard her ſigh bitterly, and utter piercing groans, in every one of which, ſhe ſeemed to yield her very ſoul: but, it is not to be wondered at, that we ſhould know ſo little of their affairs; my companion and I having attended them two days only: for, meeting us on the road, they intreated and perſuaded us to accompany them as far as Andalouſia, promiſing to pay us handſomely for our trouble." "Have you never heard one of them named," reſumed the curate? "Never once, anſwered the young man; they travel with ſurpriſing ſilence; nothing is heard but the ſobs and ſighs of the poor lady, which move us to compaſſion: we firmly believe, that ſhe is forced upon this journey; and gather from

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from her dreſs, that ſhe is a nun, or which is more probable, going to take the veil, and finding herſelf very little inclined to that way of life, is melancholy at the proſpect."

The curate ſaid nothing was more probable, and leaving the lacquey, returned to Dorothea, who, by this time, out of natural ſympathy with the affliction of the maſked lady, had approached and accoſted her in theſe words: "What is the matter with you, dear madam? If you labour under any indiſpoſition which the practice and experience of women can relieve, my aſſiſtance is heartily at your ſervice." To this kind offer no reply was made by the ſorrowful lady, who, notwithſtanding the other's repeated intreaties, would not open her mouth; until the perſon, who, by the lacquey's information, was chief of the company, addreſſing himſelf to Dorothea, ſaid, "Do not fatigue yourſelf, madam, in making proffers of ſervice to that woman, who cannot be grateful for any favour ſhe receives; nor importune her for any reply, unleſs you deſire to hear ſome falſehoods proceed from her lips." "My lips, ſaid the hitherto ſilent lady, were never profaned with falſehood; on the contrary, my preſent misfortune is owing to my ſincerity and my abhorrence of lies. Of this aſſertion, you yourſelf are too ſenſible; ſince your own perfidy and falſehood are the effects of my conſtancy and truth."

Theſe words were diſtinctly overheard by Cardenio, who was only ſeparated from them by the door of Don Quixote's chamber; and they no ſooner reached his ears, than he cried aloud, "Good heaven! What do I hear! What voice is that which ſtruck my ſenſe!" The lady being exceedingly ſurprized at that exclamation, turned about her head, and not ſeeing the perſon that pronounced it, ſtarted up and ran towards the apartment from whence it ſeemed to come; but, was prevented by her conductor, who would not ſuffer her to move one ſtep farther. In the diſorder occaſioned by her ſtruggle, her maſk droped off, and diſcovered a countenance of incomparable and amazing beauty, even tho' diſguiſed with paleneſs and horror; for, her eyes rolled about to every corner which her ſight could reach, with ſuch eagerneſs and wildneſs, that ſhe looked like a woman poſſeſſed.

Dorothea, and all preſent, were infinitely concerned at theſe ſymptoms, the meaning of which they could not underſtand: mean while, the cavalier was ſo buſied in holding her faſt by the ſhoulders, that he could not attend to his maſk, which alſo fell to the ground: and Dorothea lifting up her eyes towards him, as he held the lady in his arms, perceived that this cavalier was no other than her own huſband, Don Fernando. No ſooner did ſhe recognize his features, than fetching a long and melancholy ſigh from the very bottom of her ſoul, ſhe fell backward in a ſwoon, and if the barber had not been at hand to ſupport her, would have certainly come to the ground:

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ground: the curate ran inſtantly to take off her veil, that he might ſprinkle water on her face, which was immediately known by Don Fernando, who held the other lady in his arms, and was thunderſtruck at the ſight: he would not, however, quit Lucinda, who ſtruggled to get looſe; ſhe and Cardenio having by this time, recognized each other by their mutual exclamations: he had alſo overheard the groan uttered by Dorothea, when ſhe fainted, and believing that it proceeded from Lucinda, ruſhed out of his apartment in a fright, when the firſt object he beheld was Don Fernando claſping her in his arms. This nobleman knew him immediately, and all three, namely, Lucinda, Cardenio, and Dorothea, were ſtruck dumb with aſtoniſhment, and ſeemed inſenſible of what had happened; gazing in ſilence, at one another.

Dorothea directed her eager view to Don Fernando, who ſtared at Cardenio, whoſe eyes were fixed upon Lucinda, who looked wiſhfully at him; but, the firſt that broke ſilence, was this laſt, who addreſſed herſelf in theſe words to Don Fernando: "Suffer me, ſignor, in regard to your own character, ſince you are deaf to every other conſideration, to cleave to that wall of which I am the ivy, to avail myſelf of that prop from which you could not diſengage me, with all your importunities, promiſes and threats. Behold how heaven, by unuſual and myſterious means, hath brought me to my true and lawful huſband: and ſince you know, by dear-bought experience, that nothing but death can expel his image from my breaſt, let this plain demonſtration, ſince all other attempts are vain, convert your love into rage, your friendſhip into hate, and inſtantly deprive me of life, which I ſhall yield with pleaſure in the preſence of my legal lord, who will then, perhaps, be convinced of the fidelity I preſerved to the laſt moment of my exiſtence."

In the mean time Dorothea, being recovered from her ſwoon, had liſtened to Lucinda's declaration, by which ſhe diſcovered her ſituation and name: but, perceiving that Don Fernando neither quitted his hold, nor anſwered one word to her ſollicitation, ſhe exerted her whole ſtrength in falling down on her knees before him, and having ſhed a large quantity of tears from her beautiful eyes, accoſted him in theſe words: "My dear lord! if your eyes were not dazzled and obſcured by the rays of that ſun which you hold eclipſed within your arms, you would perceive that ſhe who thus kneels before you, is the unhappy (ſo long as you are pleaſed ſhe ſhould be ſo) and forlorn Dorothea—I am that humble country-maiden whom your generoſity or paſſion vouchſafed to raiſe to the honour of calling you her own. I am ſhe who, confined within the bounds of modeſty, lived a contented life, until moved by your importunities, and ſeemingly upright addreſſes, ſhe opened the gates of her reſerve, and ſurrendered to you the keys of her freedom. An offering but ill requited, as plainly appears

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pears by that hard fate, in conſequence of which, I am found in this place, and alſo find you in your preſent ſituation. Nevertheleſs, I would not have you imagine that I came hither, induced by any diſhonourable motives; but, that the ſorrow conceived at ſeeing myſelf forſaken and forgotten by you, was the ſole cauſe of my retreat. You deſired I ſhould be your own, and that deſire you accompliſhed ſo effectually, that altho' your inclinations may be changed, it is impoſſible you ſhould ceaſe to be mine. Conſider, my lord, that my unparallelled affection may counterbalance the beauty and birth of her, for whom I am abandoned: you cannot be the fair Lucinda's huſband, becauſe you are already mine, nor ſhe become your wife, while ſhe appertains to Cardenio; and it will be a much eaſier taſk, if you reflect upon it, impartially, to recal your love for her who adores you, than to gain the affection of one by whom you are abhorred. You ſollicited my unſuſpecting heart, you importuned my integrity, you was not ignorant of my lowly ſtation, and know in what manner I yielded to your will; ſo, that you have no ſubterfuge, nor the leaſt room to ſay you was deceived. If this be the caſe, as doubtleſs it is, and you be a chriſtian as well as a gentleman, why do you, by ſuch evaſions, delay to make the end as happy as the beginning of my fortune? If you will not receive me as what I really am, your lawful wife, at leaſt, admit me into the number of your ſlaves; for, in whatever ſhape I belong to you, I ſhall account myſelf fortunate and bleſſed: do not, therefore, by renouncing me intirely, give ſcandal an opportunity of impeaching my honour. Make not my parents miſerable in their old age; their faithful ſervices to your father merit a more kind return: if you think your blood will be debaſed, in mixing with mine, conſider, that almoſt all the great families on earth have undergone the ſame intercourſe, and that the woman's quality in no manner affects illuſtrious deſcents: beſides, true nobility conſiſts in virtue, and in that I ſhall have the advantage over you, if you deny and oppoſe the juſtice of my claim. In fine, the laſt argument I ſhall uſe is this, whether you are pleaſed or diſpleaſed with your deſtiny, I am your lawful wife: witneſs your own words, which neither are, nor ought to be falſe, if you value yourſelf on that, for which you undervalue me; witneſs your handwriting, and heaven above, to the teſtimony of which you appealed, for the performance of your promiſe: and if all theſe ſhould fail, your conſcience will never ceaſe whiſpering to you, amidſt your pleaſures, in vindication of this truth, which will diſturb your moſt exalted enjoyments."

This ſupplication, enforced with other arguments, was pronounced ſo feelingly by the afflicted and weeping Dorothea, that tears of ſympathy were ſhed by all preſent, the companions of Don Fernando not excepted; he himſelf liſtened without anſwering one word, until ſhe had made an end

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of her addreſs, and begun to utter ſuch woeful ſighs and groans, as were almoſt ſufficient to melt an heart of braſs. Lucinda ſtood gazing upon her with equal compaſſion for her ſorrow, and admiration of her beauty and good ſenſe; nay, ſhe would have gone and offered her all the conſolation in her power, had ſhe not ſtill been kept faſt locked in the arms of Don Fernando, who, full of confuſion and ſurprize, after having for a good while fixed his eyes upon Dorothea, with great attention, opened his arms, and leaving Lucinda at liberty, ſaid, "You have conquered, beauteous Dorothea—The victory is yours; for, ſo many truths conjoined are ſurely irreſiſtible."

Lucinda was ſo faint and weak, that when Don Fernando quitted her, ſhe would have fallen to the ground, had it not been for Cardenio, who had placed himſelf behind her raviſher, that he might not be known: but now, laying aſide all fear, and reſolving to adventure every thing, he ſprung to the aſſiſtance of Lucinda, and catching her in his arms, "If, ſaid he, it be the will and pleaſure of pitying heaven, that you ſhould find repoſe, my faithful, conſtant and charming Lucinda! I think you can enjoy it no where ſo ſecurely, as in theſe arms, which now receive, and formerly encircled you, when fortune was pleaſed that I ſhould call you mine."

At theſe words, ſhe gazed upon him with great eagerneſs; ſhe had before begun to recognize his voice, and now, recollecting his features, like a perſon deprived of judgment, who diſregards all decency and form, ſhe threw her arms about his neck, and joining her lips to his, "Yes, my dear Cardenio, ſaid ſhe, you are the real lord of this your ſlave, in ſpite of adverſe fate, and all thoſe threats, tho' greater than they are, that perſecute my life, which now depends on yours alone."

An unexpected ſight was this, to Don Fernando, and all the by-ſtanders, who were not a little ſurprized at what they ſaw. While Dorothea obſerving her huſband change colour, and ſignify an inclination of being revenged upon Cardenio, by laying his hand upon his ſword, ran, with incredible agility, and claſping his knees, which ſhe kiſſed, held him ſo firmly embraced that he could not move, ſaying, while the tears inceſſantly trickled from her eyes, "What means my only refuge, to do on this unexpected occaſion? Your own wife is now kneeling before you, and ſhe whom you deſire to wed is in the arms of her lawful huſband; conſider whether it be juſt or poſſible for you to undo that which heaven hath done; why ſhould you ſeek to unite yourſelf with one who, diſdaining all oppoſition and inconvenience, and confirmed in her own conſtancy and truth, even before your eyes, lets fall from hers, a ſhower of tenderneſs into the boſom of her lawful ſpouſe? for the ſake of God and of yourſelf, I intreat and beſeech you not only to check your indignation, but alſo to ſuppreſs it intirely, ſo,

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that theſe two lovers may, without any impediment from you, enjoy each other as long as heaven will permit them to live. In this ſelf-denial you will manifeſt the generoſity of your noble and illuſtrious ſoul, and convince the world, that you are governed more by reaſon than by appetite."

While Dorothea pronounced theſe words, Cardenio, though he held Lucinda in his arms, kept his eyes ſtill fixed upon Don Fernando, with full reſolution, if he attempted any thing to his prejudice, to defend himſelf as well as he could, againſt his adverſary and all his adherents, although it ſhould coſt him his life. But, this young nobleman's friends, together with the curate and barber, not forgetting honeſt Sancho Panza, who were preſent at the whole affair, interpoſed, and making a circle about him, begged earneſtly, that he would be pleaſed to conſider the tears of Dorothea, and if what ſhe alledged was true, as they firmly believed it was, no longer ſuffer her to be defrauded of her juſt and reaſonable hope. They deſired him to obſerve, that in all appearance, it was not by accident, but the immediate direction of providence, that they had all met together, ſo unexpectedly in this place: and the curate entreated him to reflect, that death alone could divide Lucinda from Cardenio; that though they might be parted by the edge of the ſword, they would look upon death as the greateſt bleſſing that could befal them; and that, in a caſe of this kind, which admitted of no other remedy, it would be his wiſeſt courſe, to conſtrain and conquer his own paſſion, and demonſtrate the generoſity of his heart, by permitting, of his own free-will, theſe two lovers to enjoy that ſtate of happineſs which heaven had ordained for their lot: that he ſhould contemplate Dorothea's beauty, which far from being excelled, was equalled in few or none; and to her beauty, add the conſideration of her humility and exceſſive love; above all, take notice, that if he valued himſelf upon being a gentleman and a chriſtian, he could do no leſs than perform the promiſe he had given, and in ſo doing, act in conformity to the will of God, and ſatisfy the diſcreet part of mankind, who are very ſenſible, that it is the prerogative of beauty, even in a low eſtate, when accompanied with virtue, to be lifted up to the higheſt rank, without any diſparagement to the perſon who thus raiſes it to an equality with himſelf; and ſince the irreſiſtible force of inclination muſt prevail, provided there be nothing criminal in the means, he is not to be blamed who acts according to its dictates."

To theſe arguments were added ſo many of the ſame ſort, that the valiant heart of Don Fernando, nouriſhed by illuſtrious blood, relented, and he was overcome by the force of that truth which, however inclined, he could not deny. The ſignal of his ſurrender, and yielding to this reaſonable and juſt propoſal, was his ſtooping down and embracing Dorothea,

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to whom he ſaid, " Riſe, madam; it is not juſt, that ſhe who reigns in my ſoul, ſhould lie proſtrate at my feet. If hitherto, I have given ſmall proof of what I now profeſs, perhaps, my omiſſion hath been owing to the appointment of heaven, that by giving you an opportunity of manifeſting the ſincerity of your love, I might know how to eſteem you according to your deſerts. I beg, therefore, you will not upbraid me with my miſconduct and unkind neglect; ſince the ſame force and occaſion that attached me to you, was the cauſe of my endeavour to diſengage myſelf. That you may be convinced of the truth, behold and contemplate the eyes of the now contented Lucinda, in which you will find an excuſe for all my errors: and, ſince ſhe hath found and attained her heart's deſire, and my utmoſt wiſh is fulfilled in thus retrieving you, may ſhe live in peace and quiet, for many happy years, with her Cardenio, and may heaven grant the ſame felicity to me with Dorothea."

So ſaying, he embraced her again, preſſing his lips to hers with ſuch tenderneſs, that it required his greateſt efforts to forbear giving, with his tears, indubitable ſigns of his affection and remorſe. But, thoſe endeavours did not ſucceed with Lucinda, Cardenio, and every other perſon preſent, who began to weep ſo plentifully, either at their own happineſs, or the ſatisfaction of their friends, that one would have thought ſome grievous misfortune had happened to the whole company. Even Sancho blubbered, though he afterwards owned, that his ſorrow proceeded from ſeeing that Dorothea was not, as he imagined, the queen of Micomicon, from whom he expected ſuch favours.

This univerſal admiration and thaw having laſted ſome time, Cardenio and Lucinda fell upon their knees before Don Fernando, whom they thanked for his generoſity in ſuch polite terms, that he ſcarce knew what anſwer to make, but, raiſed and embraced them both, with demonſtrations of uncommon courteſy and affection. Then aſking Dorothea, how ſhe had come to that place ſo diſtant from her own home, ſhe, with great elegance and brevity, repeated what ſhe had before recounted to Cardenio: and her huſband and his company were ſo pleaſed with her narration, that they wiſhed it could have been ſpun out to a much greater length: ſo gracefully did ſhe relate her own misfortunes.

Her taſk being finiſhed, Don Fernando informed them of what had happened in the city after he found, in Lucinda's boſom, the paper in which ſhe declared herſelf Cardenio's wife. Seeing that ſhe could not poſſibly be his, he ſaid, he was determined to put her to death, and would actually have executed his purpoſe, had not her parents interpoſed. He then quitted the houſe, full of ſhame and reſentment, reſolving to revenge himſelf with the firſt opportunity; and next day, underſtood that ſhe was

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gone off, without any body's knowing whither ſhe had directed her flight. At length, however, in a few months, he got notice, that ſhe was in a certain monaſtery, where ſhe intended to ſpend her whole life, ſince ſhe could not enjoy it in the company of Cardenio. He no ſooner received this intimation, than chooſing theſe three gentlemen for his companions, he went ſtrait to the place of her reſidence, but, without ſpeaking to her, or making himſelf known, leſt the monaſtery ſhould be more ſtrictly guarded on his account. He waited therefore until, one day, he found the porter's lodge open, when leaving two of his friends to ſecure the door, he entered the monaſtery, with the other, in queſt of Lucinda, whom he found in the cloiſters, talking with a nun; and ſnatching her off, without giving her a moment's time for recollection, carried her inſtantly to a place where they provided themſelves with neceſſaries for their journey. This exploit they were enabled to perform with ſafety, becauſe the monaſtery ſtood in the middle of a field at a good diſtance from any village or town. He ſaid, Lucinda no ſooner perceived herſelf in his power, than ſhe fainted away, and when ſhe recovered the uſe of her ſenſes, did nothing but weep and ſigh, without ſpeaking one word; ſo that, accompanied with ſilence and tears, they had arrived at that inn, which he looked upon as the heavenly goal where all earthly misfortunes are happily terminated.

CHAP. X.

A continuation of the hiſtory of the renowned princeſs Micomicona; with other pleaſant adventures.

SANCHO heard every thing that paſſed, with no ſmall anxiety of mind, ſeeing the hopes of his preferment vaniſh into ſmoke, the beautiful princeſs Micomicona transformed into Dorothea, the giant into Don Fernando, and his maſter in a ſound ſleep, intirely ignorant of what had happened. Dorothea could not perſuade herſelf, that all her good fortune was not a dream; Cardenio entertained the ſame opinion, which was alſo embraced by Lucinda; while Don Fernando gave thanks to heaven for its favour, in extricating him from that labyrinth of perplexity, in which he was at the point of loſing his reputation and ſoul. In fine, every perſon preſent was well ſatisfied, and rejoiced at the happy iſſue of ſuch intricate and deſperate affairs. The curate repreſented every thing in the right point of view, with great diſcretion, and congratulated the parties concerned, on the felicity they had acquired; but, ſhe whoſe joy was moſt vociferous was the landlady, who loudly exulted in the promiſe

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of Cardenio and the curate, who had undertaken to pay her with intereſt, for the damage ſhe had ſuſtained on Don Quixote's account. Sancho alone, as we have already obſerved, was afflicted, unfortunate and ſad, and going to his maſter who was juſt awake, ſaid, with a lamentable tone, " Sir knight of the rueful countenance, your worſhip may now ſleep as long as you pleaſe, without giving yourſelf the trouble of ſlaying the giant, or reſtoring the princeſs to her throne—that whole affair is already brought to concluſion."

" I really believe what you ſay, anſwered the knight; for, I have been engaged with the giant, in the moſt obſtinate and outrageous combat that I believe I ſhall ever fight in all the days of my life: with one back-ſtroke, ſlam went his head to the ground; and diſcharged ſuch a quantity of blood, that it ran like rills of water, along the field." " Or rather like red wine, your worſhip ſhould ſay, replied the ſquire; for, I muſt inform you, if you do not already know it, that the dead giant is no other than a wine-bag, and the blood, eighteen gallons of good red wine, which was contained in its belly: the head you cut off is the whore my mother, and the whole affair is gone to the devil." " What does the lunatic mean? ſaid Don Quixote, are you in your right ſenſes, Sancho?" " Riſe, ſir, reſumed the ſquire, and ſee what a fine piece of work you have made, and what a ſcore you have run. You ſhall behold the queen converted into a private lady, called Dorothea, with many other ſtrange events, at which, if you take them right, you will be hugely aſtoniſhed." " I ſhall not wonder at any thing of that kind, replied his maſter; for, thou may'ſt remember, the laſt time we were in this houſe, I told thee, that every incident which happened was conducted and brought about by inchantment; ſo that we need not be ſurpriſed, if the ſame power ſhould prevail at preſent." " I ſhould be of your worſhip's opinion, anſwered Sancho, if my blanketting had been of the ſame ſtamp: but that was not the caſe; for, it was really and truly a ſubſtantial toſſing. This very innkeeper, whom we ſaw to-day, held a corner of the blanket, and canted me into the air with great ſtrength and nimbleneſs, paſſing a thouſand waggiſh jokes, and laughing at me all the while; from whence I concluded, ſimple and ſinner as I am, that as I knew their perſons, there was no inchantment in the caſe, but, abundance of bruiſing and bad fortune." " Well, heaven will make thee amends, ſaid the knight: mean while, reach me my cloaths; for, I want to go forth, and examine thoſe events and transformations which thou haſt mentioned."

While Sancho was helping him to dreſs, the curate gave Don Fernando and his company, an account of Don Quixote's madneſs, and the artifice they had uſed to diſengage him from the poor rock to which he imagined

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ed himſelf exiled by the diſdain of his miſtreſs. He alſo recounted all thoſe adventures that Sancho had imparted to him, at which they were not a little ſurprized, and laughed immoderately; agreeing in opinion with every body who knew the knight, that it was the ſtrangeſt extravagance that ever entered a diſturbed imagination. The prieſt, moreover, obſerved, that ſince the good fortune of Dorothea obſtructed the progreſs of their deſign, there was a neceſſity for inventing another plan that ſhould bring him home to his own houſe. Cardenio propoſed that they ſhould proſecute the ſcheme they had already begun; and Lucinda would act and repreſent the part of Dorothea." "No, ſaid Don Fernando, that muſt not be, Dorothea ſhall ſtill proceed with her own invention; for, as it cannot be far from hence to the habitation of that honeſt gentleman, I ſhall be glad to contribute towards his cure." And when he underſtood that they would arrive in two days, at his houſe; "Were it farther off, ſaid he, I ſhould go with pleaſure, to aſſiſt in ſuch a laudable deſign."

At that inſtant Don Quixote came forth, armed at all points, with Mambrino's helmet, battered as it was, upon his head, his ſhield braced upon his arm, and his pole or lance in his hand. Don Fernando and his companions were amazed at this ſtrange apparition, when they beheld ſuch a rueful length of face, ſo withered and tawny; together with his ill-ſorted armour, and the ſolemnity of his gait. They gazed upon him, in ſilent expectation of what he would ſay; while he, with infinite gravity of aſpect, fixing his eyes upon Dorothea, accoſted her in theſe words: "Fair lady, I am informed by this my ſquire, that your greatneſs is annihilated, and your quality undone, by being changed from your former rank of queen and ſovereign princeſs, into the condition of a private damſel. If this hath been done by the negromancy of the king your father, who is, perhaps, afraid that I ſhould not be able to give you the aſſiſtance required; I ſay, he neither knows, nor ever did know, the half of that art which he profeſſeth; and that he is but little converſant in the hiſtory of chivalry; for, had he read and peruſed it with ſuch leiſure and attention as I have beſtowed upon that ſubject, he would have found that, on every occaſion, knights of much leſs reputation than I poſſeſs, have atchieved much more difficult enterprizes than this; it being a matter of ſmall moment to kill a pitiful giant, let him be as arrogant as he will: for not many hours ago, I ſaw myſelf engaged with one—but I chuſe to be ſilent, rather than have my veracity called in queſtion, though time, that unmaſks all things, will ſhew, when we leaſt expect it—"

"That you was engaged with wine-bags, and not with a giant," cried the innkeeper, who was ſilenced by Don Fernando, and forbid to interrupt the knight's diſcourſe, in any ſhape whatever. So that Don Quixote pro-

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proceeded, ſaying, " In fine, if the father of your diſinherited highneſs hath performed this metamorphoſis on your perſon, for the cauſes I have mentioned, I hope you will give no credit to ſuch conſiderations; for, there is no danger upon earth, through which my ſword will not open a way, and by laying the head of your adverſary in the duſt, in a few days, inveſt yours with that crown to which you have an undoubted right."

Here Don Quixote left off ſpeaking, in expectation of a reply from the princeſs, who knowing it was Don Fernando's pleaſure that ſhe ſhould continue the deceit, until the knight could be brought back to his own houſe, anſwered with equal gravity and grace, " Whoſoever hath told you, moſt valiant knight of the rueful countenance, that I am changed and tranſformed from what I was, has not adhered to the truth, in his information: indeed I am ſomewhat changed by certain fortunate events which have happened even beyond my own expectation; but, nevertheleſs, I have not ceaſed to be what I was, nor altered that reſolution which I have always maintained, of taking the advantage of your valiant and invincible arm. Wherefore, dear ſir, be ſo good as to do juſtice to the honour of the father who begat me, and look upon him as a man of ſagacity and foreſight; ſince, by the ſcience he poſſeſſed, he found ſuch an eaſy and effectual path to the cure of my misfortune: for, I firmly believe, that were it not for you, I ſhould not now be ſo happy as I am, as the greateſt part of theſe gentlemen can truly witneſs. Nothing then remains, but that we ſet out to-morrow, becauſe we could not propoſe to travel far to-day; and as for the ſucceſs on which my hopes are built, I leave it entirely to God and the worth of your heroic breaſt."

Don Quixote hearing theſe words, turned to Sancho, in the moſt violent indignation, ſaying, " I proteſt, ſirrah! you are the moſt malicious little ſlanderer in Spain. Say, you raſcal—you vagabond! did not you tell me juſt now, that the princeſs was transformed into a private gentlewoman called Dorothea; and that the head, which I know I cut from the giant's ſhoulders, was the whore your mother: with many more fooliſh particulars, which threw me into the greateſt confuſion that ever I felt ſince I was born? By heaven! (here he turned up his eyes and bit his lips) I have a ſtrong inclination to commit ſuch ſlaughter upon thee, as will be an * inſtructive warning to all the lying ſquires who ſhall henceforward attend knights-errant, in the courſe of their adventures.

" Pray be pacified, good your worſhip, cried Sancho, I may very poſſibly be deceived in what concerns the change of my lady princeſs Micomicona; but as to the giant's head being a wine-bag, and the blood no

* In the original, As will put ſalt in thy ſkull.

other

other than good red wine, I am not miſtaken, as I ſhall anſwer to God! for, the ſkins that were ſlaſhed are ſtill to be ſeen, by your worſhip's bed-ſide, and the whole room is flooded with the wine. But the proof of the pudding, is in the *eating of it: you will be convinced when Mr. What-d'ye-call him our landlord here makes out a bill of the damage he has ſuffered. As to the reſt, I am rejoiced from my ſoul to find that the queen's majeſty is the ſame as uſual; becauſe it concerns me, as well as any other neighbour's child." "I tell thee, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, thou art diſtracted; forgive me, that is enough." "Enough in all conſcience, ſaid Don Fernando, there is nothing more to be ſaid on this ſubject. I think the princeſs judges very prudently in deferring her journey till to-morrow; becauſe the day is already far advanced: let us therefore, ſpend this night in agreeable converſation, and at the approach of day, we will in a body attend the gallant Don Quixote, that we may be witneſſes of the unheard-of exploits which he will, doubtleſs, perform in the courſe of this vaſt enterprize he hath undertaken." "It is my duty and reſolution to ſerve and attend you, anſwered the knight: and I have the moſt grateful ſenſe of your favour and good opinion, which I ſhall endeavour to juſtify, though it ſhould coſt me my life, or even more—if more I can pay."

Many compliments and proffers of ſervice paſſed between Don Fernando and Don Quixote; but, they were interrupted by the arrival of a traveller, who, by his garb, ſeemed to be a chriſtian ſlave, lately eſcaped from Barbary: for, he was clad in a coat of blue cloth, wanting a collar, with ſhort ſkirts and half-ſleeves; his breeches and cap were of the ſame ſtuff; and he wore date-coloured buſkins, with a Mooriſh ſcymitar ſlung in a ſhoulder-belt, acroſs his breaſt. He was followed by a woman dreſſed in the mooriſh habit, mounted upon an aſs; with a veil over her face, a brocaded bonnet on her head, and a mantle that flowed from her ſhoulders to her heels. The man was robuſt, and well-proportioned, ſeemingly turned of forty, with a browniſh complexion, large whiſkers, and a well-furniſhed beard: in ſhort, his mien was ſo genteel, that if he had been properly dreſſed, they would have taken him for a man of birth and quality.

Soon as he entered the gate, he called for a private apartment, and ſeemed very much concerned, when he underſtood that all the rooms of the inn were engaged: however, he went to the lady in mooriſh dreſs, and lifted her off in his arms. Upon which Lucinda, Dorothea, the landlady, her daughter, and Maritornes, flocked around her, their curioſity being ex-

* Literally, You ſhall ſee when the eggs are fried. A phraſe alluding to the ſtory of a thief, who having ſtole a frying-pan, and being aſked by the owner what he carried under his cloak, replied, You will ſee when the eggs are fried. Metaphorically, Time will diſcover.

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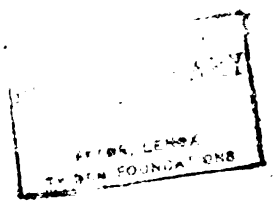

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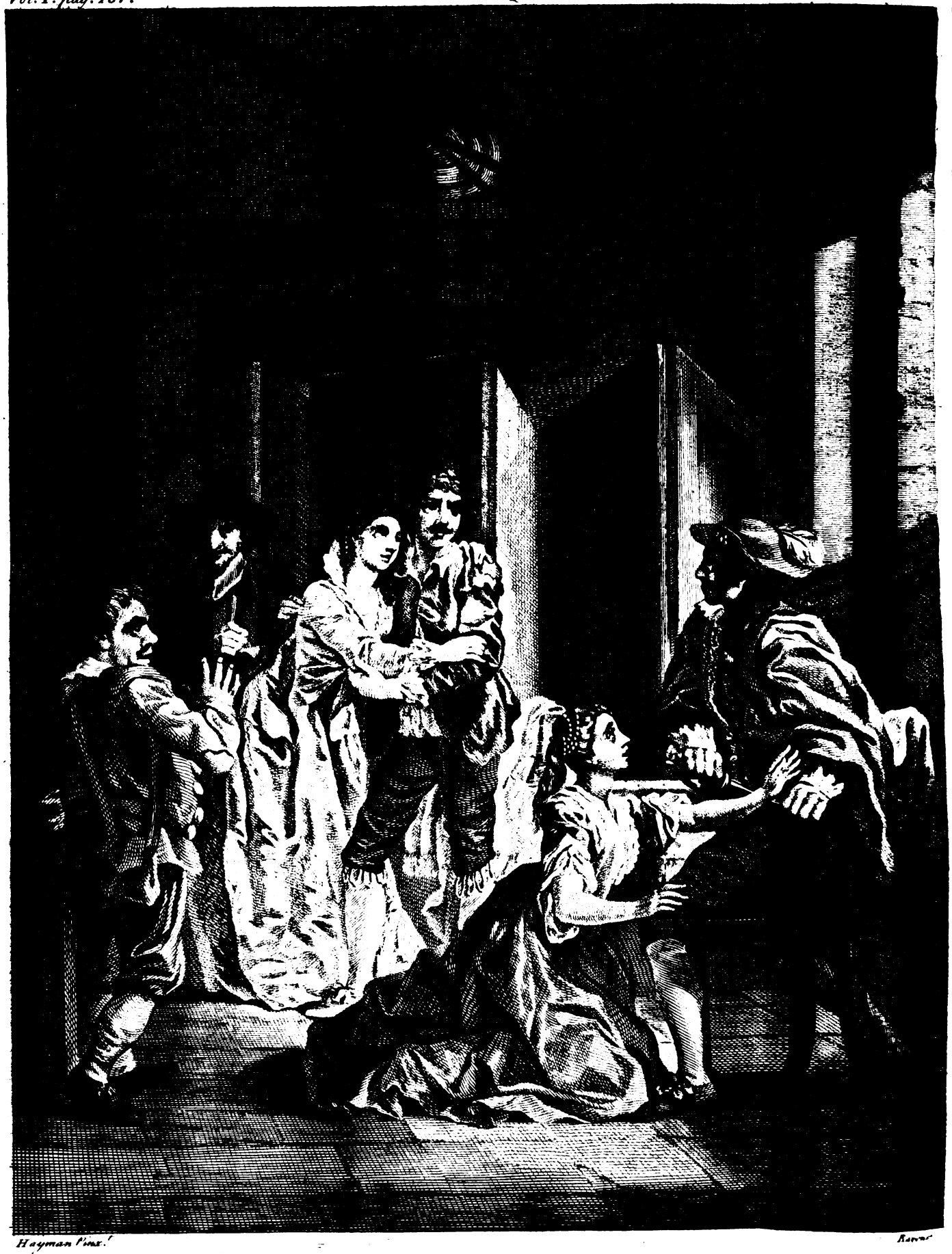

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cited by the novelty of the garb, which none of them had ever ſeen before; and Dorothea, who was always good humoured, mannerly and diſcreet, concluding that both ſhe and her conductor were chagrined at their want of a chamber, ſpoke to her thus: "Be not uneaſy, madam, at your want of accommodation here; it is the inconvenience of almoſt all inns: but, if you will be pleaſed to partake with us, pointing to Lucinda, perhaps you will find that, in the courſe of your journey, you have been fain to put up with harder fare." The veiled lady made no anſwer, but, only riſing from her ſeat, ſignified her thanks, by croſſing her hands upon her boſom, bending her body and bowing her head; ſo that, from her ſilence, they conjectured that ſhe muſt be a native Moor, and that ſhe could not ſpeak any chriſtian language.

Her attendant, who had hitherto been employed in ſomething elſe, perceiving that the company had made a circle about his companion, who could make no replies to their interrogations, ſaid to them, "Ladies, this young woman underſtands little or no Spaniſh, and ſpeaks no language but that of her own country; ſo that ſhe is incapable of anſwering any queſtions you may have aſked." "We have aſked no queſtions, ſaid Lucinda, but only made her an offer of our company, for this night, with a ſhare of our lodging, and what accommodation is to be had; and this we tender with that hearty good will which obliges us to ſerve all ſtrangers, eſpecially thoſe of our own ſex who ſtand in need of our aſſiſtance." "Dear madam, replied the conductor, in her name and in my own, I return you a thouſand thanks; and highly eſteem your proffered favour, which, on this occaſion, and from ſuch perſons as your appearance proclaims you to be, muſt certainly be very kind and condeſcending." "Signor, ſaid Dorothea, is this lady chriſtian or Moor? By her ſilence and her dreſs, we are induced to believe that ſhe is not what we could wiſh her to be." "In her body and dreſs, replied the ſtranger, ſhe is a Moor, but altogether a chriſtian in her ſoul; for, ſhe longs ardently to be a profeſſed convert to our faith." "Then ſhe is not baptized," reſumed Lucinda? "She has had no opportunity, ſaid the captive, ſince ſhe quitted Algiers, which is her native country; and hitherto hath never been in ſuch imminent danger of her life, as to make it neceſſary, before ſhe is inſtructed in all the ceremonies enjoined by our holy mother church: but, if it pleaſe heaven, ſhe ſhall be baptized very ſoon, with decency ſuitable to the quality of her perſon, which is greater than either her dreſs or mine ſeems to declare."

This intimation raiſed the curioſity of all the ſpectators, to know who this Moor and captive were; but, no body choſe to aſk the queſtion, at that time, which ſeemed more proper for repoſing themſelves than relating the hiſtory of their lives. Dorothea taking her by the hand, ſeated the

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ſtranger cloſe by her ſide, and intreated her to take off the veil: ſhe looked at her conductor, as if ſhe wanted to know what the lady deſired, and he told her, in Arabic, that they intreated her to be uncovered; at the ſame time, adviſing her to comply with their requeſt. She accordingly unveiled herſelf, and diſcovered a face ſo amiable, that Dorothea thought her handſomer than Lucinda, who, in her turn, gave her the preference to Dorothea; and all preſent concluded, that if any creature upon earth could vie with them in beauty, it was this mooriſh lady, who in the opinion of ſome of the company excelled them both in certain particulars. As beauty, therefore, has the privilege and energy to conciliate minds and attract affections, every body preſent were ſeized with an inclination to ſerve and cheriſh the charming Moor. Don Fernando aſked her name of the captive, who anſwered Lela Zorayda: this ſhe no ſooner heard, than underſtanding the queſtion which had been put to the chriſtian, ſhe pronounced with great eagerneſs and ſweetneſs of concern, "No, no Zorayda; Maria, Maria;" ſignifying that her name was Maria, and not Zorayda: theſe words, with the affecting manner in which they were expreſſed, brought tears from the eyes of ſome of the hearers, eſpecially the women, who are naturally tender and compaſſionate. Lucinda embraced her affectionately, ſaying, "Yes, yes, Maria, Maria:" and to this, the Moor replied, "Yes, yes, Maria—Zorayda Macange; which, in the Arabic, ſignifies No.

Mean while it grew late, and the innkeeper, by order of Don Fernando's attendants, prepared, with great diligence and care, as good a repaſt as he could poſſibly provide: ſo that, when ſupper-time arrived, they ſat down altogether, at a long hall table; for, there was neither a round nor ſquare one in the houſe: they forced the head and principal ſeat, in ſpite of all his excuſes, on Don Quixote, who deſired that the princeſs Micomicona might ſit by the ſide of her protector: next to her, Lucinda and Zorayda placed themſelves, being fronted by Fernando and Cardenio, at whoſe left hand ſat the captive and the other gentlemen, while the curate and the barber took their ſtation cloſe to the ladies. In this manner they ſupped with vaſt ſatisfaction, which was ſtill increaſed, when Don Quixote leaving off eating, and inſpired by the ſame ſpirit that moved him to harrangue among the goatherds, began the following diſſertation: "Verily, gentlemen, if it be duly conſidered, great and unexpected events are ſeen by thoſe who profeſs the order of knight-errantry. What inhabitant of this earth, if he ſhould now enter the gates of this caſtle, and behold us ſeated in this manner, could conceive or credit that we are what we are? Who could imagine, that this lady on my right hand, is the great queen whom we all know her to be, and that I am the knight of the rueful countenance, ſo celebrated by the voice of fame? Now, there is no manner of doubt, that this exerciſe

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exercise and art exceeds all others hitherto invented by man, and that it ought to be more esteemed, because it is more exposed to danger. Away with those who give letters the preference over arms: I affirm, that such people, whosoever they are, know not what they say; for, the sole reason to which they adhere, in this decision, is, that the labour of the body is exceeded by that of the mind; and that the profession of arms is altogether as corporeal as the exercise and office of a common day-labourer, that requires nothing more than bodily strength; as if that which is called soldiership, by us who profess it, did not include acts of valour which none but persons of uncommon genius could execute: or, as if the toil of a warrior who has the charge of an army, or commands in a town that is besieged, doth not affect the mind as well as the body: is it to be supposed, that by meer corporeal strength, he can penetrate and discover the intention of the enemy? To anticipate designs, baffle stratagems, surmount difficulties, and prevent the mischief that is to be dreaded, are all efforts of the understanding, in which the body hath no share: if the profession of arms, therefore, requires genius, as well as that of letters; let us see which of the two requires most mental toil: and this question may be determined, by considering the end and aim of each; for, that occupation deserves the highest esteem, which hath the noblest purpose in view—the end and scope of letters. I speak not here, of that divine learning, whose aim is to raise and conduct the soul to heaven; to an end so infinite, no intention whatever can be compared: I speak of human learning, the ultimate end of which is, to regulate distributive justice, render to every one his due, and to understand and protect the equitable laws; an aim certainly generous, and highly commendable! yet not so deserving of the most sublime praise as the profession of arms, the object and the end of which is peace, the greatest good that mortals can enjoy; for, the first blessed news which this world and mankind heard, were those pronounced by the angels, on that night which was our day, when they sung in the air, 'Glory be to God on high, and on earth, peace and good will towards men:' and the salutation, which the best master, either in heaven or upon earth, taught his adherents and favourites; which was to say, when they entered any house, 'Peace be to this house.' Nay, he himself, at different times, said, 'My peace I give unto you. My peace I leave with you. Peace be among you.' A jewel and legacy well worthy of him who left it! a jewel, without which there can be no felicity, either in heaven or on earth! This peace is the genuine aim of war; for, arms and war are the same; and this being taken for granted, the end of war is nobler than that of learning: wherefore, let us next consider the bodily toil sustained by each, that we may see on which side the ballance lies, in that particular.

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In this ſenſible manner did Don Quixote continue his diſcourſe, from which no body that heard him could diſtinguiſh that he was mad: on the contrary, his audience conſiſting chiefly of gentlemen, to which title the profeſſion of arms is annexed, they liſtened with great pleaſure, while he proceeded thus:

" The hardſhips of a ſtudent, I ſay, are theſe; chiefly, poverty, (not that all ſtudents are poor, but that we may ſuppoſe the worſt that can happen); and when I have named this indigence, the whole of his misfortune is mentioned; for, he that is poor can enjoy nothing that is good, but muſt endure neceſſity in all its forms, ſometimes hunger, ſometimes cold, ſometimes nakedneſs, and often, all three together: nevertheleſs, his neceſſity is not ſo great, but that he eats, tho' perhaps later than uſual, or, tho' he may feed upon the leavings of the rich, or, which is the greateſt miſery to which a ſcholar can be reduced, go a ſopping *, as they term it: then they are always admitted to ſome charitable perſon's fire-ſide or chimney-corner, where, if they cannot warm themſelves effectually, they may at leaſt defy the cold; and at night, they ſleep under cover. I need not deſcend to minute particulars, ſuch as want of linen, ſcarcity of ſhoes, flimſy and threadbare cloaths, nor the ſurfeits which they ſo eagerly incur, when their good fortune ſets a plentiful table in their way. By this path, rough and difficult as I have already deſcribed it, after many tumblings, ſlidings, riſings and fallings, they, at laſt, attain to the height of their wiſhes, which being gained, we have ſeen many who have paſſed with a favourable gale of fortune, thro' theſe quickſands and ſtraits of Scylla and Charybdis: I ſay, we have ſeen many ſuch, command and dictate to the world, from a chair of ſtate; their hunger being changed into ſatiety, their cold into refreſhment; their rags into gay apparel; and the matts on which they lay, to the richeſt damaſk and fineſt holland: a recompence which their merit moſt juſtly enjoys! but, their labours, when fairly ſtated and compared, are infinitely ſhort of the warrior's, as I ſhall now clearly demonſtrate.

* Alluding to the charity given at the gates of monaſteries.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XI.

The ſequel of Don Quixote's curious diſcourſe, on the ſubjects of learning and war.

THE knight proceeded thus: "Since we began with the ſtudent, repreſenting his poverty in all its circumſtances, let us ſee if the ſoldier be more wealthy: and we ſhall find that poverty itſelf is not poorer; for, he is reſtricted to his miſerable pay, which comes always late, if ever, or to what he can plunder by force, with the imminent danger of his life and conſcience; and frequently, his nakedneſs is ſuch, that his ſlaſhed buff doublet ſerves him inſtead of coat, ſhirt, and all the other parts of apparel; tho', in the winter, he has nothing elſe to ſkreen him from the inclemencies of the weather; nay, in the open field, he is fain to warm himſelf with his own breath, which, as it proceeds from an empty place, muſt, I believe, be cold, contrary to all the rules of nature: but, ſtay till the approach of night, when, it is to be hoped, his bed will make amends for all theſe inconveniencies; and this, if it be not his own fault, will never offend in point of narrowneſs, for, he may meaſure as many feet of ground as he thinks ſufficient, and there tumble about at pleaſure, without any danger of diſcompoſing the ſheets: then, inſtead of the day and hour of receiving the degrees of his art, comes the day of battle, in which his head is adorned with the doctoral toſsle, made in form of a pledgit to ſtuff the wound made by ſome ball, which, perhaps, hath gone thro' his temples, or left him maimed of a leg or arm: and even if this ſhould not happen, but, merciful heaven guard and preſerve him ſafe and ſound, he continues as poor as ever: he muſt riſk himſelf in ſeveral more rencounters and battles, and be victorious in each, before his circumſtances be bettered; but, theſe miracles rarely happen. Tell me, gentlemen, have you conſidered what a ſmall proportion thoſe who make their fortunes by war bear to thoſe who periſh in the field? Doubtleſs, you muſt anſwer, that there is no ſort of compariſon; that the ſlain are ſcarce to be numbered, while the living who are recompenced for their ſervices, may be comprehended within three figures of * arithmetic. The caſe of the learned, is quite the reverſe †: for, one way

* *i. e.* Do not amount to 1000, which is a number expreſſed by four figures.

† The literal tranſlation is, "For, from the ſkirts, (for I would not mention the ſleeves)." The Spaniards, inſtead of the Engliſh phraſe, by Hook or by Crook, uſe this of "From the ſleeves or the ſkirts;" derived from the practice of taylors, who are ſuppoſed to cabbage from thoſe parts of the habit in which there is the greateſt quantity of cloth: but, the knight's exception of ſleeves, on this occaſion, ſeems to have proceeded from a ſuppoſition that poor ſcholars are generally provided for in the church, and conſequently wear caſſocks, which deſcend to their heels.

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or another, they are all provided; ſo that, tho' the toil of a ſoldier is greater, his reward is much leſs. To this obſervation, it may be replied, that it is far more eaſy to reward two thouſand ſcholars than thirty thouſand ſoldiers; for, the firſt are recompenſed with offices which muſt, of courſe, be beſtowed on people of their profeſſion; whereas, the others can enjoy no reward, except a ſhare of the property belonging to their maſter whom they ſerve; even this impoſſibility ſtrengthens my aſſeveration.

But, waving that conſideration, which would lead us into a moſt intricate labyrinth, let us return to the pre-eminence which arms have over learning: a point hitherto undecided. Such are the reaſons alledged on both ſides of the queſtion: the principal of which in favour of the laſt is, that without letters, the profeſſion of arms could not be ſupported, becauſe there are laws to which war itſelf is ſubject; and all laws fall within the province of letters and learned men. To this obſervation, the partizans of the other opinion reply, that no laws could be maintained without arms, which preſerve the conſtitution, defend kingdoms, guard cities, ſcour the highways, and clear the ſeas of piratical corſairs. In ſhort, that without arms, all republics, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, journeys by land, and voyages by ſea, would be expoſed to the horror and confuſion that attend unbridled war, while it continues in all its licentious privilege and force. It is a general and eſtabliſhed maxim, that every thing ought to be eſteemed in proportion to what it coſts: now, to become eminent in letters, coſts the ſtudent much time, watching, hunger, nakedneſs, vertigoes, indigeſtion, and their conſequences, which are in part mentioned above: but, to acquire, in a regular manner, the character of a good ſoldier, a man muſt undergo all theſe inconveniencies in an incomparably greater degree; becauſe, he is every moment in danger of loſing his life. What fear of indigence and poverty can ſeize and harraſs the ſtudent's apprehenſion, equal to that which muſt poſſeſs the ſoldier beſieged in a fortreſs, who being placed centinel or guard in ſome ravelin or * cavalier, perceives the enemy at work undermining the very ſpot whereon he ſtands; without daring to ſtir from his poſt, or avoid the danger by which he is ſo imminently threatened? All he can do, is to give notice of what paſſes, to his captain, who muſt endeavour to baffle the foe by ſome countermine, while he remains upon the place in terror, and expectation of being ſuddenly whirled aloft into the clouds without wings, and then falling head-long into the profound abyſs: if this danger ſeems inconſiderable, let us ſee whether it be equalled or exceeded in the grappling of two gallies, by their prows, in the midſt of the extended ocean; when they are locked and faſtened into each other, and the ſoldier hath

* Cavalier is an artificial mount, raiſed in a fortreſs for the convenience of ſcouring a field, or oppoſing a commanding work of the enemy.

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not an inch more than two feet of the beak to ſtand upon, while he ſees himſelf threatened and oppoſed by as many miniſters of death as there are cannon in the enemy's veſſel, and theſe within a ſpear's length of his body; and is ſenſible, that if his feet ſhould chance to ſlip, he would inſtantly viſit the profound boſom of the ſea: yet, nevertheleſs, with an intrepid heart, incited and tranſported by honour, he bears the brunt of their whole artillery, and endeavours by that narrow paſſage to board the adverſe veſſel: and, what is very much to be admired, is, that as ſoon as one falls, never to riſe again till the general reſurrection, another occupies his place, and ſhould he alſo drop into the ſea, which, like an enemy, gapes to devour him, another and another ſtill ſucceeds, without the ſmalleſt intermiſſion: an inſtance of gallantry and boldneſs the greateſt to be found in all the extremities of war. Happy were the ages paſt, while ſtrangers to thoſe infernal inſtruments of artillery, the author of which is, I firmly believe, now in hell, enjoying the reward of his diabolical invention, that puts it in the power of an infamous coward to deprive the moſt valiant cavalier of life; for, often in the heat of that courage and reſolution that fires and animates the gallant breaſt, there comes a random ball, how or from whence no man can tell, ſhot off, perhaps, by one that fled and was afraid at the flaſh of his own accurſed machine, and, in an inſtant, puts an end to the ſchemes and exiſtence of a man who deſerved to live for ages. This very conſideration makes me almoſt own, that I am ſorry for having choſen this profeſſion of a knight-errant in this deteſtable age; for, tho' no danger can daunt my reſolution, it gives me ſome uneaſineſs to think that powder and ſhot may deprive me of the opportunity of making myſelf famous and renowned thro' the whole globe, for the valour of my arm, and the keenneſs of my ſword: but, let the will of heaven be fulfilled; if I accompliſh my aim, I ſhall be more eſteemed, becauſe I have faced more danger than ever was incurred by the knights-errant in ages paſt."

While the reſt of the company were employed in eating, this long harrangue was uttered by Don Quixote, who never thought of ſwallowing a morſel; tho' Sancho frequently put him in mind of eating his ſupper, obſerving, that he would afterwards have time enough to ſay what he pleaſed. The hearers were moved with freſh concern, at ſeeing a man who, in every other ſubject, ſeemed to have a large ſhare of ſenſe and diſcernment, loſe it ſo irrecoverably, whenever the diſcourſe turned upon the curſed miſchievous theme of chivalry. The curate obſerved, that there was a great deal of reaſon in what he had advanced in favour of arms; and that he himſelf, tho' a graduate, conſequently a man of letters, was entirely of the knight's opinion.

Supper

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Supper being ended, and the table uncovered, while the landlady, her daughter and Maritornes were buſied in fitting up the garret of Don Quixote de la Mancha, in which it was determined the three ladies ſhould paſs the night by themſelves; Don Fernando intreated the captive to recount the ſtory of his life, which he imagined muſt be both uncommon and entertaining, from the ſpecimen they had already ſeen, in his arriving thus equiped, in company with the fair Zorayda. To this requeſt the ſtranger anſwered, that he would willingly obey his command, tho' he was afraid the company would not find the relation to their liking; but, nevertheleſs, rather than fail in point of obedience, he was ready to make it. The curate and whole company thanked him for his complaiſance, and joined in the requeſt; and he ſeeing himſelf beſought by ſo many, ſaid there was no occaſion for intreaties, where they might ſo effectually command: "Lend me your attention therefore, and you ſhall hear a true ſtory, perhaps unequalled by thoſe fictions which are uſually adorned with all the curious and profound artifice of compoſition."

At this preamble, all preſent, adjuſted and compoſed themſelves; and he perceiving the general ſilence in which they waited for the performance of his promiſe, began in this manner, with a grave and agreeable voice.

CHAP. XII.

In which the captive recounts his life and adventures.

"IN a certain place, among the mountains of Leon, my family had its origin; more beholden to the liberality of nature than to the ſmiles of fortune: tho' amidſt the narrowneſs of circumſtances, which prevails in that country, my father had the reputation of being rich, and really was ſo, had he poſſeſſed the art of preſerving, as he practiſed the means, of ſpending his eſtate. This liberal and profuſe diſpoſition was owing to his having been a ſoldier in his youth: the army being a ſchool, in which the miſer becomes generous, and the benevolent man grows prodigal; for, a covetous ſoldier is a monſter which is rarely ſeen. My father exceeded the bounds of liberality, and bordered upon thoſe of prodigality; a diſpoſition of very little ſervice to a married man who has children to ſucceed him in rank as well as name: and he had no leſs than three; all of them ſons, already at an age to chooſe for themſelves. The old gentleman finding it impoſſible, as he ſaid, to reſiſt the bent of his inclination, was reſolved to deprive himſelf of the means that induced and enabled him to ſpend ſo laviſhly, by giving up his eſtate; as without money, Alexander himſelf muſt have ſeemed frugal.

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One day, therefore, calling us all three together into his chamber, he delivered himſelf in theſe or the like words. "Sons, to ſay I love you, is no more than to ſay and know you are my own children: though it would ſeem that I do not love you, by my ſquandering away the fortune which is your due: but, that you may be henceforward convinced that I love you like a true parent, rather than ſeek your deſtruction like a ſtepfather, I am reſolved to execute a plan which I have formed a good while ago, and digeſted with the moſt mature deliberation. You are now of an age to chuſe ſettlements for yourſelves, or at leaſt, to pitch upon employments which, in your riper years, may conduce to your honour and advantage. My intention is to divide my eſtate into four equal parts, three of which you ſhall receive among you, in equal ſhares, without the leaſt difference or diſtinction, and the fourth I will reſerve for my own ſuſtenance and ſupport, while heaven ſhall be pleaſed to protract the days of my life. But, before you receive your portions, I ſhould be glad to find you inclined to follow the paths which I ſhall propoſe. We have a ſaying in Spain, which, I believe, is very true, as indeed all proverbs are, becauſe they are ſhort ſentences dictated by long and ſage experience: that which I mean, contains no more than theſe words: 'The church, the court, or the ſea;' as if it more fully expreſſed the following advice, He that would make his fortune, ought either to dedicate his time to the church, go to ſea as a merchant, or attach himſelf to the court: for it is commonly obſerved, that, 'The king's crumb is worth the baron's batch.' This I mention, becauſe I wiſh and deſire that one of you would follow letters, another merchandize, and a third ſerve his ſovereign in the field, ſince it is difficult to obtain an office at court: ſo that, although much wealth cannot be expected, there is a great deal of valour and reputation to be acquired in war. In eight days I will give each of you his ſhare, in ready money, without defrauding you of one farthing, as you will ſee by my diſtribution. Tell me, therefore, if you are willing to follow my advice in what I have propoſed?" ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf to me as the eldeſt. After having diſſuaded him from parting with his eſtate, and deſired him to ſpend as much of it as he pleaſed, obſerving, that we were young men, and capable of making our own fortunes, I concluded with ſaying, I would obey his will, and, for my own part, chuſe to ſerve God and my king, in adhering to the exerciſe of arms. My ſecond brother made the ſame offer, propoſing to ſet ſail for the Indies, and employ his ſtock of ready money in traffic. The youngeſt, and I believe the wiſeſt, ſaid he would qualify himſelf for the church, by going and finiſhing his ſtudies at Salamanca.

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We having thus agreed in the choice of our different employments, our father embraced us all affectionately, and within the time he had propoſed, performed his promiſe of giving us our portions, which, to the beſt of my remembrance, amounted to three thouſand ducats each: for, an uncle of ours paid ready money for the whole eſtate, that it might not be alienated from the family. In one day, all three took leave of our worthy father, when I, thinking it a piece of inhumanity to leave him ſo ſtraitned in his old age, prevailed upon him to accept two thouſand of the three I had received, as the remainder was ſufficient to accommodate me with all the neceſſaries of a ſoldier. Each of my brothers, induced by my example, gave him back one third of their ſhares, ſo that he remained poſſeſſed of four thouſand ducats in caſh, and the value of three thouſand more in land, which he did not chuſe to ſell. At length, I ſay, we took leave of him, and that uncle whom I have mentioned, not without great concern and many tears on all ſides; after we had undertaken to ſeize every opportunity of making them acquainted with our adventures, either in proſperity or adverſity. Having given the promiſe, and received their embraces and bleſſing, one took the road to Salamanca, another went to Sevil, and I ſet out for Alicant, where I underſtood there was a ſhip taking in a lading of wool for Genoa. Two and twenty years are now elapſed ſince I left my father's houſe; and during all that time, though I have written ſeveral letters, I never received the leaſt information concerning him or my brothers. What hath happened to myſelf within that period, I will now briefly relate.

Embarking at Alicant, I had a favourable paſſage to Genoa, from whence I went to Milan, where I provided myſelf with arms and ſome gay military furniture. Then I departed for Piedmont, with a reſolution of inliſting in the ſervice; and being upon the road to Alexandria de la Paglia, was informed that the great duke of Alva was on his march into Flanders. Upon receiving this intimation, I changed my deſign, attended him to the Low Countries, ſerved in all his campaigns, and was preſent at the death of the counts Egmont and Horn. There I obtained an enſign's commiſſion in the company of a famous captain of Guadalajara, whoſe name was Diego de Urbina: but, after I had been ſome time in Flanders, the news arrived of the league between his holineſs pope Pius the fifth of happy memory, and the Spaniſh monarchy, againſt their common enemy the Turk, who about that time had, by means of his fleet, made a conqueſt of the famous iſland of Cyprus, which was under the dominion of the Venetians: a moſt lamentable and unfortunate loſs. It was certainly known that the moſt ſerene Don John of Auſtria, natural brother to our good king Philip, was to be general of this league; and

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the vaſt preparations for this war were publickly reported. All theſe rumours raiſed and excited within me the deſire and reſolution of being preſent in a campaign of ſuch expectation; and though I had ſtrong hopes, and indeed, certain promiſes of being promoted to the rank of a captain, as ſoon as a vacancy ſhould happen, I choſe to quit that proſpect, and go, as I actually did, to Italy; and luckily for me, Don John of Auſtria was then at Genoa, juſt going to embark for Naples, in order to join the Venetian fleet, which he afterwards found at Meſſina. In ſhort, I ſerved in that moſt happy campaign, and was advanced to the rank of captain of foot, which honourable poſt I obtained more by good fortune than merit; and that day which was ſo fortunate for Chriſtendom, on which the world was convinced of the error they had eſpouſed in believing the Turks invincible by ſea; on that day, I ſay, when the Ottoman pride and inſolence was humbled and broke, among ſo many happy chriſtians there preſent, (and ſure thoſe who fell were happier than the living victors!) I alone was unfortunate; for, inſtead of receiving a naval crown, which would have been my reward, had I lived in the Roman ages, on the night that ſucceeded that glorious day, I found myſelf a captive loaded with chains; and this was the cauſe of my misfortune: Uchali king of Algiers, a bold and fortunate corſair, having attacked and maſtered the capitan galley of Malta, in which there remained only three knights alive, and theſe deſperately wounded; the veſſel commanded by John Andrea Doria, in which my company was ſtationed, haſtened to her relief, and I doing my duty on that occaſion, leaped into the enemy's ſhip, which diſengaging herſelf immediately from our galley that was grappled with her, my ſoldiers were prevented from following their officer, and I found myſelf alone among my foes, whom, by reaſon of their numbers, I could not reſiſt; therefore was obliged to ſubmit, after having been almoſt covered over with wounds; and Uchali, as you have heard, gentlemen, having ſaved himſelf with his whole ſquadron, I remained his priſoner, the only ſad perſon amidſt the general joy, and captive among ſo many that were ſet free; for, full fifteen thouſand chriſtians who came into the action, chained to the Turkiſh oars, that day recovered their long wiſhed-for liberty.

I was carried to Conſtantinople, where Selim the grand Turk, created my maſter general of the ſea, for having done his duty in the battle, and as a proof of his valour, brought off the high ſtandard of Malta. Next year, which was that of ſeventy-two, I rowed in the capitan galley of the three lanthorns, at Navarino, where I ſaw and obſerved the chriſtians loſe the opportunity of taking the whole Turkiſh fleet in the harbour, for, all the Levantines and Janizaries belonging to it laid their account with being attacked in port, and had actually got in readineſs their knapſacks

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and paſſamaques, which are a kind of ſhoes, in order to go on ſhore, and ſeek their ſafety in flight, without waiting for the aſſault; ſuch was the conſternation that prevailed among us! But, heaven ordained things to happen in another manner, not through any error or neglect of the general who commanded the expedition, but on account of the ſins of Chriſtendom, it being the will and permiſſion of God, that we ſhould never want executioners to chaſtiſe us. In ſhort, Uchali retreated to Modon, which is an iſland almoſt contiguous to Navarino, where he diſembarked his men, fortified the mouth of the harbour, and remained until Don John ſet ſail on his return. In this expedition, the galley called the prize, commanded by a ſon of the famous corſair Barbaroſſa, was taken by the capitan galley of Naples, called the ſhe-wolf, the commander of which was that thunderbolt of war, that father of his ſoldiers, that fortunate and invincible chief, Don Alvaro de Baſan, marquis of Santa Cruz; and I cannot help mentioning what happened at the taking of this prize: the ſon of Barbaroſſa was ſo cruel, and treated his captives ſo inhumanly, that when the rowers perceived the ſhe-wolf ready to board, and in a fair way of taking her, they quitted their oars all at once, and ſeizing the captain, who ſtood upon the *ſtentrel, calling to them to row luſtily, they toſſed him forwards from bench to bench, and beat him ſo ſeverely as he went along, that before he paſſed the main-maſt, his ſoul paſſed into hell. Such was his barbarity, as I have already obſerved, and ſuch the revenge which their hatred to him inſpired.

We returned to Conſtantinople, and during the following year, which was ſeventy-three, underſtood that Don John had taken Tunis, wreſted that whole kingdom from the Turks, and put Muley Hamet in poſſeſſion of the whole; thus cutting off all the hopes of a reſtoration from Muley Hamida, the moſt valiant and moſt cruel Moor of his time. The grand ſignor was deeply affected with this loſs, and practiſing that ſagacity which is peculiar to all thoſe of his family, clapt up a peace with the Venetians, who were much more deſirous of it than he. Next year, being ſeventy-four, he attacked the goleta and fort, which Don John had left half-finiſhed, near Tunis: and on all theſe occaſions I was preſent, being tied to the oar, without the leaſt hope of freedom, eſpecially by ranſom; for, I was reſolved not to write to my father, an account of my misfortune. At length, the goleta and fort were both loſt, having been beſieged by ſeventy-five thouſand Turkiſh ſoldiers, regularly paid, and upwards of four hundred thouſand Moors and Arabs from the other parts of Africa; this multitude being provided with a vaſt quantity of warlike ſtores and ammunition, and attended with ſuch a number of pioneers, that, by throwing hand-

* The ſtentrel or eſtanterol is a poſt that ſupports the awning of the poop.

fuls

fuls of earth, they might have covered both the places they came to beſiege. The goleta, which had been counted impregnable, was firſt taken; not through any fault of the beſieged, who performed all that men could do, in its defence; but, becauſe experience ſhewed that trenches could be made with eaſe in that looſe ſand, under which, though water was commonly found at the depth of two ſpans, the Turks, at that time, dug as many fathoms, without finding one drop; and ſo filling a vaſt number of ſacks, raiſed their works ſo high as to overlook the fort; then mounting this cavalier with cannon, kept ſuch a firing as rendered it impoſſible for the garriſon to make any longer defence. It was a common opinion, that our troops ought not to have ſhut themſelves up in the goleta, but, oppoſed the diſembarkation in the plain: however, thoſe who talk in that manner, ſpeak at random, and muſt be perſons of ſmall experience in ſuch affairs: for, if the whole garriſon, in both places, ſcarce amounted to ſix thouſand ſoldiers, how could ſuch a ſmall number, though ever ſo valiant, take the field, and, at the ſame time, defend the forts againſt ſuch a multitude of foes! and how could the forts be poſſibly maintained without ſupplies, in an enemy's country, when they were hemmed in by ſuch a numerous and obſtinate army? But, others thought, and I am of the ſame opinion, that heaven manifeſted a particular grace and favour to Spain, in permitting them to deſtroy that rendezvous and pretence of miſchief, that ſink, ſpunge and devourer of infinite ſums of money, which were there unprofitably ſpent, without ſerving any other purpoſe than that of preſerving the memory of its being the moſt happy conqueſt of the invincible Charles the Vth: as if it was neceſſary for thoſe ſtones to ſupport his fame, which is already immortal. The fort was alſo yielded; though the Turks won it by inches; for, the garriſon behaved with ſuch gallantry and reſolution, that in two and twenty general aſſaults, the enemy loſt upwards of twenty-five thouſand men; and of the three hundred Spaniſh ſoldiers that remained alive, they did not make one priſoner who had not been wounded during the ſiege: a clear and certain proof of the obſtinate valour with which the places were defended. A ſmall fort or tower that ſtood in the middle of the lake, under the command of Don Juan Zanoguera, a Valentian knight and celebrated ſoldier, ſurrendered upon terms: but, Don Pedro Puertocarrero, general of the goleta, was made priſoner; and though he did all that man could do, in defence of the place, he was ſo deeply affected by the loſs of it, that he died of grief, on the road to Conſtantinople, whither they were carrying him captive. The general of the fort, whoſe name was Gabrio Cerbellon, a Milaneſe gentleman, a great engineer and excellent ſoldier, was likewiſe taken priſoner; and in theſe two forts periſhed many perſons of note, among whom was one Pagan d'Oria,

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d'Oria, a knight of St. John, a gentleman of a moſt generous diſpoſition, as appeared from his exceſſive liberality to his brother the famous Juan Andrea d'Oria; and what made his death ſtill more lamentable was, that he periſhed by the hands of ſome Arabs, to whom, ſeeing the fort already loſt, he truſted himſelf, relying upon their promiſe to carry him diſguiſed in a mooriſh dreſs, to Tabarca, which is a ſmall port or ſettlement belonging to the Genoeſe who fiſh for coral on that part of the coaſt; but, thoſe perfidious Arabs cut off his head, which they carried to the general of the Turkiſh navy, who fulfilled upon them our Caſtilian Proverb, which imports, that though we love the treaſon we abhor the traitor; for, it was reported, that he ordered them all to be hanged, becauſe they had not brought him alive.

Among the chriſtians who were taken in the fort, was one Don Pedro de Aguilar, a native of ſome town in Andalouſia, who had been an enſign in the garriſon, a ſoldier of great worth and rare endowments, particularly bleſſed with a happy talent for poetry. This circumſtance I mention, becauſe it was his fate to belong to our galley, where he was my companion at the oar and fellow-ſlave; and before we departed from that harbour, he compoſed two ſongs, by way of epitaph, upon the goleta and the fort. As I have them both by heart, I believe it will not be diſagreeable to the company, if I repeat them."

When the captive mentioned Don Pedro de Aguilar, Don Fernando looked at his companions, who ſmiled, and when the ſtranger was going to repeat the ſongs, one of the three, ſaid to him, "Before you proceed, I beg the favour to know what became of that Don Pedro de Aguilar?" "All that I know of the matter, replied the captive, is, that after having ſtaid two years at Conſtantinople, he made off in the habit of an *arnaut, with a Greek ſpy; but, I do not know whether or not he obtained his liberty; though I believe he ſucceeded; for, about a year after, I ſaw the ſame Greek at Conſtantinople, but, I had not an opportunity to inquire about the ſucceſs of their ſcheme." "Then I can ſatisfy you in that particular, reſumed the cavalier; Don Pedro is my brother, and now lives at home, in good health and eaſy circumſtances, bleſſed with a wife and three hopeful ſons." "Thanks be to God for the great mercies beſtowed upon him! anſwered the captive, for, in my opinion, there is no happineſs on earth equal to that of liberty regained." "Beſides, ſaid the gentleman, I retain in my memory the ſongs which my brother compoſed." "Be ſo good then, replied the ſtranger, as to entertain the company with them; for, doubtleſs, you can repeat them more perfectly than I can." "With all my heart, ſaid the cavalier, that upon the goleta runs thus."

* A Dalmatian trooper.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XIII.

The continuation of the captive's hiſtory.

I.

YE happy ſhades, whoſe deeds renown'd
Have freed you from encumbring clay;
From this low ſcene where woes abound,
Aſcending to eternal day.

II.

With glorious zeal your boſoms glow'd,
Your bodies brav'd exceſſive toil;
Your blood with that of pagans flow'd,
To drench the hoſtile, barren ſoil.

III.

Your lives, but not your courage fail'd,
Death ſanction'd your victorious claim:
Enjoy, ſtill honour'd and bewail'd,
Immortal happineſs and fame.

"Theſe are the very words which I remember," ſaid the captive. "And, if my memory does not fail me, replied the gentleman, the other upon the fort is this."

I.

LO! from yon ruins on the deſart plain,
Oppreſs'd with numbers, in th' unequal fight,
Three thouſand ſouls of chriſtian warriors ſlain,
To happier regions, wing'd their joyous flight.

II.

Yet, not before, in vain, they had eſſay'd
The force and vigour of their dauntleſs arms;
'Till wearied and reduc'd, though undiſmay'd,
They welcom'd death encompaſs'd with alarms.

III.

On Afric's coaſt, as records tell,
The ſcene of paſt and preſent woes,
More valiant bodies never fell,
More ſpotleſs ſpirits never roſe.

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The ſongs were not diſliked, and the captive rejoicing at the good fortune of his comrade, proceeded thus, in his narration:

" The goleta and forts being taken, the Turks ordered the firſt to be diſmantled, the other being quite demoliſhed before it was ſurrendered; and, that this might be done with the leſs trouble and greater diſpatch, it was undermined in three parts; but, they could, by no means, blow up the old walls, which ſeemed to be the weakeſt part, while that which was executed by Fratin, was deſtroyed with great facility. In ſhort, the victorious fleet returned in triumph to Conſtantinople, where, in a few months, happened the death of my maſter Uchali, who went by the name of Uchali Fartax, which, in the language of that country, ſignifies the Scabby Renegado; for, ſuch he actually was, and it is a cuſtom among the Turks, to beſtow epithets upon people, derived either from ſome defect or virtue inherent in them: this method they practiſe, becauſe they have but four families diſtinguiſhed by particular names, and theſe are deſcended from the houſe of Ottoman; ſo, that the reſt, as I have obſerved, adopt ſome appellation either from the blemiſhes of the body, or the virtues of the mind. This leper, therefore, tugged at the oar, during fourteen years, as ſlave to the grand ſignor, and when he was turned of thirty-four, apoſtatized, out of reſentment againſt a Turk, who ſtruck him at the oar, renouncing his religion, that he might be able to revenge the affront. Such was his gallantry and conduct, that without practiſing thoſe vile ſteps and methods by which the ſultan's favourites are raiſed, he was promoted to the throne of Algiers, and afterwards, created general at ſea, which is the third poſt in the empire. He was a native of Calabria, a man of good morals, and behaved with great humanity to his ſlaves, who, to the number of three thouſand, were at his death, in conſequence of his laſt will, divided between his renegadoes, and the grand ſignor, who is alſo coheir with the children of all his deceaſed ſubjects. I fell to the ſhare of a Venetian, who had been a common ſailor, when he was taken; and Uchali had ſuch an affection for him, that he enjoyed the greateſt ſhare of his favour, and became the moſt cruel renegado that ever was known. This man, whoſe name was Azanaga, acquired great riches, and even ſucceeded to the crown of Algiers, to which place I accompanied him from Conſtantinople, with ſome degree of ſatisfaction, at the thoughts of being ſo near my own country; not that I intended to ſend home an account of my unhappy fate, but, to ſee if fortune would not prove more favourable at Algiers than at Conſtantinople, where I had laid a thouſand ſchemes for my eſcape, without having an opportunity of putting one of them in execution: but, I was in hope of finding at Algiers ſome other more effectual means of obtaining that which I ſo ardently deſired; for, the hope of gaining my liberty never forſook my breaſt: on the

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the contrary, when all my plans, efforts and expectations miſcarried; far from abandoning myſelf to deſpair, I endeavoured to find out ſome new expedient, which tho' ever ſo frail and unſubſtantial, ſerved to ſupport my ſpirits, and flatter my imagination. Thus I made ſhift to live within a houſe or priſon, called a bath, in which the Turks confine the chriſtian captives, whether belonging to the king, or private perſons, or of that claſs, which they call magazine-ſlaves; theſe are the captives of the council, who ſerve the ſtate in public works, and other kinds of day-labour; and find great difficulty in obtaining their freedom, becauſe they belong to the community, and have no particular maſter with whom they can treat concerning their ranſom, even tho' they can command money for the purpoſe."

In theſe baths, as I have already ſaid, ſome private perſons lodge their ſlaves, eſpecially when their ranſom is agreed upon; and there they remain ſecure, and at their eaſe, until it arrives. Neither do the king's captives, who are to be ranſomed, go out to work, with the reſt of the crew, except when the money is delayed, and then, that they may be induced to write with more importunity, they are ſent out with the reſt, to cut wood, an office of no ſmall mortification and toil. As they knew I had been a captain, I, in vain, aſſured them, that I had neither intereſt nor money; they put me into the number of thoſe who were to be ranſomed, loading me with a chain, rather to denote my condition than to ſecure my perſon; ſo, that I ſpent my time in that bath, among a great many cavaliers and people of faſhion, who were thus marked and deſigned for ranſom; and tho' we were ſometimes, nay, almoſt always expoſed to hunger and nakedneſs, nothing gave us ſo much pain, as to hear and ſee, upon every occaſion, the new and unheard-of cruelties which my maſter exerciſed upon the chriſtians. He was every day, hanging one, impaling another, maiming a third, upon ſuch ſlight occaſions, frequently without any cauſe aſſigned, that the Turks themſelves owned he acted thus out of meer wantonneſs of barbarity, as being naturally of a ſavage diſpoſition, and an inveterate enemy to the whole human race. The perſon who uſed the greateſt freedom with him, was a Spaniſh ſoldier, called ſuch-a-one de Saavedra, who, tho' he did many things which thoſe people will not ſoon forget, in attempting to regain his liberty, he never gave him one blow, nor ordered him once to be chaſtiſed, nor even chid him with one haſty word; and yet the leaſt of all his pranks was ſufficient, as we thought, to bring him to the ſtake: nay, he himſelf was more than once afraid of being impaled alive. If time would permit, I could here recount ſome of that ſoldier's actions, which, perhaps, might entertain and ſurprize you more than the relation of my own ſtory.

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But, to return to the thread of my narration: juſt over the yard of our priſon were the windows of a rich and principal Moor; but, according to the cuſtom of the country, they were rather like peep-holes than windows, and even theſe covered with very thick and cloſe lattices. One day I chanced to be on the terraſs of our jail, with three of my companions, paſſing the time, in trying which of us could leap fartheſt, in our ſhackles, the reſt of the chriſtians being gone out to work; I caſually lifted up my eyes, and perceived a cane with a handkerchief tied to it, held out at theſe little openings I have mentioned, and waving to and fro, as if by way of ſignal for ſome of us to go and catch it. This object was no ſooner obſerved, than one of my companions ran haſtily to the place that was directly under it, to ſee if the cane would be dropped, or what would be the conſequence: but, when he arrived, it was pulled up, and moved from one ſide to another, as if a man ſhould ſignify his diſſent from any propoſal, by ſhaking his head: when the chriſtian returned, the cane was lowered again, with the ſame motion as at firſt; upon which, another of our company tried the experiment, but ſucceeded no better than the firſt; a third went, and miſcarried like the other two. Obſerving their diſappointment, I was reſolved to try my fortune alſo; accordingly, I had no ſooner placed myſelf under the cane, than it was dropped, and fell down within the bath, juſt at my feet. I ſnatched it up immediately, and untied the handkerchief, in which I found a knot containing ten zianiys, which are pieces of bad gold, current among the Moors, each of them valued at ten rials of our money. It would be ſuperfluous to ſay that I rejoiced at this windfall: indeed my joy was equal to my ſurprize; for, I could not conceive from whence that preſent could come, eſpecially to me; the circumſtance of the cane's being refuſed to every other perſon, plainly ſhewing that the favour was intended for me. I pocketted this lucky ſum, broke the cane, returned to the terraſs, and looked at the window, thro' which appeared a very white hand, that opened the lattice, and haſtily ſhut it again: from this circumſtance we underſtood, or at leaſt imagined, that we owed the preſent to ſome lady who lived in that houſe; and, in token of thanks, made our obeiſance in the mooriſh manner, by bowing the head, bending the body, and croſſing the hands upon the breaſt. Soon after this ceremony, a ſmall croſs made of cane, was held out at the window, and immediately withdrawn: a ſignal which confirmed us in the opinion, that we were befriended by ſome chriſtian woman, who lived as a ſlave in that houſe; but, this ſuppoſition was changed, when we reflected upon the whiteneſs of the hand, and the bracelets which we had perceived; and then, we concluded that ſhe muſt be one of thoſe chriſtian renegades whom their maſters frequently take to wife, and even think themſelves fortunate in having ſuch an opportunity; for, they eſteem them much more than

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the women of their own nation: but, all our conjectures were wide of the truth.

From this day forward, our whole entertainment was, to gaze at the window, as the north, in which the ſtar of the cane had appeared: but, full fifteen days elapſed, before we had another glimpſe either of that or the hand, or indeed, of any other ſignal: and during this interval, tho' we endeavoured by all the means in our power, to learn who lived in that houſe, and whether or not there was a chriſtian renegado in it, we never could get any other information but, that it belonged to a rich Moor of great note, called Agimorato, who had been alcayde of Pata, an office of great honour among that people: but, when we leaſt expected another ſhower of zianiys, the cane re-appeared all of a ſudden, with another handkerchief, and a larger knot than before; and this occurrence happened as formerly, when none but ourſelves were in the bath: we made the uſual experiment; each of my three companions, going towards it, as at firſt, without ſucceſs until I approached, and then it was immediately dropped. I untied the knot, within which I found forty crowns in Spaniſh gold, and a paper written in Arabian characters, with a large croſs at the head of the page: I kiſſed the ſacred ſign, put up the money, returned to the terraſs, where we made our obeiſance, the hand appeared again, making ſigns that I ſhould read the letter, and then the window was ſhut. We were equally pleaſed and perplexed at this event; for, none of us underſtood Arabic, and altho' our impatience to know the contents of the paper was very great, the difficulty of finding an interpreter was ſtill greater: at length, I determined to truſt a renegade, a native of Murcia, who had profeſſed himſelf my friend, and given me ſuch pledges of his fidelity, as obliged him to keep any ſecret I ſhould think proper to impart; for, thoſe renegades who intend to return to Chriſtendom uſually carry about with them certificates ſigned by the principal captives, atteſting, in the moſt ample form they can deviſe, that ſuch a renegade is an honeſt man, who hath always been obliging to the chriſtians, and is deſirous of making his eſcape with the firſt opportunity. Some there are who procure theſe teſtimonials with a good intention; others uſe them occaſionally, as the inſtruments of their craft; for, going to rob and plunder on the chriſtian coaſts, if they ſhould chance to be ſhipwrecked or taken, they produce their certificates, and obſerve, that theſe papers will ſhew the real deſign of their coming on a cruize with Turks, which was no other than to take the firſt occaſion of returning to their native country: by theſe means, they eſcape the firſt fury of reſentment, and are reconciled to the church, without ſuffering the leaſt damage; but, when they ſee their opportunity, they return to Barbary, and reaſſume their former way of life; whereas, thoſe who procure recommendations

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with a good deſign, make uſe of them accordingly, and remain in peace among the chriſtians. Such a renegado was this friend, who had obtained certificates from all my companions, conceived in the ſtrongeſt terms of confidence and applauſe; for which, had he been detected, the Moors would have burned him alive. I knew that he could both ſpeak and write the Arabian tongue; but, before I would diſcloſe the whole affair, I deſired him to read that paper which I had found by chance in a corner of my cabbin. He opened it accordingly, and having pored and peruſed it a good while, muttering between his teeth, I aſked if he underſtood the contents? He anſwered in the affirmative, bidding me, if I choſe to have the literal meaning, furniſh him with pen and ink, that he might tranſlate it the more exactly. I accordingly accommodated him with what he deſired, and when he had made an end of the tranſlation at his own leiſure, he ſaid, "This that I have written in Spaniſh, is the literal meaning of that mooriſh paper; and you are to take notice, that whereſoever you meet with the words Lela Marien, they ſignify our lady the bleſſed virgin."

The paper contained theſe words, "When I was a child, my father had "a woman ſlave, who, in my own language, taught me the chriſtian wor- "ſhip, and told me divers things of Lela Marien. This chriſtian died, and "I am ſure her ſoul did not go to the fire, but to Ala; for, I ſaw her twice "after her death, and ſhe adviſed me to go to the land of the chriſtians, "where I ſhould ſee Lela Marien, by whom I was beloved. I know not which "way to go: many chriſtians I have ſeen from this window, but, not one "who ſeems ſo much a gentleman as yourſelf. I am very beautiful and young, "and have a great deal of money in my poſſeſſion: if thou can'ſt find out "any method of carrying me to thy country, thou ſhalt there be my huſ- "band, if thou art ſo inclined; but, if that be contrary to thy inclination, "I ſhall not be uneaſy, for Lela Marien will provide me with a ſpouſe. I "write this with my own hand: let no body read it, but ſuch as you can "truſt. Beware of the Moors, for, they are altogether deceitful: therefore, "I am very much concerned, for, I would not have it diſcloſed to any per- "ſon whatever; becauſe, if it ſhould come to my father's ears, he would "inſtantly cauſe me to be ſunk in a well, and covered with ſtones. I will "faſten a thread to the cane, to which thou may'ſt tie thine anſwer; and if "thou can'ſt not write Arabic, let me know by ſigns, for, Lela Marien "will help me to underſtand them. May ſhe and Ala preſerve thee, by "means of this croſs, which I often kiſs, according to the direction of my "deceaſed ſlave."

You may eaſily conceive, gentlemen, whether or not, we were ſurprized and rejoiced at the contents of this paper. Indeed, the ſymptoms of joy and admiration appeared ſo plain, in our behaviour, that the renegado

gado ſuſpected it was not found by accident, but, actually written and addreſſed to one of our company. He accordingly intreated us to tell him, if his conjecture was true; proteſting that we might ſafely truſt to his fidelity, and aſſuring us, if we would favour him with our confidence, he would venture his life in procuring our freedom. So ſaying, he pulled from his boſom, a crucifix of metal, and, with many tears, ſwore by the God repreſented under the form of that image, in whom he, though a wretched ſinner, fully and faithfully believed, that he would be truſty and ſecret in every thing we ſhould pleaſe to communicate; for, he firmly believed, and as it were, prognoſticated, that by means of her who had written the paper, we ſhould all obtain liberty, and he accompliſh that which he had ſo much at heart, namely, his re-admiſſion into the boſom of his holy mother church, from which he, thro' his ignorance and guilt, had been, like a rotten member, divided and cut off. This declaration he made with ſo many tears and ſigns of repentance, that we unanimouſly agreed to entruſt him with the affair, and accordingly, gave him an account of every thing that had happened, without ſuppreſſing one circumſtance; and ſhewed him the window at which the cane had appeared; ſo that from thence he took his mark of the houſe, reſolving to inform himſelf, with great care and caution, of the name and quality of thoſe who lived in it. Mean while, we were all of opinion, that there was a neceſſity for anſwering the billet; and there being a perſon preſent, who could perform that office, the renegado that inſtant wrote in Arabic what I dictated, which was literally as I ſhall now repeat; for, of all the material circumſtances of that affair, not one hath eſcaped my memory, which will retain them all to my laſt breath. In ſhort, this was the anſwer which I ſent to the beautiful Moor.

" My dear lady!

" Mayeſt thou be protected by the true Ala, and that bleſſed Mary the " real mother of God, who, becauſe ſhe loves thee hath put it into thy " heart to go to the land of chriſtians: beſeech her therefore, that ſhe " will be pleaſed to teach thee how thou mayeſt obey her commands; " for, ſhe is ſo benevolent, that ſhe will grant thy requeſt. For my own " part, and in behalf of thoſe who are my fellow-priſoners, I promiſe to " ſerve thee with our whole power, even unto death. Fail not to write " and give me notice of what thou ſhalt reſolve to do; and I will always " anſwer thy letters; for, the great Ala hath favoured us with the friend- " ſhip of a chriſtian captive, who can ſpeak and write thy language, as " thou wilt perceive by this paper: wherefore, thou mayeſt communicate " thy will and pleaſure to us, without fear. As to thy offer of becoming

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" my wife, when thou ſhalt be ſafely ſettled in the land of the chriſtians, " I pledge myſelf thine, on the faith of a good chriſtian; and know that " thoſe of our religion perform their promiſes more punctually than the " Moors. God, and his mother Mary, take my dear lady into their holy " protection."

This letter being written and ſealed, I waited two days, until the bath was empty, and then went to the uſual place on the terraſs, to look for the cane, which, in a little time appeared. I no ſooner perceived the ſign, though I could not ſee who made it, than I held up the letter to make her underſtand, that ſhe ſhould faſten a thread to the cane; but, that was already done, and I tied the paper to it, accordingly. In a little time, our ſtar appeared again, loaded with the white flag of peace; which being dropt, I took it up, and found, in different coins of gold and ſilver, to the amount of fifty crowns, which increaſed our ſatisfaction fiftyfold, and confirmed us in the hope of obtaining our freedom. That ſame night our renegade returned, and told us, he was informed the houſe was inhabited by that ſame Moor I have mentioned under the name of Agemorato, who was exceſſively rich, and had only one daughter to inherit his whole fortune; that by the current report in the city, ſhe was the moſt beautiful woman in Barbary; and that many of the viceroys, who went thither, had demanded her in marriage, but ſhe would never yield her conſent; he likewiſe underſtood that ſhe had once a chriſtian ſlave, who had died ſome time ago: ſo, that all theſe circumſtances agreed with the contents of her letter. We then conſulted with the renegado, about the means of tranſporting ourſelves, with the mooriſh lady, into Chriſtendom; and, at length, we came to the reſolution of waiting for another intimation from Zorayda, which is the name of her who now deſires to be called Maria; for, we plainly perceived, that by means of her and no other, we ſhould be enabled to ſurmount all the difficulties that occurred.

Having come to this determination, the renegado bad us give ourſelves no uneaſineſs, for, he would either procure our liberty or forfeit his own life. The bath being full of people, during four days, no cane appeared all that time, at the end of which the uſual ſolitude prevailing, we perceived it with a handkerchief ſo pregnant as to promiſe a moſt happy birth. I ſtood under it; the whole was dropped as uſual, and I found in the handkerchief another paper, with one hundred crowns in gold, without any mixture of other coin. The renegade being then preſent, we carried him to our cabin, where we deſired him to read the letter, which he interpreted in theſe words:

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" I know not, dear ſir, how to give directions about our paſſage into " Spain; nor hath Lela Marien told me, though I have earneſtly im- " plored her aſſiſtance. But, what may be eaſily effected is this: I will, " from this window, furniſh you with a great quantity of money; ſo, " that you may ranſom yourſelf and your companions, and going to the " land of the chriſtians, purchaſe a bark, with which you may return for " the reſt; and you will find me in my father's garden, which is by the " gate of Barbazon, cloſe to the ſea-ſide. There I ſhall be during the " whole ſummer, with my father and ſervants, and from thence you may, " in the night, carry me to the bark, without fear. But, remember thou " ſhalt be my huſband; otherwiſe I will pray to Marien to chaſtiſe thee. If " thou canſt depend upon no other perſon for purchaſing the bark, ran- " ſom thyſelf for that purpoſe. I know thou wilt be more apt than any " other body to return, becauſe thou art a gentleman and a chriſtian. " Be ſure to inform thyſelf well, about the garden. When I ſee thee " walking where thou art at preſent, I ſhall know the bath is empty, and " provide thee with more money.

" Ali preſerve thee, my dear gentleman".

Theſe were the contents and purport of the ſecond paper, which being read in preſence of us all, each propoſed himſelf as the perſon to be ranſomed, promiſing to go and return with the utmoſt punctuality; I likewiſe offered myſelf for that purpoſe. But, the renegado oppoſed the propoſal, ſaying, that he could by no means conſent that one ſhould be ſet free, before we had all obtained our liberty; becauſe experience had taught him, how ill thoſe who are free, perform the promiſes they have made in their captivity: for, priſoners of note had often practiſed the expedient of ranſoming one of their number, to go to Valencia or Majorca, with money to purchaſe an armed bark, and return for his companions; but, they never ſaw his face again: for, having once obtained his own liberty, the dread of loſing it again, by returning, blots all manner of obligations out of his remembrance. As a confirmation of the truth of what he alledged, he briefly recounted a caſe which had lately happened to ſome chriſtian gentlemen, attended with the ſtrangeſt circumſtances ever known even in theſe parts, where the moſt uncommon and ſurprizing events occur almoſt every day. In ſhort, he told us, the moſt practicable and prudent ſcheme was, to give him the money we ſhould receive for our ranſom, with which he would purchaſe a bark at Algiers, under pretence of becoming merchant, and trading to Tetuan, and the other places on that coaſt; and that being maſter of the veſſel, he would ſoon contrive the means of diſengaging us from the bath, and getting us all on board: eſ-

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pecially if the mooriſh lady ſhould perform her promiſe in ſupplying us with money ſufficient to pay the ranſom of our whole company; in which caſe, being no longer ſlaves, we might embark with the greateſt eaſe and ſafety, even at noon-day. The greateſt difficulty that occurred, was the backwardneſs of the Moors, to allow a renegade to purchaſe or command a veſſel, unleſs it be a large cruizer for pirating; becauſe they ſuſpect, eſpecially, if he be a Spaniard, that his ſole motive in buying a ſmall bark, is to make his eſcape into Chriſtendom: but, he undertook to remedy that inconvenience, by giving a ſhare of the bark and profits of the merchandize to a Tangarin Moor; by which means, he ſhould be maſter of the bark, and of conſequence, have it in his power to accompliſh the whole affair.

Although, in the opinion of me and my companions, there was no better plan than that of ſending to Majorca for a bark, as the mooriſh lady had propoſed, we durſt not contradict the ſentiments of the renegade, leſt, he, being diſlobliged by our acting contrary to his intention, ſhould make a diſcovery of our correſpondence with the fair Moor, and endanger not only our lives, but alſo that of Zorayda, for which we would have willingly ſacrificed our own. We therefore, determined to rely upon God and the renegado; and immediately wrote an anſwer to Zorayda, importing, that we would adhere in every thing to her advice, which was as prudent as if it had been dictated by Lela Marien; and that it depended ſolely upon her, either to haſten or retard the negotiation: pledging my faith anew, to become her ſpouſe. In conſequence of this intimation, the very next day, when the bath happened to be empty, ſhe at different times, by means of the cane and handkerchief, tranſmitted two thouſand crowns in gold, with a paper ſignifying, that on the firſt juma, which is friday, ſhe ſhould ſet out for her father's garden, but, before her departure, ſupply us with more money; and deſired us to inform her, if we ſhould find that inſufficient; for, ſhe would give us as much as we could deſire, her father having ſuch vaſt ſums, that he would never be ſenſible of what ſhe took, eſpecially as all his keys were in her poſſeſſion. We immediately accommodated the renegado with five hundred crowns, for the purchaſe of the bark: with eight hundred more I ranſomed myſelf, depoſiting the money with a Valentian merchant then reſiding at Algiers, who bargained for my ranſom with the king, and obtained my freedom, upon giving his word to pay the money, on the arrival of the firſt ſhip from Valencia; for, if he had paid it immediately, the king would have ſuſpected that the ranſom had been ſome time at Algiers, and that the merchant had hitherto detained it for his own convenience. In ſhort, my maſter was ſo contentious, that I durſt, by no means, diſburſe the money

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at once. On the Thurſday before the fair Zorayda removed to her father's country-houſe, ſhe gave us another thouſand crowns, and apprized us of her departure; intreating me, as ſoon as I ſhould be ranſomed, to make myſelf acquainted with her father's garden, and find ſome opportunity of going thither to ſee her. I anſwered, in few words, that I would obey her in every thing, deſiring ſhe would fervently recommend us to Lela Marien in all thoſe prayers which ſhe had learned of the ſlave.

This affair being tranſacted, means were concerted for ranſoming my three companions; leſt, ſeeing me at liberty and themſelves confined, ſince I had money enough to procure their freedom, they ſhould be chagrined, and tempted by the devil, to do ſomething to the prejudice of Zorayda: for, although their honour and integrity might have ſecured me againſt any ſuch apprehenſion, I would not run the ſmalleſt riſk, and therefore took care they ſhould be ranſomed by the ſame canal through which my liberty was obtained; depoſiting the whole ſum required, in the merchant's hands, that he might, with more certainty and confidence, act the part of their bondſman; though we never diſcloſed to him our ſecret commerce with Zorayda, for fear of what might happen.

CHAP. XIV.

The continuation of the captive's adventures.

BEFORE fifteen days had elapſed, our renegado had purchaſed a ſtout veſſel, capable of containing thirty perſons at leaſt; and to ſecure what he had done with a favourable pretext, he made a voyage to a place called Sargel, about thirty leagues from Algiers, towards the coaſt of Oran, where there is a great traffic of dried figs: and he made two or three trips of this kind, in company with the Tagarin Moor already mentioned. The Moors of Arragon are, in Barbary, called Tagarins, and thoſe of Grenada go by the name of Mudajares; though theſe laſt are, in the kingdom of Fez, called Elches, being the people whom the king chiefly uſes in his wars. I ſay then, in every paſſage, the renegado brought his bark to an anchor in a ſmall creek, within two bow-ſhots of Agimorato's garden; and there purpoſely employed himſelf and his mooriſh rowers in practiſing the *Zala; or attempted that in jeſt, which he intended to execute in earneſt. He went frequently to Zorayda's garden, on pretence of aſking fruit, which he always received from her father, though he did not know him: but although, as he afterwards owned, he wanted to ſpeak with Zorayda, and tell her that he was the perſon appointed by me, to

* *Zala* or *Sala*, is the mooriſh ſalutation.

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carry her off to the land of the chriſtians, that ſhe might be ſatisfied and ſecure of his fidelity; he never had an opportunity of executing his deſign: for, the mooriſh women avoid the ſight of their own countrymen and the Turks, unleſs when they are commanded to appear, by their parents and huſbands; though they talk and converſe with chriſtian captives, even more freely than decency allows. I ſhould have been very much concerned, had he ſpoke with her, becauſe it would, perhaps, have given her great uneaſineſs, to ſee renegades entruſted with the affair; but God, who ordained all for the beſt, gave him no opportunity of fulfilling his well-meaning intention.

Perceiving how ſecurely he traded to and from Sargel, and anchored when, where, and how he pleaſed, his partner ſubmitting to his direction, in all things; and that I being ranſomed, there was nothing wanted but ſome chriſtians to row, he deſired me to pick out thoſe who ſhould accompany me, excluſive of my friends who were ranſomed, and beſpeak them for the Friday following, which he had appointed for the day of our departure. Seeing him thus determined, I ſpoke to a dozen Spaniards, all of them able-bodied rowers, and people who could eaſily get out of the city: and indeed, it was no ſmall difficulty, to find ſo many at that conjuncture; for, no fewer than twenty gallies being then out upon the cruize, almoſt all the rowers were employed, ſo that I ſhould not have found thoſe I have mentioned, had not their maſter ſtaid at home, that ſummer, to finiſh a veſſel which he had on the ſtocks. All I ſaid to them was, that next Friday in the evening, they ſhould ſlily ſlip out of the city, one by one, and betake themſelves to Agimorato's garden, where they ſhould wait my coming; and I directed every one by himſelf, if he ſhould meet with other chriſtians at the rendezvous, to ſay nothing, but, that I had ordered him to wait for me in that place.

This point being ſettled, another precaution ſtill more neceſſary, remained untaken; this was to advertiſe Zorayda of the ſituation of our affairs, that ſhe might be prepared and guarded againſt ſurprize, at our ſudden aſſault, before ſhe could think it poſſible that the chriſtian bark was arrived. Reſolved, therefore, to ſee and ſpeak with her, if poſſible, one day before our departure, I went to the garden, on pretence of gathering ſome herbs; and the firſt perſon I met was her father, who ſpoke to me in a language uſed through all Barbary, and even at Conſtantinople, between the captives and the Moors; it is neither Arabic nor Caſtilian, nor indeed peculiar to any nation, but a mixture of different tongues, by which we make ſhift to underſtand each other. I ſay, he aſked in this ſort of jargon, who I was, and what I wanted in his garden? I anſwered, that I was a ſlave belonging to Arnaute Mami, who I knew to be an intimate

timate friend of his; and that I wanted a few herbs for a ſallad. In conſequence of this anſwer, he inquired whether or not I was to be ranſomed, and what my maſter demanded for my freedom? And while we were thus converſing together, the fair Zorayda came out into the garden. She had already perceived me from a window of the houſe, and, as the mooriſh women make no ſcruple of ſhewing themſelves to chriſtians, with whom, as I have already obſerved, they are not at all ſhy, ſhe, without any heſitation, walked towards the place, where I was ſtanding with her father, who no ſooner ſaw her, than he called at a diſtance, deſiring her to come up. It would be a difficult taſk for me, at preſent, to deſcribe the exceeding beauty, the genteel mien, the gay and rich ornaments with which my beloved Zorayda then preſented herſelf before mine eyes: I ſhall only obſerve, that the pearls about her beauteous neck and ears, outnumbered the hairs of her head. On her ancles, which were bare, according to the cuſtom of the country, ſhe wore carcaxes, (by which name the bracelets for the feet are called in the Moriſco language,) of the pureſt gold, ſet with ſuch a quantity of diamonds, that ſhe afterwards told me, her father valued them at twenty thouſand ducats; and thoſe ſhe wore upon her wriſts were of equal richneſs. The pearls, though in ſuch a vaſt number were extremely fine; for, the greateſt pride and magnificence of the mooriſh women lie in pearls and embroidery; conſequently, there is a greater quantity of pearls and ſeed-pearl, in Barbary, than in all the other nations of the world, and Zorayda's father had the reputation of poſſeſſing the greateſt number and the beſt in Algiers, together with a fortune of two hundred thouſand Spaniſh crowns, of all which ſhe, who is now mine, was once miſtreſs. Whether, with the aſſiſtance of all theſe ornaments, ſhe appeared beautiful or not, and what ſhe muſt have been in her proſperity, may be conjectured by what remains after the great fatigues ſhe hath undergone; for, it is well known, that the beauty of ſome women hath its days and ſeaſons, and is diminiſhed or increaſed according to the circumſtances that happen; being improved or impaired, nay, often totally deſtroyed, by the paſſions of the mind. In ſhort, ſhe approached in all the pomp of dreſs, and all the exceſs of beauty; at leaſt to me, ſhe ſeemed the moſt beautiful creature I had ever ſeen, which circumſtance, joined to the obligations I lay under, made me look upon her as an angel ſent from heaven, for my delight and deliverance. When ſhe came up, her father told her, in their own language, that I was a captive belonging to his friend Arnaute Mami, and had come for a ſallad; upon which ſhe took up the diſcourſe, and in that jumble of languages before mentioned, aſked if I was a gentleman; and why I did not ranſom myſelf? I anſwered, that I was already ranſomed, and that ſhe might ſee in what

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eſteem I was with my maſter, by the ſum he received for my freedom, which was no leſs than fifteen hundred ſultanins. To this obſervation, ſhe replied, " Truly, if thou hadſt belonged to my father, he ſhould not have parted with thee for twice the ſum; for, you chriſtians always diſſemble, and call yourſelves poorer than you really are, with a view of impoſing upon the Moors." " That may be ſometimes the caſe, madam, ſaid I, but I adhered to the truth, in bargaining with my maſter, and will deal honeſtly with all mankind." She then aſked how ſoon I intended to depart; and I anſwered, " To-morrow, I believe: there is a French ſhip in the harbour, to ſail in the morning, and I have ſome thoughts of taking my paſſage on board of her." " Had not you better ſtay till the arrival of a veſſel from Spain, ſaid Zorayda, than truſt yourſelf with the French, who are no good friends of yours?" " No, madam, anſwered I, though, as there is a Spaniſh ſhip expected, if ſhe arrives immediately, I believe I ſhall wait for her: but, it is more likely that I ſhall ſail to-morrow; for, the deſire I have to ſee myſelf in my native country, with thoſe I love, is too ſtrong to let me wait for any other convenience, let it be ever ſo good." " Without doubt, ſaid Zorayda, thou art married in thy own country, and therefore deſirous of being with thy wife." " I am not yet wedded, I replied; but, under promiſe of being married at my return." " And is the woman beautiful to whom thou haſt pledged thy faith?" ſaid ſhe. " So beautiful, anſwered I, that to compliment her, and tell thee the truth, ſhe is the exact reſemblance of thyſelf."

Her father laughed heartily at this declaration, ſaying, " Truly, chriſtian, ſhe muſt be very handſome indeed, if ſhe reſembles my daughter, who is the moſt beautiful woman in this kingdom; look at her, and thou wilt ſee whether or not I ſpeak truth."

In the greateſt part of this converſation, Agimorato ſerved as interpreter for his daughter, he being better acquainted with this ſpurious language, which, tho' ſhe underſtood a little, in conſequence of its being much ſpoke among the Moors, ſhe explained her meaning by ſigns, oftener than by words.

While we were engaged in this and other ſuch converſation, a Moor ran towards us, crying aloud, that four Turks having got thro' the pales, or leaped over the garden-wall, were gathering the fruit, tho' it was not yet ripe. At this information the old man and Zorayda ſtarted; for, the Moors are commonly, and as it were naturally, afraid of the Turks, eſpecially the ſoldiers, who are ſo inſolent and imperious to their mooriſh ſubjects, that they treat them worſe than if they were ſlaves. Accordingly, the father ſaid to Zorayda, " Daughter, retire to the houſe, and lock thyſelf up, while I go and talk to thoſe dogs; and thou, chriſtian, (turning to me)

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me) gather thy herbs, and depart in peace; and Ala ſend thee ſafe into thy own country." I made my obeiſance, and he went in ſearch of the Turks, leaving me alone with Zorayda, who pretended to go homeward, according to her father's deſire; but, no ſooner was he out of ſight, among the trees of the garden, than ſhe came back, with her eyes drowned in tears, ſaying, "Amexi, chriſtiano, amexi!" the ſignification of which addreſs, is, "Thou art going away, chriſtian, thou art going away!" "Yes, madam, anſwered I, but, by no means without you: on the next Jama expect me, and be not afraid when you ſee us; for, we ſhall certainly go to the land of the chriſtians." I made ſhift to expreſs myſelf in ſuch a manner, that ſhe underſtood this, and every thing elſe that I ſaid; and throwing her arm about my neck, began to walk towards the houſe, with a ſlow and faultering pace: but, it pleaſed fortune, which might have proved very unlucky, had not heaven otherwiſe ordained, that while we walked in this attitude, with her arm about my neck, we were obſerved by her father, on his return from having ſent away the Turks; and we immediately perceived ourſelves diſcovered. Nevertheleſs, Zorayda prompted by her diſcretion and preſence of mind, would not take her arm from my neck; but, on the contrary, coming cloſer to me, let her head drop upon my boſom, and her knees ſink under her, as if ſhe was fainting: while I ſeemed to ſupport her with a ſort of ſtrained civility.

The father ſeeing his daughter in this ſituation, ran towards us with great concern, and aſked what was the matter: but, ſhe making no reply, "Doubtleſs, ſaid he, ſhe hath fainted with the fright occaſioned by the inſolence of thoſe dogs." Then, taking her out of my arms, he ſupported her in his own; while ſhe, fetching a deep ſigh, the tears ſtill continuing in her eyes, repeated, "Amexi, chriſtiano, amexi:" "Begone chriſtian, begone. "There is no neceſſity for the chriſtian's departure, ſaid the father, he hath done thee no harm; and as the Turks are gone already, be not diſturbed: thou haſt no cauſe to be uneaſy; for, as I have already ſaid, the Turks, at my intreaty, went out as they had come in." "Indeed, ſir, ſaid I, they have diſcompoſed her very much, as you obſerve; but, ſince ſhe deſires me to go, I will not ſtay to give offence. Peace be with you. I will, with your permiſſion, return to this garden, for herbs, if they ſhould be wanted; for, my maſter ſays there are none better to be found in any other place." "Thou mayeſt come as often as thou wilt, anſwered Agimorato: what my daughter ſays, is not out of reſentment againſt thee, or any other chriſtian; but, inſtead of bidding the Turks begone, ſhe applied the words to thee, or elſe thought it was time for thee to go and gather thy herbs." I then took leave of them both; and ſhe, as if her ſoul had been rent from her body, went away with her father, while I, on pretence of culling my ſallad, went round the whole garden,

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at my pleaſure, obſerving all the entries and outlets, together with the ſtrength of the houſe, and every convenience that might tend to facilitate our purpoſe.

Having thus reconnoitred, I went and communicated my obſervations to the renegado, and the reſt of my companions, longing eagerly for the hour of ſeeing myſelf in peaceable poſſeſſion of the bleſſing which fortune preſented in the beauteous and charming Zorayda. At length, the intervening time elapſed, and the long wiſhed-for day and period arrived, when all of us, following the order and plan which had been often canvaſſed, and at laſt ſettled, after the moſt mature deliberation; our deſires were happily accompliſhed. On the Friday, after I had ſpoke with Zorayda, Morrenago, which was the renegade's name, anchored his bark right oppoſite to the place where my charming miſtreſs reſided; and the chriſtians who were to row, in conſequence of my directions, lay already concealed in different corners, all around the place, waiting for me with impatience, joy and deſire of attacking the veſſel which was in view; for, they were ignorant of our confederacy with the renegade, and believed that they muſt win and maintain their liberty, by force of arms, in killing all the Moors who belonged to the bark: wherefore, as ſoon as I and my companions appeared, thoſe who were hid came and joined us immediately, about the time when the city-gates were ſhut; ſo that not a ſoul was to be ſeen in the fields. Being all met together, we were in ſome doubt, whether we ſhould go immediately for Zorayda, or firſt of all ſecure the mooriſh rowers belonging to the bark. While we heſitated on this point, the renegado arriving, aſked what we waited for; obſerving, that now was the time, the Moors being altogether unguarded, and the greateſt part of them actually aſleep: we told him the ſubject of our doubt; upon which, he aſſured us, that it was of the greateſt conſequence to make ourſelves firſt maſters of the bark, a precaution which might be eaſily taken, without running the leaſt hazard; and then we could go in queſt of Zorayda, with greater ſecurity. His advice was unanimouſly approved; and therefore, without further delay, we followed him as guide to the veſſel, into which he leaped, and drawing a ſcymitar, called in the mooriſh language, "Let none of you ſtir, on pain of death." The chriſtians were at his back in an inſtant; while the Moors being naturally puſillanimous, hearing their maſter talk in this manner, were ſeized with conſternation, and as there were few or no arms on board, ſuffered themſelves, without the leaſt reſiſtance, to be fettered by the chriſtians, who performed this office with infinite dexterity and diſpatch, threatening to put them all to the ſword, if any one of them ſhould raiſe his voice, or attempt to make the leaſt noiſe.

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This ſcheme being executed, we left one half of our number to guard them, and with the reſt, uſing the renegado ſtill as our guide, went to Agimorato's garden-door, which fortunately opened with as much eaſe as if it had not been locked; ſo that, without being perceived, we proceeded to the houſe with great ſilence and compoſure. The adorable Zorayda, who ſtood waiting for us, at a window, no ſooner perceived people at the door, than ſhe aſked if we were Nazarini, which in their language, ſignifies chriſtians? I replied in the affirmative, deſiring her to come down: when ſhe knew my voice, ſhe made no delay, but, without anſwering one ſyllable, came down in a moment, opened the door, and appeared ſo beautiful and richly dreſſed, as to ſurpaſs all deſcription. Tranſported at the ſight, I took her hand and kiſſed it moſt devoutly: the renegado, and my two companions, did the ſame, and the reſt, tho' ignorant of the occaſion, followed our example, thinking we expreſſed our thanks, and acknowledgments to her as the inſtrument of our deliverance. The renegado aſked, in the Moreſco tongue, if her father was in the houſe? and ſhe aſſuring him, that he was aſleep in his own apartment; "Then it will be neceſſary, ſaid Morrenago, to wake and carry him off, together with every thing of value, in this agreeable habitation." "Touch not my father, ſaid ſhe, and take my word for it, there is nothing valuable in this houſe but what I have ſecured, which is enough to make you all rich and happy: ſtay a little, and thou ſhalt ſee."

So ſaying, ſhe went back into the houſe, proteſting ſhe would immediately return, and deſiring us to make no noiſe. I then aſked the renegade what had paſſed between them, and when he told me, charged him to do nothing that ſhould be diſagreeable to Zorayda, who ſoon returned with a coffer ſo full of golden crowns, that ſhe could ſcarce ſupport the weight: but, our evil fortune ordained that her father ſhould wake in the interim, and hear a noiſe in the garden; upon which, he ſtarted up, and running to the window, no ſooner perceived that we were all chriſtians, than he began to bawl, in Arabic, with vaſt vociferation, "Chriſtians! chriſtians! thieves! thieves!" and his cries threw us all into the utmoſt terror and confuſion: however, the renegado ſeeing the danger we were in, and how much it imported him to atchieve the enterprize, without being detected, ran up to Agimorato, with infinite agility, being accompanied with ſome others of our company, as I could not leave Zorayda, who by this time had fainted in my arms: in ſhort, thoſe who entered the houſe managed him ſo well, that in a moment they brought him down, with his hands tied, and an handkerchief in his mouth, to hinder him from crying, threatening all the while, that if he preſumed to ſpeak, it would coſt him his life. His daughter

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daughter covered her eyes, that ſhe might not ſee her father in that condition; while he was aſtoniſhed at ſight of her, little thinking how willingly ſhe had put herſelf in our power; and our feet being then more neceſſary than our hands, we, with great induſtry and diſpatch, returned to the veſſel, where we were expected with impatience by thoſe we had left, who had begun to fear we had met with ſome miſchance.

Before two hours of the night had elapſed, we were all ſafe on board, where we untied the hands of Zorayda's father, and took the handkerchief out of his mouth; tho' the renegado commanded him again to be ſilent, on pain of death. Seeing his daughter alſo in our power, he began to ſigh moſt bitterly, more eſpecially as he perceived her lie quitely in my arms, without reſiſting, complaining, or the leaſt appearance of conſtraint: but, he was fain to hold his tongue, leſt the renegado ſhould put his repeated threats in execution. Zorayda now ſeeing us embarked, and on the point of manning the oars, while her father and the other Moors remained priſoners among us, deſired the renegado would be ſo good as to diſmiſs the Moors, and ſet her father at liberty; for, ſhe would rather throw herſelf into the ſea, than behold a parent, whom ſhe loved ſo much, dragged into captivity on her account. Morrenago having made me acquainted with her requeſt, I conſented to the propoſal; but, he ſaid it was by no means expedient, becauſe, ſhould we leave them there, they would inſtantly alarm both town and country; ſo that ſome light frigates would be ſent out in purſuit of us, and then we ſhould be ſo beſet, both by ſea and land, that it would be impoſſible for us to eſcape: he propoſed, therefore, to ſet them at liberty, on the firſt chriſtian land he ſhould make. We were all of the ſame opinion, which was alſo embraced by Zorayda, to whom he imparted the reaſons which hindered us from complying immediately with her deſire: then each of our valiant rowers laid hold of his oar with joy, ſilence, and alacrity, and recommending ourſelves to the protection of God, we took our departure, directing our courſe towards the iſland of Majorca, which was the neareſt chriſtian land; but, the north wind beginning to blow, and the ſea becoming rough, it was impoſſible to ſteer our courſe, and we were obliged to row along ſhore, towards Oran, not without great apprehenſion of being diſcovered from the town of Sargel, which lies upon that coaſt, about ſixty miles from Algiers; we were alſo afraid of meeting, in thoſe parts, with ſome of thoſe galleys which frequently come thither from Tetuan, to trade; tho' each of us ſingly, and all of us together, preſumed, that if we could fall in with a merchant veſſel not fitted out, or manned for a corſair, far from loſing our liberty again, we ſhould make ourſelves maſters of a ſhip in which we might perform our voyage with more ſecuri-

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ty. While we thus coaſted along, Zorayda lay with her head in my boſom, that ſhe might not ſee her father in diſtreſs; and I could hear her imploring Lela Marien to aſſiſt us in our deſign.

When we had rowed about thirty miles, day breaking, diſcovered that we were about three gun-ſhots diſtant from the ſhore of a deſart country, where not a ſoul appeared to detect us: but, for all that, we plied hard to get a little farther off to ſea, which was now ſomewhat calmer; and having made about two leagues, directed the men to row by turns, that we might refreſh ourſelves with the proviſions, of which we had plenty in the bark; but, the rowers ſaid, it was then no time to be idle, and deſired the reſt to bring them victuals, which they would eat while at work, proteſting that they would by no means quit their oars: this hint was accordingly taken, and a freſh gale ſpringing up, we were obliged to lay aſide our oars, and make ſail directly for Oran; for, it was impoſſible to follow any other courſe: and this method proved ſo expeditious, that we ſailed at the rate of eight miles in an hour, without any other dread than that of falling in with ſome corſair. We ordered ſome victuals to be given to the Moors, who were conſoled by the renegado's telling them, that as they were not ſlaves, they ſhould have their freedom with the firſt opportunity: the ſame declaration he made to Zorayda's father, who anſwered, "I might expect any other favour from your generoſity and courteous behaviour, O chriſtians! but, you muſt not think me ſo ſimple as to believe you will give me my freedom; for, you would never have run ſuch riſque in depriving me of it, with a view of reſtoring it ſo liberally; eſpecially, when you know who I am, and the advantage you may reap from my ranſom, which, if you will now propoſe, I here promiſe to pay your utmoſt demand, for myſelf and this unhappy daughter, or for her alone, who is the better part of my ſoul."

So ſaying, he wept with ſuch bitterneſs, as moved us all to compaſſion, and obliged Zorayda to lift up her eyes, when ſeeing the tears trickle down from his aged cheeks, ſhe was melted, and riſing from the place where I ſupported her, went to embrace her father; then joining her face to his, the two uttered ſuch a tender lamentation, as drew tears of ſympathy from the eyes of almoſt all thoſe who heard it; but, when Agimorato perceived her ſo gayly dreſſed, with all her jewels about her, he ſaid with ſome ſurprize, in their language, "What is the meaning of this finery, my child? Laſt night, before this terrible misfortune happened, I ſaw thee in thy ordinary and common dreſs; but, now, tho' thou had'ſt neither time, nor any happy tidings to ſolemnize with ſuch ornaments and finery, I ſee thee decked in all the richeſt apparel I could contrive or beſtow upon thee, while fortune was much more favourable than at preſent! Anſwer me in that particular, at which I am more concerned and ſurprized, than at the miſ-

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hap which hath befallen us?" The renegado interpreted to us all that the Moor ſaid to his daughter, who made no anſwer to his queſtion: but, when he ſaw on one ſide of the bark, the coffer in which ſhe uſed to keep her jewels, which he thought had been left at Algiers, when he moved to his country-houſe, he was ſtill more confounded, and aſked how that caſket had fallen into our hands, and what it contained? To this queſtion the renegado replied, without waiting for Zorayda's anſwer; "You need not weary yourſelf, ſignor, in putting ſo many queſtions to your daughter; for, I can ſatisfy you, in one word: know then, that Zorayda is a chriſtian; that ſhe hath filed off our chains, and converted our captivity into freedom; that ſhe came hither of her own accord, and is now, I believe, as well ſatisfied with her preſent condition as one delivered from darkneſs to light, from death to life, and from affliction to triumph." "Daughter, cried the Moor, is that which he affirms, true?" "Yes," replied Zorayda. "That thou art actually a chriſtian, and the very perſon who hath put thy father into the hands of his enemies?" reſumed the old man. "I am a chriſtian, 'tis true, ſaid Zorayda, but, not the perſon who reduced you to this ſituation; for, my deſire never extended ſo far as either to leave or render you unhappy, my ſole intention being to provide for my own welfare." "And how ha'ſt thou provided for it, my child?" replied the father. "Put that queſtion to Lela Marien, ſaid ſhe, who will inform you better than I can."

Scarce had theſe words reached the ears of Agimorato, than, with incredible agility, he darted himſelf headlong into the ſea, where, without all doubt, he muſt have have periſhed, had not his large intangling robes helped to keep him afloat. Zorayda ſhrieking, begged we would ſave her father; upon which we all exerted ourſelves, and laying hold of his upper garment, pulled him on board, already half drowned, and deprived of all ſenſation; when ſhe was ſo much affected with his condition, that ſhe uttered a moſt tender and doleful lamentation over him, as if he had been actually dead. Having turned him upon his face, a great quantity of water ran out of his mouth, and he recovered the uſe of his ſenſes, in the ſpace of two hours, during which, the wind ſhifting, we were driven towards the ſhore, and by main dint of rowing, kept from running aground; but, by good fortune, we arrived in a creek formed by a ſmall cape or promontory, known among the Moors by the name of Cava Rumia, which ſignifies, The wicked chriſtian woman; there being a tradition among them, that * Cava, on whoſe account they loſt their poſſeſſions in Spain, is interred in that place; for, Cava, in their language, implies a Wicked Woman, and Rumia ſignifies Chriſtian: ſo that they look upon it as a bad omen, when they are obliged, by neceſſity,

* Cava or Caba, daughter of count Julian, count of Ceuta, was violated by Roderick king of Spain, and, in order to revenge this injury, the father called the Saracens into that kingdom, in the year 712.

to

to drop anchor here, and except, in caſes of emergency, they never attempt it: tho' to us, it was by no means the ſhelter of a wicked woman, but a ſecure harbour in ſtormy weather. Having placed centinels on ſhore, without quitting our oars, we made another meal of what the renegado had provided; and prayed heartily to God and the bleſſed Virgin, to favour and aſſiſt us, in bringing ſuch a fortunate beginning to a happy concluſion. We then determined, at the intreaty of Zorayda, to ſet her father and the Moors, whom we had fettered, on ſhore, becauſe ſhe had not reſolution enough, nor could her tender diſpoſition endure to ſee her parent and countrymen in the condition of captives; we accordingly promiſed to gratify her deſire, at our departure, ſince we ran no riſk in ſetting them at liberty, in that uninhabited place.

Our prayers were not ſo vain as to be rejected by heaven, that ſent a favourable wind and a ſmooth ſea, inviting us to proceed with alacrity in the voyage we had undertaken. This we no ſooner perceived, than unbinding the Moors, we put them all on ſhore, one by one, to their no ſmall aſtoniſhment; but, when we came to diſmiſs Zorayda's father, who by this time had recovered the intire uſe of his ſenſes, "Chriſtians, ſaid he, do you think that bad woman rejoices at my freedom, thro' filial piety? No, ſurely, but meerly to be rid of the check which ſhe would receive from my preſence, in ſeeking to gratify her vicious deſires. Do not imagine that ſhe hath been induced to change her religion, becauſe ſhe believes that the chriſtian faith is preferable to ours? No; ſhe hath apoſtatized, becauſe ſhe underſtood that, in your country, ſhe might indulge her looſe inclinations more freely than in her own." Then turning to Zorayda, while I and another chriſtian held him faſt, that he might not commit ſome deſperate action, he ſaid, "O infamous wretch, and ill-adviſed maiden! what blindneſs and diſtraction hath prompted thee to put thyſelf in the power of theſe dogs, who are all our natural foes? Curſed be the hour in which thou waſt engendered! and curſed be the gaiety and indulgence in which I brought thee up!"

Perceiving that there was no likelihood of his ending his exclamations for ſome time, I preſently ſet him on ſhore, where he proceeded with his reproaches, imprecations and complaints, imploring the mediation of Mahomet with Ala, to confound, overwhelm and deſtroy us; and when we had ſailed out of hearing, we could perceive him act his deſpair, pulling his beard, and tearing the hair of his head, which he ſcattered in handfuls upon the ſhore; nay, once he raiſed his voice in ſuch a manner, that we could diſtinctly hear him pronounce, "Return, my beloved daughter! return to the ſhore; I forgive all that is paſt: leave with theſe men the money which they already have in their poſſeſſion, and return to comfort thy

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diſconſolate father, who, if thou forſakeſt him, will lie down and breathe his laſt upon this barren ſand!" This pathetic addreſs was heard by Zorayda, who lamented his affliction with the utmoſt ſenſibility, tho' ſhe could make no reply than this, "Ala grant, my dear father, that Lela Marien, who was the cauſe of my converſion, may conſole you in your diſtreſs! ſhe knows I could not do otherwiſe than I have acted, and that theſe chriſtians owe nothing to any particular good-will I bore them; for, if I had not aſſiſted and accompanied them in their eſcape, but remained at home with you, it would have been impoſſible for me, in conſequence of the earneſt ſollicitations of my own ſoul, to execute that which, in my opinion, is as righteous as it is infamous and wicked in yours." But, theſe words never reached the ears of her father, whom, by this time, we could not perceive: I therefore endeavoured to conſole my amiable miſtreſs, while the reſt were intent upon our voyage, which was ſo much favoured by a fair wind, that we laid our accounts with being next day on the coaſt of Spain.

But, as good fortune ſeldom comes pure and ſingle, unattended or unpurſued by ſome troubleſome and unexpected circumſtance, it was ordained by heaven, perhaps in conſequence of the curſes imprecated by the Moor upon his daughter; for, ſuch curſes are to be dreaded, let the parent be what he will. I ſay, heaven ordained, that when we were a good way off at ſea, with a flowing ſheet, three hours of the night being already ſpent, the oars laſhed up, becauſe the fair wind made it unneceſſary to uſe them, and the moon ſhining with remarkable brightneſs; we perceived a large veſſel with all her ſails out, ſteering a little upon the wind, right athwart our hauſe, and ſo near that we were obliged to ſhorten ſail, that ſhe might not run foul of us, while ſhe claped her helm aweather that we might have time to paſs: thoſe upon deck hailed us, aſking who we were, whence we came, and whither bound: but, as they ſpoke in French, the renegado ſaid, "Let no man anſwer; theſe are French privateers, who make prize of every thing that falls in their way."

Thus cautioned, we made no reply, but ſailed on, leaving the ſhip a little to windward, when all of a ſudden, they diſcharged two pieces of cannon, loaded, in all appearance, with chain-ſhot; for, one of them cut away our maſt in the middle, which, with the ſail, fell overboard into the ſea; and the other coming a moment after, took us amidſhips, and laid the ſide of the bark intirely open, without doing any other miſchief. Seeing ourſelves going to the bottom, we began to cry aloud for aſſiſtance, beſeeching the people in the ſhip to ſave us from periſhing: then they brought to, and hoiſting out their boat or pinnace, it was inſtantly manned by a dozen of Frenchmen, well armed with their muſkets, and lighted match, who rowing up to us, and ſeeing how few we were, as alſo, that our bark was

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on the point of foundering, took us in, obſerving that this misfortune had happened, becauſe we had been ſo uncivil as to refuſe an anſwer to their hail: while the renegado, without being perceived, took up the coffer in which Zorayda's treaſure was contained, and threw it into the ſea. In ſhort, we went on board with the French, who, when they had informed themſelves of every thing we could impart, for their purpoſe; as if they had been our enemies, plundered us of all that we had, taking from Zorayda the very bracelets ſhe wore upon her ancles: but, their behaviour to her gave me the more anxiety, as I was afraid that, after having pilfered all her rich and precious jewels, they would proceed to rob her of that which was of greater value, and which ſhe herſelf eſteemed infinitely more than all the reſt: but, the deſires of thoſe people extend no farther than to money, and with that they can never ſatiate their avarice, which then engroſſed them ſo much, that they would even have robbed us of the wretched garments we wore in our captivity, if they could have applied them to any ſort of uſe: nay, ſome among them, propoſed to wrap us altogether in a ſail, and throw us into the ſea; becauſe they intended to trade in the ports of Spain, under pretence of being Bretons, and if they carried us thither alive, their depredation would be diſcovered and themſelves chaſtiſed accordingly. But, the captain, who had with his own hands rifled my beloved Zorayda, ſaid, he was ſatisfied with the prize he had got, and reſolved to touch at no port in Spain, but, paſs the ſtreights of Gibraltar in the night, or take the beſt opportunity of ſo doing that ſhould occur, and return to Rochelle, from whence he had ſailed on the cruize: they, therefore, agreed to give us their boat, with what neceſſaries we ſhould want, to finiſh the little that remained of our voyage: this promiſe they actually performed next day, at a ſmall diſtance from the Spaniſh coaſt, at ſight of which, all our poverty and vexation vaniſhed from our remembrance, as if we had never endured them; ſuch is the tranſport occaſioned by liberty regained! It might be about noon when we were put into the boat, with two caſks of water and ſome biſcuit, and the captain, moved to compaſſion at the diſtreſs of the lovely Zorayda, gave her to the amount of forty crowns in gold, and would not ſuffer his ſoldiers to ſtrip her of the cloaths which ſhe now wears: ſo that at parting, inſtead of complaining of the hard uſage we met with, we thanked them kindly for the benefit we had received at their hands. They ſteered right before the wind for the ſtreights, while we, mithout minding any other compaſs than that of the land that appeared ahead, plied our oars ſo vigorouſly, that at ſun-ſet, we were near enough to conclude, that we could eaſily reach the ſhore before the night ſhould be far advanced; but, that night being dark, without any moon-ſhine, and every body on board ignorant of the coaſt, ſome of

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our company judged it unſafe to row aſhore; while others inſiſted upon our running that hazard, even if we ſhould land among rocks, or in ſome uninhabited part of the country, that we might be ſecured from the juſt apprehenſion of meeting with ſome rovers from Tetuan, who are frequently, in the beginning of the night, in Barbary, and in the morning, on the Spaniſh coaſt, where having taken a prize, they return the ſame day, and ſleep at home in their own houſes. Of theſe contrary opinions we choſe that of rowing gently towards the ſhore, with intent, if the ſmoothneſs of the ſea would permit, to land at the firſt convenient place; in conſequence of this reſolution, a little before midnight, we arrived at the foot of a huge and lofty mountain, tho' not ſo rocky towards the ſea but that there was a little ſpace left, for commodious landing: the boat being run aſhore, and all of us diſembarked, we kiſſed the ground, and, with tears of unutterable joy, returned ſincere thanks to our gracious Lord, for his unparalelled protection vouchſafed to us in the voyage: then we took out the proviſion, and dragging her on ſhore, aſcended a vaſt way up the mountain; not being as yet able to quiet our apprehenſions, or perſuade ourſelves, tho' it actually was ſo, that the ſoil we trod was chriſtian ground. The day broke much later than we could have wiſhed, and about this time we gained the ſummit of the mountain, purpoſing to look from thence for ſome village or ſhepherd-huts; but, altho' we viewed the whole country around, we could neither diſcern village, houſe, highway, path, nor the leaſt trace of human footſteps. Nevertheleſs, we determined to penetrate farther into the land, ſince it could not be long, before we ſhould diſcover ſome perſon who would give us information: but what gave me the greateſt concern, was to ſee Zorayda travelling on foot, among the flinty rocks; for, tho' I ſometimes took her on my ſhoulders, ſhe was much more fatigued with ſeeing me weary, than refreſhed by finding herſelf exempted from walking; and therefore would not allow me to take any more trouble of that kind, but, proceeded with infinite chearfulneſs and patience, while I led her by the hand, all the way.

In this manner, we had gone about a quarter of a league, when our ears were ſaluted by the ſound of a ſmall ſheep-bell, which was a ſure ſign of a flock's being ſomewhere not far off; looking therefore, attentively, to diſcover it, we perceived a young ſhepherd, ſitting with great compoſure at the root of a cork-tree, ſmoothing a ſtick with his knife: when we called to him, he raiſed his head, and ſtarted nimbly up, and as we afterwards underſtood, the renegade and Zorayda, who were in mooriſh dreſs, being the firſt objects that preſented themſelves to his eyes, he thought all the corſairs of Barbary were upon him, and running with incredible ſwiftneſs, into a wood that grew near the place where he was, he began to cry as loud

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as he could bawl, "The Moors! the Moors are landed! the Moors, the Moors! to arms, to arms!" This exclamation threw us all into perplexity, but, reflecting that his cries would alarm the country, and that the cavalry of the coaſt would immediately come and ſee what was the matter; it was agreed, that the renegade ſhould pull off his turkiſh robes, and put on a ſlave's jacket, with which one of our company accommodated him, tho' he himſelf remained in his ſhirt. This being done, we recommended ourſelves to God, and followed the ſame road which we ſaw the ſhepherd take, expecting every moment, to ſee ourſelves ſurrounded by the cavalry of the coaſt. Neither were we deceived in our expectation; for, in leſs than two hours, having croſſed thoſe thickets, and entered a plain on the other ſide, we deſcried about fifty horſemen riding briſkly towards us, at a hand-gallop; upon which we halted, until they ſhould come up: but, when they arrived, and, inſtead of the Moors they came in queſt of, beheld ſo many poor chriſtian captives, they were utterly confounded, and one of them aſked, if we were the people who had been the occaſion of a ſhepherd's calling to arms? I anſwered in the affirmative, and being deſirous of telling him who we were, whence we came, and what had happened to us, one of our company knew the horſeman who accoſted us, and without giving me time to ſpeak another word, ſaid, "Thanks be to God, gentlemen, for having conducted us to ſuch an agreeable part of the country; for, if I am not miſtaken, the ground we now tread belongs to Velez Malaga; and, if the years of my captivity have not impaired my remembrance, you, ſignor, who aſk that queſtion, are Pedro Buſtamante, my uncle."

Scarce had the captive pronounced theſe words, when the cavalier threw himſelf from his horſe, and ran to embrace the young man, ſaying, "Dear nephew of my life and ſoul! I now recollect thee: thy ſuppoſed death has been mourned by myſelf, my ſiſter thy mother, and all thy relations, who are ſtill alive; for, heaven hath been pleaſed to ſpare their lives, that they might enjoy the pleaſure of ſeeing thee again: I knew thou waſt at Algiers, and from the information of thy habit, and that of all your company, I gueſs you have made a miraculous eſcape." "Your conjecture is true, replied the young man, and we ſhall have time to recount the particulars." As ſoon as the horſemen underſtood we were chriſtian captives, they alighted, and each of them made a tender of his horſe, to carry us to the city of Velez Malaga, which was about a league and a half from the place where they found us. Some of them went to bring the boat round to the city, after we had told them where ſhe lay; others took us up behind them; and Zorayda rode with the chriſtian's uncle. All the people came out to receive us, being apprized of our arrival, by one of the troopers who had puſhed on before; not that they were ſurprized at the ſight of captives freed, or Moors in

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in captivity; for, the inhabitants on that coaſt, are accuſtomed to ſee great numbers of both: but, they were amazed at the beauty of Zorayda, which was at that inſtant in full perfection; the fatigue of her journey, co-operating with the joy ſhe felt in ſeeing herſelf in a chriſtian country, without the fear of being loſt, having produced ſuch a bloom upon her countenance, that, unleſs I was then prejudiced by my affection, I will venture to ſay, the world never produced, at leaſt, I had never ſeen, a more beautiful creature.

We went directly to church, to make our acknowledgments to God for his mercies; and as ſoon as Zorayda entered, ſhe ſaid ſhe perceived ſome faces that reſembled Lela Marien: we told her theſe were the images of the bleſſed virgin; and the renegado, as well he could, informed her of their ſignification, that ſhe might adore them, as if each was actually the perſon of Lela Marien, who had ſpoke to her; ſo that, having naturally a good underſtanding, with a docile and diſcerning diſpoſition, ſhe eaſily comprehended what he ſaid upon the ſubject. From thence, they conducted us to our lodgings in different families of the town; the renegado, Zorayda and I, being invited by the chriſtian who eſcaped with us, to the houſe of his father, who was moderately provided with the good things of this life, and treated us with the ſame affection he expreſſed for his own ſon. Six days we tarried at Velez, during which, the renegado having informed himſelf of what was neceſſary for him to do, went to the city of Grenada, there, by means of the holy inquiſition, to be readmitted into the boſom of our moſt ſacred church: the reſt of our company departed, each for his own home; leaving Zorayda and me by ourſelves, deſtitute of every thing but the few crowns which ſhe received from the courteſy of the French corſair. With part of theſe I bought the animal on which ſhe arrived at this inn, and hitherto have cheriſhed her with the affection of a parent, and the ſervice of a ſquire, without uſing the prerogative of a huſband: we are now upon the road to the place of my nativity, to ſee if my father be ſtill alive, and if either of my brothers has been more fortunate than myſelf; tho', as heaven hath made Zorayda my companion for life, fortune could not have poſſibly beſtowed upon me any other favour which I ſhould have valued at ſo high a rate. The patience with which ſhe bears the inconveniencies attending poverty, and the zeal ſhe manifeſts to become a chriſtian, is ſo great and extraordinary, as to raiſe my admiration, and engage me to ſerve her all the days of my life: but, the pleaſure I take in this office, and in the proſpect of ſeeing her mine, is diſturbed and perverted, by reflecting, that poſſibly, in my own country, I ſhall not find a corner in which I can ſhelter the dear object of my love; and that time or death may have made ſuch alterations in the fortune and lives of my father

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ther and his other children, that I ſhall ſcarce meet with a ſoul that knows me.

This, gentlemen, is the ſubſtance of my ſtory; whether or not it be agreeable and uncommon, I leave to the deciſion of your better judgment; aſſuring you that I wiſh I could have related it more ſuccinctly, though the fear of tiring you, hath made me ſuppreſs a good number of circumſtances.

CHAP. XV.

Of what further happened at the inn, with many other particulars worthy to be known.

HERE the captive left off ſpeaking; and Don Fernando ſaid to him, "Really, ſignor captain, the novelty of your ſtrange adventures is equalled by your agreeable manner of relating them. Your whole ſtory is uncommon, ſurprizing, and full of incidents that keep the hearers in admiration and ſuſpence: and ſuch is the pleaſure we have received from it, that though the narration ſhould continue till to-morrow morning, we ſhould rejoice at your beginning it anew."

When this compliment was paſſed, Don Antonio, and all the reſt of the company, offered to ſerve him to the utmoſt of their power, with ſuch affectionate and ſincere expreſſions of friendſhip, that the captain was extremely well ſatisfied of their good will. Don Fernando, in particular, promiſed, that if he would go home with him, his brother the marquis ſhould ſtand godfather to Zorayda; and that he, for his part, would accommodate him in ſuch a manner, that he ſhould return to the place of his nativity with that authority and eaſe to which he was intitled by his birth and merit. The captive thanked him in the moſt courteous manner, but declined accepting any of his generous offers.

It was now night, when a coach arrived at the inn, attended by ſome men on horſeback, who demanded lodging: and the landlady made anſwer, that there was not in the whole houſe an handful of room unengaged. "Be that as it will, ſaid one of the horſemen, who had entered the gate, there muſt be ſome found for my lord judge." At mention of that name the hoſteſs was diſturbed, ſaying, "Signor, the greateſt difficulty is my want of beds: but, if his lordſhip hath brought one along with him, as I ſuppoſe he hath, he is very welcome to come in; I and my huſband will quit our own apartment to accommodate his worſhip." "Be it ſo," ſaid the attendant. By this time, a perſon had alighted from the coach, who, by his garb immediately ſhewed the nature of his rank and office; for, his

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long robe with high ſleeves tucked up, plainly diſtinguiſhed him to be a judge, as the ſervant had affirmed. He led by the hand a young lady ſeemingly ſixteen years of age, dreſſed in a riding ſuit, and ſo ſprightly, beautiful and genteel, as to raiſe the admiration of all who beheld her: ſo, that thoſe who had not ſeen Dorothea, Lucinda and Zorayda then preſent, would have thought it a very difficult taſk to find another woman of equal beauty. Don Quixote ſeeing the judge and young lady alight, pronounced with great ſolemnity, " Your worſhip may ſecurely enter and recreate yourſelf in this caſtle, which, though narrow and inconvenient, there is no narrowneſs and inconvenience in this world, but what will make room for arms and letters, eſpecially, if they have for their guide and conductor, ſuch beauty as that which accompanies the letters of your worſhip, in the perſon of that amiable young lady, to whom, not only caſtles ought to open and unfold their gates, but, alſo rocks divide, and mountains bow their heads at her approach. Enter, I ſay, this paradiſe, where you will find ſtars and ſuns to accompany that heaven which you have brought hither. Here you will find arms in perfection, and beauty in exceſs."

The judge marvelled greatly at this addreſs of the knight, whom he earneſtly conſidered, no leſs ſurprized at his figure than his words, without knowing what reply to make, ſo much was he confounded at both; when he was relieved by the appearance of Lucinda, Dorothea, and Zorayda, who, upon hearing the news of their arrival, and the landlady's deſcription of the young beauty, had come out to welcome and receive her; while Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the curate, paid their compliments to the judge, in the moſt civil and polite terms. He was more and more aſtoniſhed at what he ſaw and heard, though he could eaſily perceive that his fellow-lodgers were perſons of rank and conſequence: but, the mien, viſage, and figure of Don Quixote, baffled all his conjectures. Compliments having thus paſſed on all ſides, and the conveniencies of the inn being duly conſidered, it was agreed, as before, that all the ladies ſhould ſleep together in the fore-mentioned apartment, and the men ſit in another room to guard them. The judge was very well ſatisfied, that his daughter (for ſuch the young maiden was) ſhould lodge with the other ladies, ſhe herſelf willingly conſenting to the propoſal; and what with the innkeeper's narrow bed, and that brought by the ſtranger, they made ſhift to paſs the night more agreeably than they expected.

The captive, who, from the firſt moment he beheld the judge, felt his heart throb with a ſort of intimation, that this was his own brother, aſked of one of the ſervants that attended him, his maſter's name, with the place of his nativity. The footman replied, that his name was the licentiate

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licentiate Juan Perez de Viedma; and born, as he had been informed, in the mountains of Leon. This information, together with what he himſelf had before obſerved, confirmed him in the opinion, that he was his brother, who, by his father's advice, had followed his ſtudies. Tranſported with this diſcovery, he called aſide Don Fernando, the curate, and Cardenio, to whom he imparted the affair, and aſſured them that the judge was his own brother, by the ſervant's report, ſo far on his way to the Eaſt-Indies, in quality of ſupreme judge of Mexico. He underſtood alſo, by the ſame canal, that the young lady was his daughter, whoſe birth had coſt the mother her life; and that he was very much enriched by his wife's fortune, which had been ſettled on the children of the marriage. The captive, therefore, conſulted them about the method he ſhould take to make himſelf known, or rather to be aſſured before-hand, whether, upon the diſcovery, his brother would be aſhamed of his poverty, or receive him with the bowels of affection." "Leave that talk to my conduct, ſignor captain, ſaid the curate; though there is all the reaſon in the world, to believe that you will meet with a brotherly reception: for, the virtue that appears in his courteous demeanour give no indications of his being proud and unnatural; but, rather declare, that he knows how to conſider the accidents of fortune, in the right point of view." "Nevertheleſs, replied the captain, I would not willingly diſcloſe myſelf of a ſudden, but, prepare him by ſome round-about inſinuation." "I have already told you, anſwered the curate, that I will manage the affair to your mutual ſatisfaction." By this time, the cloth being laid, and every body ſat down to table, except the captive, and the ladies, who ſupped in their own apartment, the curate addreſſed himſelf to the judge, ſaying, "I had once a comrade of your lordſhip's name at Conſtantinople, where I was a ſlave for many years. He was one of the braveſt ſoldiers, and beſt officers in the Spaniſh infantry; but, his misfortunes were equal to his valour and ability." "Dear ſir, cried the judge, what was that officer's name?" "He was called Ruy Perez de Viedma, replied the prieſt; and a native of ſome town in the mountains of Leon. He told me a circumſtance that happened between his father, two brothers and himſelf, which, had it not been affirmed by a perſon of his veracity, I ſhould have looked upon as one of thoſe tales which old women tell by the fire-ſide in winter: for, he ſaid his father divided his eſtate equally among his three ſons, whom he, at the ſame time, enriched with advice more ſalutary than any that ever Cato gave. This I know, the choice he made of going into the army ſucceeded ſo well, that in a few years, by his gallant behaviour, and without any other aſſiſtance than that of his extraordinary virtue, he roſe to be captain of foot, and ſaw himſelf in the ſtreight road of becom-

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ing a field-officer, very ſoon: but there, where he had reaſon to expect the ſmiles of fortune, ſhe proved moſt unkind, he having loſt her, with his liberty, on that glorious day of the battle at Lepanto, in which it was found by ſo many chriſtians. I was taken in the goleta, and, after various viciſſitudes, we happened to be fellow-ſlaves at Conſtantinople, from whence we were tranſported to Algiers, where he met with one of the ſtrangeſt adventures that ever was known."

Then the curate briefly recapitulated the ſtory of Zorayda, to which the judge liſtened with more attention than ever he had yielded on the bench*. But, the prieſt brought it no farther than the period when the French corſairs plundered the chriſtians who were in the bark; deſcribing the poverty and diſtreſs to which they had reduced his comrade and the beautiful Moor; and obſerving that he did not know what further befel them, nor whether they had arrived in Spain, or been carried into France.

The captain ſtood at ſome diſtance, behind, liſtening to what the curate ſaid, and obſerving the emotions of his brother, who ſeeing that the curate had made an end of his ſtory, uttered a profound ſigh, ſaying, while the tears guſhed from his eyes, "O ſignor! if you knew how nearly I am concerned in what you have related, you would not wonder at theſe tears, which, in ſpite of all my fortitude and diſcretion, trickle from mine eyes. That valiant captain whom you have mentioned is my father's eldeſt ſon, who, being more brave and noble-minded than my youngeſt † brother and me, choſe the honourable exerciſe of arms, which was one of the three paths propoſed by our father, in his advice, as you ſeem to have been informed by your companion in adverſity. I followed that of letters, in which God hath been pleaſed to reward my diligence with that ſtation which you ſee I now maintain; my younger brother is at preſent in Peru, ſo rich, that his remittances to my father and me, have made large amends for the ſmall ſum he carried with him at firſt; and even enabled the old gentleman fully to indulge his liberal diſpoſition, impowering me alſo to proſecute my ſtudies, with more honour and decency, until I acquired the poſt I now enjoy. My father is ſtill alive, though daily pining with the deſire of hearing from his eldeſt ſon, and putting up petitions to heaven, inceſſantly, that his own eyes may not be cloſed for ever, until he ſhall have ſeen thoſe of his firſt-born in life. What gives me a great deal of ſurprize, is, that a perſon of his diſcretion ſhould, in the midſt of ſuch trouble and affliction, or even in his proſperity, omit writing to his father; for, if he, or either of us, had known his ſituation,

* A judge in Spaniſh is called *Oydor*, i. e. Hearer, and the original literally tranſlated, is, "The hearer was never ſo much an hearer before."

† Cervantes ſeems to have forgot that the judge was the youngeſt of the three brothers, the ſecond having gone to the Indies.

he

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he ſhould have had no occaſion to wait for the miracle of the cane, in obtaining his liberty; but, at preſent, the uncertainty of his fate, gives me the greateſt concern, as it is doubtful, whether thoſe French have ſet him at liberty, or taken away his life, to conceal their robbery. This apprehenſion will convert the joy and ſatisfaction with which I undertook my journey, into melancholy and deſpondence. O my dear brother! would to heaven, I knew where thou art, that I might go and free thee from all trouble and affliction, though at the expence of my own. Who ſhall carry the news of thy being alive to our aged father; that, although thou art ſhut up in the deepeſt dungeon of Barbary, thou mayſt be delivered by my brother's riches and my own! O generous and lovely Zorayda! who ſhall requite thy benevolence to my brother, be preſent at the regeneration of thy ſoul, and aſſiſt at the nuptials which would afford ſuch pleaſure to us all!

Theſe, and many other exclamations, the judge pronounced with ſuch ſymptoms of ſorrow, at the news he had received of his brother, that all the hearers ſympathized with him, in the expreſſions of his grief. The curate, ſeeing every thing ſucceed to his own expectation, and the captain's deſire, was unwilling to protract the judge's anguiſh; ſo, riſing from the table, and going into the other apartment, he led out Zorayda, who was followed by Lucinda, Dorothea and the young lady lately arrived, then, taking in his other hand the captain, who ſtood waiting to ſee what he intended, he went into the room, where the judge and the reſt of the gentlemen ſat, and preſenting them both, ſaid, "Dry your tears, my lord judge, and enjoy the completion of your wiſh; behold your worthy brother, and virtuous ſiſter in law: this is captain Viedma, and that the beautiful Moor who behaved ſo generouſly to him in his diſtreſs: the French corſairs have reduced them to this extremity, that you may have an opportunity of diſplaying the liberality of your noble breaſt."

The captain ran to embrace his brother, who kept him off with both hands fixed on his ſhoulders, that he might conſider him the more attentively; but, no ſooner did he recollect his features, than he flew into his arms, and ſhed a flood of tears of joy, while the greateſt part of thoſe who were preſent wept in concert at the affecting ſcene. The expreſſions of both the brothers, and their mutual demonſtrations of affection, are, I believe, ſcarce to be conceived, much leſs deſcribed. They briefly recounted their adventures to each other, and manifeſted the genuine flame of fraternal affection. There, the judge embraced Zorayda, making her a tender of all his wealth; there he commanded his daughter to receive her with open arms; there the mutual careſſes of the beautiful chriſtian and lovely Moor renewed the tears of the whole company; there Don Quixote

ſilently

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ſilently obſerved theſe ſurprizing accidents, which he wholly attributed to the chimeras of knight-errantry; there it was concerted that the captain and Zorayda ſhould return to Sevil with his brother, from whence they could advertiſe their father of the liberty and arrival of his ſon; that the old gentleman being ſtill able to undertake ſuch a journey, might come and be preſent at the baptiſm and nuptials of his daughter in law; as it would be impoſſible for the judge to go far out of his way, becauſe he was informed that, in a month, the flota would ſet ſail from Sevil, for New-Spain; and it would be extremely inconvenient for him, to loſe his paſſage. In ſhort, the whole company were exceedingly rejoiced at the captive's good fortune; and two thirds of the night being already exhauſted, they agreed to retire and repoſe themſelves during the remaining part of it; while Don Quixote undertook to guard the caſtle from the aſſaults of any giant or wicked adventurer that might poſſibly covet the vaſt treaſure of beauty which it contained. Thoſe of his acquaintance thanked him for his courteous offer, and afterwards gave an account of his ſtrange diſorder to the judge, who was not a little diverted with the detail of his extravagance. Sancho Panza alone was diſtracted at their ſitting up ſo late; though, in point of lodging, he was better accommodated than all the reſt, for, he made his bed of the furniture of his aſs, which coſt him ſo dear, as will hereafter be ſeen.

The ladies having retired to their apartment, and every other perſon diſpoſed of himſelf as tolerably as he could, Don Quixote went out to keep guard at the caſtle-gate, according to his promiſe; and a little before morning, the ladies were ſerenaded by a voice ſo clear and well-tuned, as to attract the attention of them all, eſpecially of Dorothea, who was awake, and lay in the ſame bed with Donna Clara de Viedma, the judge's daughter. Nobody could imagine who the ſinger was, the voice being ſingle, and unaccompanied by any inſtrument, and ſeeming to come ſometimes from the ſtable and ſometimes from the court-yard. While they liſtened with equal ſurprize and attention, Cardenio came to the door, ſaying, "You that are not aſleep, take notice, and you will hear the voice of a mule-driver, who chaunts moſt enchantingly." When Dorothea told him that they had heard it already, he went away, while ſhe, employing her whole attention, when he began to ſing again, could plainly diſtinguiſh the following words.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XVI.

The agreeable ſtory of the young muleteer, with many other ſtrange incidents that happened in the inn.

I.

TOSS'D in a ſea of doubts and fears,
Love's hapleſs mariner, I ſail,
Where no inviting port appears,
To ſcreen me from the ſtormy gale.

II.

At diſtance view'd, a chearing ſtar
Conducts me through the ſwelling tide;
A brighter luminary, far,
Than Palinurus e'er deſcry'd.

III.

My ſoul attracted by it's blaze,
Still follows where it points the way,
And while attentively I gaze,
Conſiders not how far I ſtray.

IV.

But female pride, reſerv'd and ſhy,
Like clouds that deepen on the day,
Oft ſhroud it from my longing eye,
When moſt I need the genial ray.

V.

O lovely ſtar, ſo pure and bright!
Whoſe ſplendour feeds my vital fire,
The moment thou deny'ſt thy light,
Thy loſt adorer will expire!

Here the muſician pauſing, Dorothea thought it was pity Clara ſhould not hear ſuch an excellent voice; therefore, by gently jogging, ſhe waked her, ſaying, "I aſk pardon, my dear Clara, for diſturbing you, but, my intention in ſo doing, was to regale you with one of the beſt voices that ever you heard." Clara, being ſtill half aſleep, did not at firſt underſtand what ſhe ſaid, which, at her deſire, Dorothea repeated; and the young lady liſtened accordingly: but, ſcarce had ſhe heard two lines of the ſong, which was now reſumed, when ſhe began to tremble as violently as if ſhe had been ſeized with a ſevere fit of the ague, ſaying, while ſhe hugged Dorothea,

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Dorothea, " Ah! dear lady of my life and ſoul, why did you wake me? the greateſt favour that fortune could at preſent beſtow, would be to keep both my eyes and ears faſt ſhut, that I might neither ſee nor hear that unfortunate muſician." " What do you mean, my dear child? anſwered Dorothea; conſider what you ſay, he that ſings is a young muleteer." " Ah, no! replied Clara, he is a young gentleman of great fortune, and ſo much maſter of my heart, that unleſs he quits it of his own accord, it ſhall remain eternally in his poſſeſſion." Dorothea was ſurprized at this paſſionate declaration of ſuch a young creature, who ſeemed to have ſo much more ſenſibility than could be expected from her tender years; and ſaid to her, " Truly, Donna Clara, you talk in ſuch a manner, that I do not underſtand you. Pray, explain yourſelf, and tell me the meaning of thoſe expreſſions, about fortune and heart, and that muſician, whoſe voice hath thrown you into ſuch diſorder; but ſay no more at preſent, for, I would not, by attending to your tranſports, loſe the pleaſure of hearing the ſinger, who now ſeems to be tuning his voice, and preparing to give us another ſong." " With all my heart," ſaid Clara, ſtopping her ears with her fingers, to the further admiration of Dorothea, who liſtening attentively, heard the muſician proceed in theſe words:

I.

ASpiring hope, thou, unconfin'd,
Purſu'ſt th' imaginary path,
Thro' woods, and rocks, and waves combin'd,
Defying danger, toil, and death.

II.

No laurel ſhall adorn his brow,
No happineſs the ſluggard crown,
Who tamely can to fortune bow,
And ſlumber on th' inglorious down.

III.

The joys unmatch'd beſtow'd by love,
Can never be too dearly priz'd,
For, undeny'd examples prove
What's cheaply bought, is ſoon deſpis'd.

IV.

Succeſs, by the conſenting fair,
Is oft to perſeverance given;
Then wherefore ſhould my ſoul deſpair
Of mounting from this earth to heaven.

Here

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Here the voice ended; and Clara's ſighs beginning afreſh, kindled Dorothea's curioſity to know the cauſe of ſuch agreeable muſic and grievous lamentation; ſhe therefore, now deſired to hear what her bed-fellow had before proffered to impart: then Clara, fearful of being overheard by Lucinda, crept cloſe to Dorothea, and applying her mouth to her ear, ſo that ſhe could ſecurely ſpeak without being perceived, "Dear madam, ſaid ſhe, that ſinger is the ſon of an Arragonian gentleman, who is lord of two towns, and when at court, lives oppoſite to my father's houſe; and although our windows are covered with canvas in winter, and lattices in ſummer, I know not how this young gentleman, while he proſecuted his ſtudies, got ſight of me, either at church, or ſomewhere elſe, and in ſhort, being ſmitten, diſcloſed his paſſion from the windows of his own apartment, by ſo many tears and ſignificant expreſſions, that I believed him ſincere, and even loved him in my turn, without knowing the nature of my own diſtreſs. Among other ſigns, he made that of joining his hands, giving me to underſtand that he would take me to wife; and tho' I ſhould have been extremely glad to comply with that propoſal, as I was alone and motherleſs, I had no body to conſult, and therefore let it reſt, without granting him any other favour, except (when his father and mine were abroad) that of lifting up the canvas or lattice, that he might have a more perfect view of my perſon; and this condeſcenſion always tranſported him ſo much, that I was afraid he would have run ſtark mad with joy: in the midſt of this commerce, the time of my father's departure drew near, of which being informed, tho' not by me, for I never had an opportunity of telling him, he fell ſick, as I underſtand, of grief; ſo that, when we ſet out, I could not ſee him, as I wiſhed, to indulge one parting look: but, having travelled two days, juſt as I entered the place at which we lodged laſt night, I perceived him ſtanding at the gate, diſguiſed ſo naturally in the habit of a muleteer, that it would have been impoſſible for me to know him, had not his image been ſo deeply imprinted on my ſoul. The ſight of him filled me with joy and ſurprize; and he gazed upon me by ſtealth, unperceived by my father, from whom he always conceals his face, when he croſſes the road before me, or is obliged to appear at the inns where we lodge: knowing therefore who he is, and that he travels on foot, undergoing ſo much hardſhip and fatigue for love of me, I am half dead with grief and anxiety, and whereſoever he ſets his feet, there I fix my pitying eyes: I know not what he intends by thus following me, nor how he could manage to eſcape from his father, who loves him tenderly, becauſe he has no heir but him; and the young gentleman deſerves all his affection, as you will perceive when you ſee him. I can moreover aſſure you, what he ſings is the product of his own head; for, I have been told that he is a great ſcholar, and an

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excellent poet: every time I behold him, or hear him ſing, I ſtart and tremble from head to foot, being afraid that he will be known by my father, and thus our mutual love be diſcovered; for, tho' I never ſpoke to him in my life, my paſſion is ſo violent, that without him I ſhall not be able to live. This, dear madam, is all I can ſay concerning that muſician whoſe voice hath given you ſuch pleaſure; and is alone ſufficient to convince you, that he is not a muleteer, but the lord of towns and hearts, as I have deſcribed him.

" Enough, Donna Clara: (ſaid Dorothea kiſſing her with great affection) ſay no more; but, wait with patience till the approach of a new day, when, I hope in God, to manage matters ſo well, as to bring ſuch a virtuous beginning to an happy end." " Ah, madam! replied the young lady, what happy end can be expected, ſeeing his father is a man of ſuch rank and fortune, that he would think me unworthy to be the ſervant, much leſs the wife of his ſon? and as to marrying him without my own father's conſent, I would not do it for the whole univerſe. All I deſire is, that the young gentleman would return; perhaps his abſence, and the length of the journey we have undertaken, will alleviate the uneaſineſs I at preſent feel, tho' I muſt own, I believe that remedy will have ſmall effect. I cannot conceive what the deuce is the matter with me; nor how this ſame love got entrance into my heart, conſidering how young we both are; for, I really believe we are of the ſame age, and my father ſays, that till Michaelmas next, I ſhall not be ſixteen." Dorothea could not help laughing at theſe innocent obſervations of Donna Clara, to whom ſhe ſaid, " Let us ſleep, my dear, during the little that I believe remains of the night: God will grant us a new day, and if my ſkill fails me not, every thing will ſucceed to our wiſh."

They accordingly went to reſt, and a general ſilence prevailed over the whole houſe, in which there was not a ſoul awake, except the innkeeper's daughter and her maid Maritornes, who, by this time, being acquainted with the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, and knowing that he was then without the gate, keeping guard in arms, and on horſeback, determined to play ſome trick upon him, or at leaſt, divert themſelves in liſtening to his folly.

The inn chancing to have no window nor opening towards the field, but a hole thro' which they took in their ſtraw; this pair of * demi-ladies there took their ſtation, and obſerved Don Quixote, who ſat on horſeback, leaning upon his lance, and breathing from time to time ſuch profound and doleful ſighs, as ſeemed to tear his very ſoul: they likewiſe heard him pronounce, in a ſoft, complacent and amorous tone, " O my dear miſtreſs,

* In the original Demi-Donzellas, equivalent to the modern term Demireps.

Dulcinea

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Dulcinea del Toboſo! thou perfection of beauty, ſcope and ſum total of diſcretion, cabinet of good humour, depoſitory of virtue, and laſtly, the idea of all that is uſeful, chaſte and delectable in this life! in what art thou at preſent, employed? Art thou reflecting upon thy captive knight, who voluntarily ſubjects himſelf to ſuch dangers, with the ſole view of ſerving thee? Give me ſome information of my love, thou three-faced luminary! who now, perhaps, with envious eyes, beholdeſt her walking thro' ſome gallery of her ſumptuous palace, or leaning over ſome balcony, revolving in her mind, how, without imparing the delicacy of her honour, ſhe may aſſuage the torments that this heart endures on her account; how ſhe may crown my ſufferings with glory; my care with comfort; in fine, my death with new life, and my ſervice with reward: and thou ſun, who by this time muſt be buſy in harneſſing thy ſteeds to light the world, and enjoy the ſight of her who is the ſovereign of my ſoul, I intreat thee to ſalute her in my behalf; but, in thy ſalutation, beware of touching her amiable countenance, elſe I ſhall be more jealous of thee than ever thou waſt of that nimble ingrate, who made thee ſweat ſo much along the plains of Theſſaly, or banks of Peneus; for, I do not remember thro' which thou ran'ſt, ſo jealous and enamoured."

So far had the knight proceeded in this piteous exclamation, when the innkeeper's daughter whiſpered ſoftly, "Sir knight, will your worſhip be pleaſed to come this way?" Hearing this invitation, he lifted up his eyes, and by the light of the moon, which was then in full ſplendor, perceived them beckon to him from the ſtraw-hole, which he miſtook for a window, adorned with gilded bars, ſuitable to the grandeur of ſuch a magnificent caſtle as the inn appeared: then, his crazy imagination inſtantly ſuggeſted, as before, that the beauteous damſel, daughter of the conſtable, being captivated by his perſon, intended again to ſollicit his love. On this ſuppoſition, that he might not ſeem diſcourteous or ungrateful, he turned Rozinante, and riding up to the hole, no ſooner perceived the two laſſes, than he ſaid, "I am extremely concerned, moſt beautiful lady, that you have fixed your amorous inclinations where it is impoſſible they ſhould meet with that return which is due to your rank and qualifications; but, you ought not to impute your diſappointment to any fault in me, whom love hath rendered incapable of yielding my heart to any other but to her, who at firſt ſight took abſolute poſſeſſion of my ſoul. Pardon my refuſal, honoured madam, and retire to your apartment, without ſeeking to explain your ſentiments more fully, that I may not appear inſenſible or ungrateful; and if your love can find in me the power of giving you any other ſort of ſatisfaction, you may freely command my ſervice; for, I ſwear by that abſent and amiable enemy of mine, to gratify your wiſh immediate-

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ly; even if you ſhould deſire to have a lock of Meduſa's hair, which was altogether compoſed of ſnakes, or the rays of the ſun confined in a vial."

"Sir knight, anſwered Maritornes, my lady has no occaſion for either of theſe things." "What then is your lady's pleaſure, diſcreet duenna?" reſumed the knight. "Only the favour of one of your beautiful hands, replied Maritornes, with which ſhe may, in ſome meaſure, indulge the longing deſire that brought her to this ſtraw-hole, ſo much to the danger of her reputation, that if ſhe ſhould be detected by her father, the firſt ſlice of his indignation would coſt her an ear at leaſt." "I would fain ſee him take that liberty, ſaid Don Quixote; but, he will take care to refrain from any ſuch acts of barbarity, unleſs he has a mind I ſhould bring him to the moſt calamitous exit that ever happened to a father, for having laid violent hands upon the delicate members of his enamoured daughter."

Maritornes concluding that he would certainly grant the requeſt, and having already determined on what ſhe was to do, ran down to the ſtable, and laid hold of the halter belonging to Sancho's aſs, with which ſhe inſtantly returned, juſt when Don Quixote had made ſhift to ſet his feet on the ſaddle that he might reach the gilded window, at which he imagined the wounded damſel was ſtanding: preſenting therefore, his hand, "Receive, madam, ſaid he, that hand, or rather that chaſtiſer of all evil-doers; receive, I ſay, that hand, which was never touched by any other woman, not even by her who is in poſſeſſion of my whole body. I do not preſent it to be kiſſed; but, that you may contemplate the contexture of its nerves, the knittings of the muſcles, the large and ſwelling veins; from whence you may conjecture what ſtrength muſt reſide in the arm to which it belongs." "That we ſhall ſee preſently," ſaid Maritornes, who having made a running knot on the halter, fixed it upon his wriſt, and deſcending from the hole, made faſt the other end to the bolt of the hay-loft door. The knight feeling the roughneſs of this bracelet, ſaid, "Your ladyſhip ſeems to raſp rather than to claſp my hand: do not treat it ſo cruelly; for, it is not to blame for what you ſuffer, from inclination; nor is it juſt that ſuch a ſmall part ſhould bear the whole brunt of your indignation: conſider that one who is ſuch a friend to love, ought not to be ſo attached to revenge."

All theſe expoſtulations of Don Quixote were uttered in vain; for, as ſoon as Maritornes had tied him up, ſhe and her companion, ready to expire with laughing, left him faſtened in ſuch a manner, that it was impoſſible for him to get looſe: thus, while he ſtood on Rozinante's back, with his whole arm thruſt up into the ſtraw-hole, and faſt tied to the bolt of the door, he was in the utmoſt apprehenſion and dread, that if his horſe ſhould make the leaſt motion to either ſide, he muſt loſe his ſupport, and the weight of his whole body hang by one arm; ſo that he durſt not

venture

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venture to ſtir; tho' he might have expected from the patience and peaceful diſpoſition of Roſinante, that he would ſtand motionleſs for a whole century. In ſhort, finding himſelf thus tucked up, and the ladies vaniſhed, he imagined that the whole had been effected by the power of enchantment, which he had experienced once before, in that ſame caſtle, when he was belaboured by the enchanted Moor of a carrier; and curſed, within himſelf, his want of conduct and diſcretion, in entering a ſecond time that fortreſs in which he had fared ſo ill at firſt; it being a maxim among knights-errant, that when they prove an adventure, without ſucceſs, they conclude it is reſerved for another, and therefore think it unneceſſary to make a ſecond trial. Nevertheleſs, he pulled with intention to diſengage his arm, but, he was ſo well ſecured, that all his efforts were ineffectual: true it is, he pulled with caution, that Rozinante might not be diſturbed; and tho' he had a longing deſire of ſitting down upon the ſaddle again, he found that he muſt either continue in his preſent upright poſture, or part with his hand: then, he began to wiſh for the ſword of Amadis, againſt which no enchantment could prevail; then curſed his fortune; then exaggerated the loſs which the world would ſuſtain, while he remained enchanted, as he formerly believed himſelf to be; then he reflected anew upon his beloved Dulcinea del Toboſo; then he called to his truſty ſquire Sancho Panza, who, ſtretched upon the pannel of his aſs, and buried in ſleep, at that inſtant, retained no remembrance of the mother that bore him; then he implored the aſſiſtance of the two ſages Lirgando and Alquife; then he invoked his good friend Urganda, for ſuccour in his diſtreſs; and, in fine, the morning found him in that ſituation, ſo diſtracted and perplexed, that he roared aloud like a bull, without expecting that the day would put an end to his diſaſter, which he thought would be eternal, believing himſelf actually inchanted: and this opinion was confirmed, by his ſeeing that Rozinante ſcarce offered to ſtir; for, he was perſuaded, that in this manner, without eating, drinking, or ſleeping, he and his horſe would continue until the evil influence of the ſtars ſhould paſs over, or ſome other ſage of ſuperior ſkill diſengage them from their enchantment.

But for once he was miſtaken in his calculation; for, day had ſcarce begun to dawn, when four men on horſeback arrived at the inn, well mounted and accoutred with carbines hanging at their ſaddle-bows: the knight perceiving from the place, where, in ſpite of his misfortune, he ſtill kept guard, that they thundered for entrance at the gate, which was ſtill ſhut, called, in an arogant and haughty tone, "Knights or ſquires, or whoſoever you are, you have no buſineſs to make ſuch a noiſe at the gate of this caſtle; for, it is very plain, that either the people within are aſleep, or

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or unaccuſtomed, at theſe hours, to open the fortreſs, which you cannot enter before the ſun riſe. Retire therefore, and wait until the day be farther advanced, and then we ſhall ſee whether or not you have any title to be admitted."

"What the devil of a fortreſs or caſtle is this, that we muſt obſerve ſuch ceremony! ſaid one of the company: if you are the innkeeper, order ſome body to open the door: we are all travellers, and only want to bait, that we may forthwith proceed on our journey; for, we are in haſte." "Gentlemen, replied Don Quixote, do you think I reſemble an innkeeper?" "I don't know what you reſemble, anſwered the other; but this I know, that you talk nonſenſe, in calling this inn a caſtle." "A caſtle it is, cried the knight, and one of the beſt in this province; nay, at this very inſtant, it contains thoſe who have wore crowns on their heads, and wielded ſceptres in their hands." "Or rather the reverſe, ſaid the traveller: that is, the ſceptre on the head, and the crown in the hand *; but, perhaps, there may be within ſome company of ſtrollers who frequently wear theſe crowns and ſceptres you mention; for, otherwiſe, in ſuch a ſorry inn, without any ſort of noiſe or ſtir, I cannot believe that any perſons of ſuch note would lodge." "You know little of the world, replied Don Quixote, ſince you are ſo ignorant of the events that happen in knight-errantry."

The other horſemen being tired with this dialogue that paſſed between the knight and their companion, began again to knock and bawl with ſuch vociferation, that the landlord waking, roſe to ſee who called ſo furiouſly: about this time, one of the horſes belonging to the travellers, drew near and ſmelled at Rozinante, who ſad and melancholy, with his ears hanging down, ſtood ſupporting his outſtretched maſter, without ſtirring; but, at length, being made of fleſh, tho' he ſeemed to have been carved out of a block, he was ſenſible of the civility, and turned about to repay the compliment to the courteous ſtranger; and ſcarce had he moved one ſtep, when both his maſter's feet ſliping from the ſaddle, he would have tumbled to the ground, had not he hung by his arm, which endured ſuch torture in the ſhock, that he verily believed it was cut off by the wriſt, or torn away by the ſhoulder. He was ſuſpended ſo low, that the tops of his toes almoſt touched the ground; a circumſtance that increaſed his calamity; for, feeling how little he wanted of being firmly ſuſtained, he ſtretched and fatigued himſelf with endeavouring to ſet his feet upon the ground, like thoſe wretches who, in undergoing the ſtrappado, being hoiſted up a very little ſpace, increaſe their own torment by their eager efforts to lengthen their bodies, miſled by the vain hope of reaching the ground.

* Alluding to the delinquents, who were branded and marked with theſe figures.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XVII.

A continuation of the ſurpriſing events that happened in the inn.

DON Quixote actually made ſuch a hideous outcry, that the innkeeper opened the door, and ran out to ſee what was the matter; while the ſtrangers that remained without were no leſs aſtoniſhed at his bellowing. Maritornes being alſo waked by the ſame noiſe, conjectured what might be the caſe, and going ſtraight to the hay-loft, without being perceived, untied the halter that ſuſtained him, ſo that the knight came to the ground, in ſight of the landlord and ſtrangers, who running up, aſked what was the matter with him, and wherefore he cried ſo violently? Without anſwering one word, he looſed the tether from his wriſt, and riſing up, mounted Rozinante, braced his target, couched his lance, and making a pretty large circuit in the field, returned at a half gallop, pronouncing with great emphaſis, "If any perſon whatever ſayeth, that I have juſtly ſuffered enchantment, I here, with the permiſſion of my lady princeſs Micomicona, give him the lie, challenge and defy him to ſingle combat."

The travellers were amazed at his words; but, their aſtoniſhment abated, when the innkeeper told them who Don Quixote was, obſerving that they ought not to mind what he did, becauſe he was diſordered in his brain: they then aſked if he had ſeen a youth about ſixteen years of age, dreſſed like a young muleteer, with ſuch and ſuch marks, giving an exact deſcription of Donna Clara's lover. The landlord anſwered, there were ſo many people in his houſe, that he could not poſſibly diſtinguiſh the perſon for whom they enquired; but, one of them perceiving the judge's coach, "He muſt certainly be here, ſaid he; for this is the coach, which they ſay he followed: let one of us ſtay at the door, and the reſt go in to ſearch for him; it will alſo be proper that one go round the whole houſe, to prevent his eſcaping over the yard-wall. This plan being agreed upon, two of them entered the inn, another remained at the door, and the fourth rode round the houſe to reconnoitre; while the landlord obſerving every thing that paſſed, could not conceive the meaning of all this care and diligence, altho' he believed they were in ſearch of the youth whom they had deſcribed. By this time, it was clear day-light, and upon that account, as well as in conſequence of Don Quixote's roaring, all the company were awake, and got up, eſpecially Donna Clara and Dorothea, who had ſleeped very little that night; the firſt being diſturbed and alarmed, by reflecting that her lover was ſo near, and the other kept awake by the deſire of ſeeing this pretended muleteer.

Don

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Don Quixote ſeeing that none of the travellers took the leaſt notice of him, or made any anſwer to his defiance, was tranſported with rage and vexation; and if he could have recollected any law of chivalry, authoriſing a knight-errant to undertake another enterprize, while he was under promiſe and oath, to abſtain from any adventure, until that in which he was engaged already, was atchieved; he would have aſſaulted them all together, and forced them to reply, contrary to their inclination: but, thinking it was neither expedient nor juſt to begin a new enterprize, until he had reeſtabliſhed the princeſs Micomicona on her throne; he choſe to be ſilent, waiting to ſee the effects of that diligence practiſed by the new comers, one of whom found the youth they came in queſt of, ſleeping by the ſide of a muleteer, and little dreaming that any body was in ſearch of him; much leſs that he was in any danger of being diſcovered. The man, however, ſhook him by the arm, ſaying, "Truly, ſignor Don Lewis, this is a very ſuitable dreſs for one of your quality; and the bed in which you now lie, extremely well adapted to the tenderneſs and delicacy in which your mother brought you up."

The youth rubbed his ſleepy eyes, and looking ſtedfaſtly at the perſon who held him by the arm, no ſooner perceived that he was one of his father's ſervants, than he was ſo much ſurpriſed and confounded, that for a good while, he could not ſpeak one word: while the domeſtic proceeded, ſaying, "At preſent, Don Lewis, there is nothing elſe to be done, but, to exert your patience, and return home, if you are not reſolved that your father and my lady ſhall viſit the other world; for, nothing elſe can be expected from their anxiety at your abſence." "How did my father get notice that I travelled this road, and in this habit?" ſaid Don Lewis. "A ſtudent, replied the ſervant, to whom you imparted your intention, was ſo much moved by the ſorrow that took poſſeſſion of your parents, the moment you were miſſed, that he diſcloſed your ſcheme to your father, who inſtantly diſpatched four of his domeſtics in ſearch of you; and we are all here, at your ſervice, infinitely rejoiced that we have now an opportunity of returning ſpeedily, and carrying you back to the longing eyes of thoſe by whom you are ſo much beloved." "That may depend upon my own will and the appointment of heaven," ſaid the young nobleman. "What ſhould you will, or heaven ordain, but your immediate return, which indeed you cannot poſſibly avoid."

All this converſation was overheard by the muleteer with whom Don Lewis lay, who got up immediately, and going to Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the ladies, who were already dreſſed, told them how the man called his fellow-ſervant Don, and communicated every thing that paſſed between them, concerning the domeſtic's propoſal of conducting him home again, and

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and the youth's refuſal to comply with his deſire. This information, together with the knowledge of that ſweet voice with which heaven had endowed him, excited in all the company, a deſire of knowing more particularly who he was, and even of aſſiſting him, ſhould they offer any violence to his inclination: for this purpoſe, therefore, they repaired to the place where he ſtill ſtood, talking and diſputing with his father's ſervant. At the ſame time, Dorothea coming out of her apartment, followed by Donna Clara, in the utmoſt confuſion, called Cardenio aſide, and briefly related to him, the ſtory of the muſician and the judge's daughter: and he in his turn, informed her of what paſſed on the arrival of his father's ſervants. This, he ſpoke not ſo ſoftly, but that he was overheard by Clara, who was ſo much affected at the news, that if Dorothea had not ſupported her, ſhe would have fallen to the ground: but, Cardenio deſired them to retire into their apartment, ſaying, he would endeavour to ſet every thing to rights, and they accordingly followed his advice. Mean while, the four, who had come in queſt of Don Lewis, ſtood round him in the inn, perſuading him to return, without loſs of time, and conſole his melancholy father; but, he aſſured them, he could by no means comply with their requeſt, until he had finiſhed an affair, upon which his honour, life and ſoul depended. Then the domeſtics began to be more urgent, proteſting they would, in no ſhape, return without him; and declaring, that if he would not go willingly, they ſhould be obliged to carry him off, by force. "That you ſhall never do, replied Don Lewis, unleſs you carry me off, dead: and indeed you may as well kill me, as force me away, in any ſhape."

Moſt of the people in the houſe were now gathered together to hear the diſpute, particularly Cardenio, Don Fernando, his companions, the judge, curate, barber, and Don Quixote, who thought it was no longer neceſſary to guard the caſtle. Cardenio being already acquainted with the young man's ſtory, aſked what reaſon the domeſtics had to carry off the youth, contrary to his own inclination? "Our motive, replied one of the four, is to retrieve his father's life, which is in danger of being loſt, on account of this young gentleman's abſence." To this declaration Don Lewis anſwered, "There is no reaſon why I ſhould here give an account of my affairs; I am free, and will return, if I pleaſe; otherwiſe, none of you ſhall compel me into your meaſures." "Your honour will, I hope, hear reaſon, ſaid the ſervant; or if you ſhould not, it will be enough for us to execute our errand, as we are in duty bound."

Here the judge deſiring to know the whole affair from the bottom, the man having lived in the ſame neighbourhood, knew him, and replied, "My lord judge, don't you know that young gentleman is your neigh-

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bour's ſon, who hath abſented himſelf from his father's houſe, in a dreſs altogether unbecoming his quality, as your lordſhip may perceive?" Then the judge looking at him more attentively, recollected his features, and embracing him, ſaid, "What a frolick is this, Don Lewis? or what powerful cauſe hath induced you to come hither in a garb ſo ill ſuited to your rank and fortune?" The tears guſhing into the young man's eyes, he could not anſwer one word to the judge, who deſired the four domeſtics to make themſelves eaſy, for, all would be well; then taking Don Lewis by the hand, he led him aſide, and aſked again, the cauſe of his coming in that manner.

While he was employed in this and other queſtions, they heard a great noiſe at the inn-door, occaſioned by two men, who had lodged all night in the houſe, and who ſeeing every body intent upon knowing the buſineſs of the four laſt comers, reſolved to march off without paying their reckoning: but, the innkeeper, who minded his own affairs, more than thoſe of any other perſon, ſtopped them on the threſhold, demanded his money, and upbraided them for their evil intention, with ſuch abuſive language, as provoked them to anſwer by dint of fiſts, which they began to employ ſo dextrouſly, that the poor landlord found himſelf under the neceſſity of calling aloud for aſſiſtance. His wife and daughter ſeeing no body ſo idle, conſequently ſo proper for the purpoſe, as Don Quixote, the damſel addreſſed him in theſe words; "Sir knight, I beſeech your worſhip, by the valour which God hath given you, to go to the aſſiſtance of my poor father, whom two wicked men are now beating to a jelly." To this requeſt the knight replied, with great leiſure and infinite phlegm, "Beautiful young lady, I cannot, at preſent, grant your petition, being reſtricted from intermeddling in any other adventure, until I ſhall have accompliſhed one, in which my honour is already engaged: all that I can do for your ſervice, is this; run and deſire your father to maintain the combat as well as he can, and by no means allow himſelf to be overcome, until I go and aſk permiſſion of the princeſs Micomicona, to ſuccour him in his diſtreſs; and, if I obtain it, be aſſured that I will reſcue him from all danger." "Sinner that I am! cried Maritornes, who was then preſent, before your worſhip can obtain that permiſſion, my maſter will be in the other world." "Allow me, madam, anſwered Don Quixote to go and ſollicit the licence I mention, which if I obtain, I ſhall not make much account of his being in the other world, from whence I will retrieve him, though all its inhabitants ſhould combine to oppoſe me; at leaſt, I ſhall take ſuch vengeance on thoſe who have ſent him thither, as will give you full and ample ſatisfaction."

So

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So ſaying, he went and kneeled before Dorothea, begging, in the ſtile and manner of knight-errantry, that her highneſs would be pleaſed to give him permiſſion to run and aſſiſt the conſtable of the caſtle, who was, at that time, involved in a very grievous diſaſter. The princeſs having very graciouſly granted his requeſt, he braced on his target, unſheathed his ſword, and ran to the gate where the two gueſts ſtill continued pummelling the landlord; but, as ſoon as he beheld them, he ſtopped ſhort, as if ſuddenly ſurprized, and when Maritornes and her miſtreſs aſked what hindered him from giving aſſiſtance to their maſter and huſband, "I am hindered, anſwered the knight, by a law, which will not permit me to uſe my ſword againſt plebeians; but, call hither my ſquire Sancho, for to him it belongs, and is peculiar to engage in ſuch vengeance or defence."

This tranſaction happened on the very field of battle, while kicks and cuffs were dealt with infinite dexterity, to the no ſmall prejudice of the innkeeper's carcaſe, and the rage of his wife, daughter, and Maritornes, who were half-diſtracted at ſeeing the cowardice of Don Quixote, and the diſtreſs of their lord and maſter. But, let us here leave him awhile; for, he ſhall not want one to aſſiſt him; or elſe, let him ſuffer with patience, and hold his tongue as becomes thoſe who raſhly undertake adventures which they have not ſtrength to atchieve; and let us retreat backwards, about fifty yards, to ſee what anſwer Don Lewis made to the judge, whom we left inquiring the cauſe of his travelling on foot in ſuch a mean habit. The youth, ſqueezing both his hands with great eagerneſs, in token of the exceſſive grief that wrung his heart, and ſhedding a flood of tears, replied to this queſtion, "Dear ſir, I can give you no other reaſon, but that from the firſt moment that fortune made us neighbours, and heaven ordained that I ſhould ſee Donna Clara, your daughter and my delight, I, that inſtant, made her miſtreſs of my heart; and if your inclination, my real lord and father, does not oppoſe my happineſs, this very day ſhe ſhall be my lawful wife: for her I forſook my father's houſe, and diſguiſed myſelf in this manner, with a reſolution to follow whitherſoever ſhe ſhould go, directing my views towards her, like the arrow to its mark, and the needle to the pole; though ſhe knows no more of my paſſion than what ſhe may have underſtood from the tears which, at a diſtance, ſhe hath often ſeen me ſhed. You yourſelf, my lord, know the rank and fortune of my father, whoſe ſole heir I am: if you think that a motive ſufficient for venturing to make me perfectly happy, receive me immediately as your ſon; and though my father, prompted, perhaps, by other views, ſhould be diſobliged at the bleſſing which I have choſen

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for myſelf, it is in the power of time to work greater changes and alterations than human prudence can foreſee."

Here the enamoured youth left off ſpeaking, and the judge remained in the utmoſt ſuſpenſe; not only, admiring the diſcretion with which Don Lewis had diſcloſed his paſſion, but alſo finding himſelf perplexed about the reſolution he was to take, in ſuch a ſudden and unexpected affair. He therefore made no other reply for the preſent, but, to deſire he would make himſelf eaſy, and detain his ſervants a day longer, that he might have time to conſider what ſteps it would be moſt proper to take, for the ſatisfaction of all concerned. Don Lewis kiſſed his hands by force, and even bathed them with his tears; a circumſtance ſufficient to melt an heart of marble, much more that of the judge, who, being a man of prudence, had already conceived all the advantages of ſuch a match for his daughter; though he wiſhed it could be effected, if poſſible, with the conſent of the young man's father, who, he knew, had ſome pretenſions to a title for his ſon.

By this time peace was re-eſtabliſhed between the innkeeper and his two lodgers, who being perſuaded by the arguments and exhortations of Don Quixote, more than by his threats, had paid their reckoning to the laſt farthing; and the ſervants of Don Lewis waited the reſult of the judge's advice, together with their maſter's reſolution; when the devil, who is ever watchful, ſo ordered matters, that the barber ſhould juſt then enter the inn; that very barber from whom Don Quixote had retrieved Mambrino's helmet, and Sancho Panza taken, by force, the furniture of his aſs, which he had exchanged for his own. This individual ſhaver, as he led his beaſt to the ſtable, perceived Sancho employed in mending ſomething that belonged to the pannel, and knowing him at firſt ſight, aſſaulted the ſquire in a trice, crying, "Ha! Don thief, I have caught you at laſt. Reſtore my baſon and pannel, with all the furniture you ſtole from me."

Sancho ſeeing himſelf ſo ſuddenly attacked, and hearing the reproachful language of his antagoniſt, with one hand laid faſt hold on the pannel, and with the other beſtowed upon the barber ſuch a ſlap in the face, as bathed his whole jaws in blood. But, for all that, he would not quit the pannel which he had alſo ſeized; on the contrary, he raiſed his voice ſo high as to alarm the whole company, and bring them to the ſcene of contention, crying, "Juſtice! help in the king's name! this robber wants to murder me, becauſe I endeavour to recover my own property." "You lie, anſwered the ſquire, I am no robber; my lord Don Quixote won theſe ſpoils fairly in battle." The knight coming up, among the reſt, beheld, with infinite ſatisfaction, his ſquire ſo alert in offending and defending,

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ing, and looking upon him from thenceforward as a man of valour, reſolved, in his heart, to have him dubbed with the firſt opportunity, confident that on him the order of knighthood would be very well beſtowed. Among other things alledged by the barber in the courſe of the fray, "Gentlemen, ſaid he, that pannel belongs as much to me as my ſoul belongs to God; for, I know it as well, as if it had been produced by my own body; and though I had all the mind in the world, my aſs, which is now in the ſtable, would not ſuffer me to tell a falſhood: ſince you will not take my word, pray go and try it upon his back, and if it does not fit him to a hair, I ſhall give you leave to call me the greateſt liar upon earth. Beſides, the very ſame day on which they took my pannel, they alſo robbed me of a new braſs baſon never hanſelled, that coſt me a good crown*."

Don Quixote hearing this, could contain himſelf no longer, but interpoſed between the combatants, whom he parted, and depoſiting the pannel on the ground, to be publickly viewed until the truth ſhould appear, addreſſed himſelf thus, to the ſpectators, "Gentlemen, you may now clearly and manifeſtly perceive how this honeſt ſhaver errs in his judgment, by calling that a baſon, which was, is, and ſhall be, Mambrino's helmet: a piece of armour I won in fair and open battle, and now poſſeſs by the juſt laws of conqueſt. With regard to the pannel I will not intermeddle: all that I can ſay of the matter, is, that my ſquire Sancho having aſked permiſſion to take the trappings of that coward's horſe, and adorn his own with them, I gave him leave, and he took them accordingly; though I can give no other reaſon for their being now converted into a pannel, but, that ſuch transformations frequently happen in the events of chivalry: yet, as a confirmation of what I ſay, run, friend Sancho, and bring hither the helmet, which this honeſt man calls a baſon."

"'Fore God! anſwered Sancho, if your worſhip has no better proof of our honourable doings than what you mention, Mambrino's helmet will turn out a baſon, as certainly as this honeſt man's trappings are tranſmographied into a pannel." "Do what I order, replied the knight; ſure I am, every thing in this caſtle cannot be conducted by inchantment." Sancho went accordingly, and fetched this baſon or helmet of Mambrino, as his maſter called it, which Don Quixote taking in his hand, ſaid, "Behold, gentlemen, with what face this plebeian can affirm that this is a baſon, and not the helmet I have mentioned: now, I ſwear by the order of knighthood I profeſs, that this is the individual helmet which I took from him, without the leaſt addition or diminution." "Without all manner of doubt, ſaid Sancho; for ſince my maſter won it, to this good hour he

* Literally, "Lady of a crown."

hath

hath uſed it but in one battle, when he delivered thoſe miſchievous galley-ſlaves; and, if it had not been for that ſame baſon-helmet, he could not have come off ſo well: for, there was a deadly ſhower of ſtones rained upon his pate in that ſtorm.

CHAP. XVIII.

The deciſion of the doubts concerning Mambrino's helmet and the pannel; with a full and true account of many other adventures.

"GEntlemen, ſaid the barber, pray, favour me with your opinion, concerning what is affirm'd by theſe gentlefolks, who ſo obſtinately maintain that this is not a baſon but a helmet?" "And if any one affirms to the contrary, replied Don Quixote, I will make him ſenſible that he lies, if he be a knight; and if a plebeian, that he lies a thouſand times." His own townſman, who was preſent all the while, being well acquainted with the knight's humour, reſolved to encourage him in his extravagance, and carry on the joke for the diverſion of the company: with this view, he addreſſed himſelf to the other ſhaver, ſaying, "Mr. Barber, or whoſoever you are, you muſt know that I am of the ſame profeſſion: I have had a certificate of my examination theſe twenty years; and know very well, all the inſtruments of the art, without excepting one: I was moreover, a ſoldier in my youth, conſequently can diſtinguiſh an helmet, a morrion, and a caſque, with its beaver, together with every thing relating to military affairs; I mean, the different kinds of armour wore by ſoldiers in the field: I ſay, under correction, and ſtill with ſubmiſſion to better judgment, that the object now in diſpute, which that worthy gentleman holds in his hand, is not only no barber's baſon, but alſo, as far from being one as black is from white, or falſhood from truth. I likewiſe aver that tho' it is an helmet, it is not entire." "You are certainly in the right, ſaid Don Quixote, for it wants one half, which is the beaver."

The curate, who by this time, underſtood the intention of his friend, ſeconded this aſſeveration which was alſo confirmed by Cardenio, Don Fernando, and his companions; and the judge himſelf would have bore a part in the jeſt, had he not been engroſſed by the affair of Don Lewis; but, that earneſt buſineſs kept him in ſuch perplexity of thought, that he could give little or no attention to the joke that was going forward.

"Good God! cried the barber, with amazement, is it poſſible that ſo many honourable perſons ſhould pronounce this baſon to be a helmet! an aſſertion ſufficient to aſtoniſh a whole univerſity, let it be never ſo learned. Well: if that baſon be an helmet, I ſuppoſe the pannel muſt be

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a horſe's trappings too, as this gentleman ſays." "To me it ſeems a pannel, replied the knight: but, as I have already obſerved, I will not pretend to decide whether it be the pannel of an aſs, or the furniture of a ſteed." "Don Quixote has no more to do but ſpeak his opinion, ſaid the curate; for, in affairs of chivalry, all theſe gentlemen, and even the ladies, yield to his ſuperior underſtanding." "By heaven! gentlemen, cried the knight, ſo many ſtrange accidents have happened to me, twice that I have lodged in this caſtle, that I will not venture poſitively to affirm the truth of any thing that may be aſked relating to it; for, I imagine that every thing in this place is conducted by the power of inchantment. The firſt time I paſſed the night in this place, I was harraſſed extremely, by an enchanted Moor that reſides in the caſtle, while Sancho was almoſt as roughly handled by ſome of his attendants; and this very night I was ſuſpended by one arm, for the ſpace of two hours, without knowing how or wherefore I incurred that misfortune. For me therefore, to give my opinion in a caſe of ſuch perplexity, would be a raſh deciſion: with regard to the helmet which they ſay is a baſon, I have already expreſſed my ſentiments; but, dare not give a definitive ſentence, by declaring, whether that be a pannel, or horſe's furniture. That I leave to the judgment of the good company; who, not being knights as I am, perhaps are not ſubjected to the enchantments of this place, but, enjoying their faculties clear and undiſturbed, can judge of theſe things, as they really and truly are, not as they appear to my imagination." "Doubtleſs, replied Don Fernando, ſignor Don Quixote manifeſts his own prudence, in obſerving, that to us belongs the determination of this affair, which, that it may be the better founded, I will, in private, take the opinions of this company, one by one, and then openly declare the full reſult of my inquiry."

To thoſe who were acquainted with the knight's humour, this propoſal afforded matter of infinite diverſion; but, the reſt being ignorant of the joke, looked upon it as a piece of downright madneſs: this was particularly the opinion of the domeſtics belonging to Don Lewis, which was even eſpouſed by himſelf and four travellers juſt arrived, who ſeemed to be troopers of the holy brotherhood, as indeed they were; but, he that almoſt ran diſtracted, was the barber whoſe baſon was, even in his own ſight, transformed into Mambrino's helmet, while he expected every moment that his pannel would be certainly declared the rich trappings and furniture of a horſe. Every body laughed to ſee Don Fernando going about with great gravity, collecting opinions in whiſpers, that each might privately declare, whether that jewel, about which there had been ſuch obſtinate diſputes, was the pannel of an aſs, or the furniture of a ſteed.

Having

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Having received the anſwers of all thoſe who knew Don Quixote, he pronounced aloud; "Truly, honeſt friend, I am quite tired with aſking ſo many opinions; for, every one to whom I put the queſtion, affirms it is downright diſtraction to call this a pannel, which is certainly the furniture of a horſe, and that too of an excellent breed. Therefore you muſt e'en have patience; for, in ſpite of you and the teſtimony of your aſs to boot, an horſe's furniture it muſt remain, as you have failed ſo egregiouſly in the proof of what you alledge." "May I never taſte the joys of heaven! cried the tranſported barber, if you are not all deceived; and ſo may my ſoul appear before God, as this appears to me, a meer pannel, and not the furniture of an horſe! but, thus * might overcomes—I ſay no more, neither am I drunk, being freſh and faſting from every thing but ſin."

The company laughed as heartily at the ſimplicity of the barber as the extravagance of the knight, who upon this deciſion, ſaid, "Nothing now remains, but that every one ſhould take his own again; and may † St. Peter bleſs what God beſtows." One of the four ſervants belonging to Don Lewis now interpoſed, ſaying, "If this be not a premeditated joke, I cannot perſuade myſelf that people of ſound underſtanding, ſuch as all this company are or ſeem to be, ſhould venture to ſay and affirm, that this is no baſon, nor that a pannel; yet, ſeeing this is both ſaid and affirmed, I conceive there muſt be ſome myſtery in thus inſiſting upon a thing ſo contrary to truth and experience; for, by God! (an oath he ſwore with great emphaſis) all the people on earth ſhall never make me believe that this is not a barber's baſon, or that not the pannel of an he-aſs." "Why not of a ſhe-aſs?" ſaid the curate, "That diſtinction makes no difference, ſaid the ſervant, nor has it any concern with the diſpute, which is occaſioned by your ſaying that it is not a pannel at all."

At the ſame time, one of the troopers, who had entered and been witneſs to the quarrel and queſtion, could no longer contain his choler and diſpleaſure at what he heard, and therefore ſaid, in a furious tone, "If that is not a pannel, my father never begat me; and he that ſays, or ſhall ſay the contrary, muſt be drunk." "You lie, like an infamous ſcoundrel, replied Don Quixote, who lifting up his lance, which he ſtill kept in his hand, aimed ſuch a ſtroke at the trooper's ſkull, that if he had not been very expeditious in ſhifting it, he would have been ſtretched at full length upon the ground, on which the weapon was ſhivered to pieces: the reſt of the troop, ſeeing their companion ſo roughly handled, raiſed their voices, cry-

* The original would be more literally tranſlated, by ſaying, "The law's meaſure is the king's pleaſure."

† A bridal benediction.

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ing for help to the holy brotherhood: the innkeeper being of that fraternity, ran in for his tipſtaff and ſword, and eſpouſed the cauſe of his brethren; the domeſtics ſurrounded Don Lewis, that he might not eſcape in the ſcuffle; the barber ſeeing the houſe turned topſy turvy, laid hold again of the pannel, which was at the ſame time ſeized by Sancho; Don Quixote attacked the troopers ſword in hand; Don Lewis called to his ſervants to leave him, and go to the aſſiſtance of Cardenio and Don Fernando, who had ranged themſelves on the ſide of Don Quixote; the curate exhorted, the landlady ſcreamed, the daughter wept, Maritornes blubbered, Dorothea was confounded, Lucinda perplexed, and Donna Clara fainted away; the barber pummelled Sancho, who returned the compliment; one of the ſervants preſuming to ſeize Don Lewis by the arm, that he might not run away, the young gentleman gave him ſuch a ſlap in the face, as bathed all his teeth in blood; the judge exerted himſelf in his defence. Don Fernando having brought one of the troopers to the ground, kicked his whole carcaſe to his heart's content: the landlord raiſed his voice again, roaring for help to the holy brotherhood; ſo that the whole inn was a ſcene of lamentation, cries, ſhrieks, confuſion, dread, diſmay, diſaſter, back-ſtrokes, cudgelling, kicks, cuffs, and effuſion of blood. In the midſt of this labyrinth, chaos, and compoſition of miſchief, Don Quixote's imagination ſuggeſted, that he was all of a ſudden involved in the confuſion of Agramonte's camp; and therefore pronounced, with a voice that made the whole inn reſound, "Let every man forbear, put up his ſword, be quite and liſten, unleſs he be weary of his life."

On hearing this exclamation, all the combatants pauſed, while he proceeded thus: "Did not I tell you, gentlemen, that this caſtle was enchanted, and doubtleſs, inhabited by a whole legion of devils; as a proof of which, you may now perceive, with your own eyes, how the diſcord and mutiny in Agramonte's camp is tranſlated hither: behold, in one place, we fight for a ſword; in another, for a horſe; in a third, for an eagle; and in a fourth, for a helmet; in ſhort, we are all by the ears together, for we know not what. Advance therefore, my lord judge, and Mr. curate, and in the perſons of Agramonte and king Sobrino, re-eſtabliſh peace among us; for, by Almighty God! it were wicked and abſurd, that perſons of our importance ſhould be ſlain in ſuch a frivolous cauſe."

The troopers, who did not underſtand the knight's ſtile, and found themſelves very ſeverely treated by Don Fernando, Cardenio, and their companions, would not be pacified; but, it was otherwiſe with the barber, who, in the ſcuffle, had loſt both his pannel and beard: Sancho, who like a faithful ſervant, minded the leaſt hint of his maſter, willingly obeyed; and the ſervants of Don Lewis were fain to be quiet, ſeeing how little they

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had got by concerning themſelves in the fray; the innkeeper alone, inſiſted upon their chaſtiſing the inſolence of that madman, who was every moment throwing the whole houſe into confuſion; at length, the diſturbance was appeaſed, the pannel remained as an horſe's furniture, till the day of judgment, the baſon as an helmet, and the inn as a caſtle, in Don Quixote's imagination.

Every thing being thus amicably compoſed, by the perſuaſion of the judge and prieſt, the ſervants of Don Lewis began again to preſs him, with great obſtinacy, to ſet out with them for his father's houſe immediately; and while he expoſtulated with them, the judge conſulted with Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the curate, about what he ſhould do on this occaſion; imparting to them the declaration Don Lewis had made: at laſt, it was agreed that Don Fernando ſhould tell the ſervants who he was; and expreſs a deſire, that Don Lewis ſhould accompany him to Andalouſia, where his brother the marquis ſhould entertain him according to his rank and merit; for, he well knew the young gentleman was fixed in the determination of being cut to pieces, rather than return to his father, at that time. The domeſtics being informed of Don Fernando's quality, and underſtanding the reſolution of Don Lewis, determined amongſt themſelves, that three of them ſhould return and give the father an account of what had happened, while the fourth ſhould attend the young gentleman, until they ſhould either come back for him, or know his father's pleaſure.

In this manner was that accumulation of quarrels appeaſed, by the authority of Agramonte and prudence of king Sobrino; but, the enemy of concord and rival of peace, being thus foiled and diſappointed, and ſeeing how little fruit he had reaped from the labyrinth of confuſion in which he had involved them, determined to try his hand once more, and revive diſcord and diſturbance anew; and theſe were the means he practiſed for this purpoſe: the troopers appriſed of the quality of thoſe with whom they had been engaged, were fain to be quiet, and retreat from the fray, concluding that whatever might happen, they would have the worſt of the battle; but, one of them who had been pummelled and kicked by Don Fernando, recollected that among other warrants for apprehending delinquents, he had one againſt Don Quixote, iſſued by the holy brotherhood, on account of his having ſet the galley-ſlaves at liberty, as Sancho had very juſtly feared: this coming into his head, he was reſolved to aſſure himſelf, whether or not the knight's perſon agreed with the deſcription; and pulling out of his boſom, a bundle of parchment, he ſoon found what he ſought, and beginning to ſpell with great deliberation (for, he was by no means an expert reader) between every word he fixed his eyes upon the knight, whoſe phyſiognomy he compared with the marks ſpecified in the warrant, and diſcovered

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covered beyond all doubt, that he was the very perſon deſcribed: no ſooner was he thus convinced, than putting up the parchment, and holding the warrant in his left hand, he with his right ſeized Don Quixote ſo faſt by the collar, that he could ſcarce fetch his breath, roaring aloud, "Help, in the name of the holy brotherhood; and that you may ſee my demand is juſt, read that warrant for apprehending this highwayman."

The curate, upon peruſing the warrant, found what the trooper ſaid was true, and that the deſcription exactly agreed with the perſon of Don Quixote, who ſeeing himſelf ſo unworthily treated by ſuch a ragamuffin, was incenſed to the higheſt degree, ſo that every bone in his body trembled with rage; and he made ſhift to faſten on the trooper's throat with both hands, ſo violently, that if his companions had not come to his aſſiſtance, he would have quitted his life before the knight had quitted his hold. The innkeeper being obliged to ſuccour his brethren, ran immediately to their aſſiſtance; his wife ſeeing her huſband re-engaged in the quarrel, exalted her voice anew; Maritornes and the daughter ſqalled in concert, imploring heaven and the by-ſtanders for help: Sancho perceiving what paſſed, "By the Lord! cried he, what my maſter ſays about the enchantments of this caſtle is certainly true; for, it is impoſſible to live an hour in quiet, within its walls!"

Don Fernando parted the knight and trooper, to their mutual ſatisfaction; unlocking their hands, which were faſt clinched in the doublet-collar of the one, and the windpipe of the other: but, for all that, they did not ceaſe demanding their priſoner, and the aſſiſtance of the company, in binding and delivering him to their charge, agreeable to the ſervice of the king, and the order of the holy brotherhood, in whoſe behalf they repeated their demand of favour and aſſiſtance, to ſecure that felon, robber and thief. Don Quixote ſmiled at hearing theſe epithets, and with much compoſure, replied, "Come hither, ye vile and baſe-born race! Do you call it the province of an highwayman, to looſe the chains of the captive, and ſet the priſoner free; to ſuccour the miſerable, raiſe the fallen, and relieve the diſtreſſed? Ah! infamous crew! whoſe low and grovelling underſtanding renders you unworthy, that heaven ſhould reveal to you the worth that is contained in knight-errantry, or make you ſenſible of your ſin and ignorance, in neglecting to revere the very ſhadow, much more the ſubſtance of any knight. Come hither, ye rogues in a troop, and not troopers; ye robbers licenſed by the holy brotherhood; and tell me what ignorant wretch he was, who ſigned a warrant of caption againſt ſuch a knight as me? who did not know that we are exempted from all judicial authority, and that a knight's own ſword is his law, he being privileged by his valour, and reſtricted only by his will and pleaſure? Who was the blockhead, I ſay,

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who does not know, that no gentleman's charter contains ſo many rights and indulgencies as adhere to a knight-errant, the very day on which he is dubbed, and devotes himſelf to the painful exerciſe of arms? What knight-errant ever paid tax, toll, cuſtom, duty or exciſe? What taylor ever brought in a bill for making his cloaths? What governor ever made him pay for lodging in his caſtle? What king did ever neglect to ſeat him at his own table? What damſel ever reſiſted his charms, or refuſed to ſubmit herſelf intirely to his pleaſure and will? And in fine, what knight-errant ever was, is, or will be, whoſe ſingle valour is not ſufficient to annihilate four hundred troopers, ſhould they preſume to oppoſe him?"

CHAP. XIX.

In which is concluded the notable adventure of the troopers; with an account of the ſurpriſing ferocity of our worthy knight Don Quixote.

WHILE Don Quixote harrangued in this manner, the curate was employed in perſuading the troopers, that he was a man diſordered in his judgment, as they might perceive both by his words and actions, and therefore they ought not to proceed any further in the affair; for, even if they ſhould apprehend him, he would ſoon be diſmiſſed as a perſon non compos. To this obſervation, the man who had the warrant replied, that it was not his buſineſs to judge of Don Quixot's madneſs, but, to obey the orders of his ſuperiors; and that if he was apprehended once, they might diſcharge him three hundred times over, if they would." "For all that, ſaid the prieſt, you muſt not carry him off, at preſent, nor do I believe he will ſuffer himſelf to be ſo treated."

In ſhort, the curate talked ſo effectually, and the knight himſelf acted ſuch extravagancies, that the troopers muſt have been more mad than he, if they had not plainly perceived his defect; therefore they thought proper to be ſatisfied, and even performed the office of mediators betwixt the barber and Sancho Panza, who ſtill maintained the fray with, great animoſity; for, the troopers, as limbs of juſtice, brought the cauſe to an arbitration, and decided it in ſuch a manner, as left both parties, if not fully ſatisfied, at leaſt in ſome ſort content with the determination, which was, that the pannels ſhould be exchanged, but the girths and halters remain as they were. With regard to Mambrino's helmet, the curate, unperceived by Don Quixote, took the barber aſide, and paid him eight rials for the baſon, taking a receipt in full, that cleared the knight from any ſuſpicion of fraud, from thence forward, for ever, amen.

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Theſe two quarrels, which were of the greateſt importance of any that happened, being luckily compoſed, it remained, that three of the ſervants belonging to Don Lewis ſhould return, and the fourth accompany his maſter to the place whither Don Fernando intended to conduct him; and as good luck and favourable fortune had already begun to quell the ſpirit of diſcord, and ſmooth all difficulties, in behalf of the lovers and heroes in the inn, they were reſolved to proceed in ſuch a laudable work, and bring every thing to a happy concluſion; for, the domeſticks were ſatisfied with what Don Lewis propoſed; a circumſtance that gave ſuch pleaſure to Donna Clara, that every body who beheld her face might have diſcerned the joy of her ſoul. Zorayda, tho' ſhe did not well underſtand the incidents ſhe had ſeen, was ſorrowful and gay, by turns, according as ſhe perceived the company affected, particularly her Spaniard, upon whom her eyes and heart were always fixed. The innkeeper, who took particular notice of the full ſatisfaction which the barber had received from the curate, demanded payment of Don Quixote, for the damage he had done to the bags, and the loſs of his wine, ſwearing that neither Rozinante nor Sancho's aſs, ſhould ſtir from the ſtable, until he ſhould be ſatisfied to the laſt farthing *. The curate pacified the landlord, and Don Fernando paid the bill, altho' the judge very frankly offered to take that upon himſelf: in this manner, univerſal concord was reſtored; ſo that, the inn no longer repreſented the diſorder in Agramonte's camp, but, rather the peace and quiet that reigned in the time of Octavius Cæſar: and this bleſſing was generally aſcribed to the laudable intention and great eloquence of the prieſt, together with the incomparable generoſity of Don Fernando.

Don Quixote now finding himſelf freed and diſintangled from ſo many broils, in which both he and his ſquire had been involved, thought it high time to proceed on his journey, in order to finiſh that great adventure to which he had been ſummoned and choſen: he therefore, with determined purpoſe, went and fell upon his knees before Dorothea, who refuſing to hear him in that poſture, he roſe, in obedience to her will, and expreſſed himſelf in this manner: "It is a common proverb, beauteous princeſs, that diligence is the mother of ſucceſs; and in many important cauſes, experience hath ſhewn, that the aſſiduity of the ſollicitor hath brought a very doubtful ſuit to a very fortunate iſſue; but, the truth of this maxim is no where more evinced than in war, where activity and diſpatch anticipate the deſigns of the enemy, and obtain the victory, before he has time to put himſelf in a poſture of defence. This I obſerve, moſt high and excellent

* It were to be wiſhed, for the honour of Spaniſh innkeepers, that Cervantes had cauſed mine hoſt to reſtore Sancho's wallet, which he had detained on the day of the blanketting; as ſuch reſtitution would have increaſed the general ſatisfaction.

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princeſs, becauſe, in my opinion, our ſtay in this caſtle is unprofitable and prejudicial, as we may one day perceive, when it is too late; for, who knows but, by means of ſecret and artful ſpies, your enemy, the giant, may get notice that I am coming to deſtroy him; and taking the opportunity of our delay, fortify himſelf in ſome impregnable caſtle, againſt which all my diligence, and the ſtrength of my indefatigable arm, will not avail: wherefore, moſt noble princeſs, let us, as I have already obſerved, prevent his deſigns by our activity, and ſet out immediately, in the name of good fortune, which your highneſs ſhall not long ſigh for, after I ſhall have come within ſight of your adverſary."

Here the knight left off ſpeaking, and, with great compoſure, expected the anſwer of the beautiful infanta, who, with a moſt princely air, and in a ſtile perfectly well ſuited to his addreſs, replied in this manner: "I thank you, Sir knight, for the deſire you expreſs, to aſſiſt me in my neceſſity, like a true knight, whoſe duty and province it is, to ſuccour the fatherleſs and diſtreſſed; and heaven grant that your deſire and my expectation may be fulfilled, that you may ſee there are grateful women upon earth. With regard to my departure, let it be as ſpeedy as you pleaſe: my will is altogether included in yours; diſpoſe of me, therefore, according to your own pleaſure; for, ſhe who hath once inveſted you with the charge and defence of her perſon, and ſolely depends upon your valour, for being re-eſtabliſhed on her throne, would act prepoſterouſly, in ſeeking to contradict what your prudence ſhall ordain." "In the name of God, then, cried Don Quixote, ſince a princeſs humbles herſelf thus, before me, I will not let ſlip the opportunity of raiſing her up, and placing her upon the throne of her anceſtors: let us depart immediately; for, the deſire of ſeeing you reſtored, the length of the journey, and the common reflexion, "that delays are dangerous," act as ſpurs upon my reſolution; and ſince, heaven hath not created, nor hell ever ſeen an object that could ſtrike me with terror and conſternation, go, Sancho, ſaddle Rozinante, prepare the queen's palfrey, and get ready your own aſs, while we take leave of the conſtable, and theſe noble perſonages, and ſet forward on our journey, without loſs of time."

Here Sancho, who was preſent all the time, ſhook his head, ſaying, "Ah, maſter, maſter! there are more tricks in town than you dream of; with ſubmiſſion to the honourable lappets, be it ſpoken." "What tricks can there be either in town or city, that can redound to my diſcredit, raſcal?" cried the knight. "Nay, if your worſhip be in a paſſion, replied the ſquire, I will keep my tongue within my teeth, and not mention a ſyllable of what, as a truſty ſquire, and faithful ſervant, I am bound to reveal to my maſter." "Say what thou wouldſt, anſwered Don Quixote, ſo thy words have no tendency to make me afraid; for, in being ſuſceptible of fear, thou ſheweſt the

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the baſeneſs of thy own character, as I, in being proof againſt all ſorts of terror, preſerve the dignity of mine." "As I am a ſinner to God, cried Sancho, that is not the caſe; but, this I know for truth and poſitive certainty, that this lady, who calls herſelf queen of the great kingdom Micomicon, is no more a queen than my mother; for, if ſhe were what ſhe pretends to be, ſhe would not be nuzzling into a corner with one of this company, at every ſnatch of an opportunity."

Dorothea's face was overſpread with a bluſh, at theſe words of Sancho; for, ſooth to ſay, her huſband Don Fernando had ſeveral times, as he thought, unperceived, made free with her lips, as earneſt of that reward his affection deſerved; and in ſo doing, he was obſerved by Sancho, who thought that ſuch condeſcenſion in her looked more like the behaviour of a courtezan than that of ſuch a mighty princeſs; ſo, that ſhe neither could nor would anſwer one word to this charge, but, ſuffered him to proceed in theſe words: "This, dear maſter, I make bold to mention, becauſe, if after we have travelled the Lord knows how far, and paſſed many weary days and bitter nights, he that is taking his recreation in this inn ſhould gather the fruit of all our labour; we need not be in ſuch a perilous hurry to ſaddle Rozinante, prepare the palfrey, and get ready the aſs; but, had better remain in peace where we are, and as the ſaying is, "While we enjoy our meal let every harlot mind her ſpinning-wheel."

Gracious heaven! what a torrent of indignation entered the breaſt of Don Quixote, when he heard theſe indecent expreſſions of his ſquire: ſuch, I ſay, was the rage that took poſſeſſion of his faculties, that with a faultering voice and ſtammering tongue, while his eyes flaſhed lightening, he exclaimed, "O villainous, inconſiderate, indecent and ignorant peaſant! thou foul-mouthed, unmannerly, inſolent and malicious ſlanderer! dareſt thou utter ſuch language againſt theſe honourable ladies in my preſence? dareſt thou entertain ſuch diſgraceful and audacious ideas in thy confuſed imagination? Get out of my ſight, monſter of nature, depoſitory of lies, cupboard of deceit, granary of knavery, inventor of michief, publiſher of folly, and foe to that reſpect which is due to royalty; go, nor preſume to ſee my face again, on pain of my higheſt diſpleaſure!" So ſaying, he pulled up his eye-brows, diſtended his cheeks, looked round him, and with his right foot, ſtamped violently upon the floor, in conſequence of the wrath that preyed upon his intrails.

Sancho was ſo ſhrunk and terrified at theſe words and furious geſtures, that he would have been glad, if the earth had opened that inſtant, under his feet, and ſwallowed him up; and not knowing what elſe to do, he ſneaked off from the preſence of his incenſed maſter: but, the diſcreet Dorothea, who was ſo well acquainted with Don Quixote's humour, in order

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to appeaſe his indignation, accoſted him thus: "Sir knight of the rueful countenance, let not your wrath be kindled by the noneſenſe which your good ſquire hath uttered; for, perhaps, he might have had ſome ſort of reaſon for what he ſaid: and as from his good underſtanding and chriſtian conſcience, he cannot be ſuſpected of a deſign to bear falſe witneſs againſt any perſon whatever, it is to be ſuppoſed, and indeed I firmly believe, that every thing in this caſtle, as you, Sir knight, have obſerved, being conducted by means of enchantment, Sancho, thro' that diabolical medium, muſt have ſeen what he affirms, ſo much to the prejudice of my honour and reputation." "I ſwear by Almighty God! cried Don Quixote, that your highneſs hath hit upon the true cauſe! and the eyes of that poor ſinner Sancho, have been faſcinated by ſome deluſive viſion, of what could not poſſibly be real; for, unleſs he had been miſled by enchantment, ſuch is the innocence and ſimplicity of that miſerable wretch, that I know he neither could nor would invent a ſlander againſt any living ſoul." "That certainly is, and ſhall be the caſe, ſaid Don Fernando; for which reaſon, ſignor Don Quixote ought to pardon and reſtore him to the boſom of his favour, Sicut erat in principio, before thoſe illuſions impaired his underſtanding."

The knight promiſed to forgive him accordingly; upon which, the curate went in queſt of Sancho, who came in with great humility, and falling on his knees, begged leave to kiſs his maſter's hand: this favour was granted by Don Quixote, who alſo gave him his benediction, ſaying, "Thou wilt now, ſon Sancho, be convinced of the truth of what I have ſo often told thee, that all things in this caſtle are performed by the power of enchantment." "I believe ſo too, replied the ſquire, except in the affair of the blanketting, which really happened in the ordinary courſe of things." "Thou muſt not imagine any ſuch thing, anſwered the knight; for, had that been the caſe, I ſhould have revenged thy cauſe at the time, and even now would do thee juſtice; but, neither at that time, nor now, could I, or can I find, any perſons to chaſtiſe as the cauſe of thy diſaſter."

The company being deſirous of knowing the affair of the blanket, the landlord gave a very minute detail of Sancho's capering, to the no ſmall diverſion of all preſent, except the maſter and the ſquire himſelf, who would have been very much out of countenance, had not the knight aſſured him anew, that the whole was effected by enchantment: tho' the folly of Sancho never roſe to ſuch a pitch, but that he firmly believed, without the leaſt mixture of doubt or deluſion, that his blanketting had been performed by perſons of fleſh and blood, and not by phantoms or imaginary beings, according to the opinion and affirmation of his maſter.

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Two days had this illuſtrious company already paſſed at the inn, from whence thinking it now high time to depart, they concerted matters in ſuch a manner, as that, without putting Dorothea and Don Fernando to the trouble of returning with Don Quixote to the place of his habitation, in order to carry on the ſcheme concerning the reſtoration of queen Micomicona, the curate and barber were enabled to execute their deſign of carrying him to his own houſe, where endeavours might be uſed, for the cure of his diſorder. In conſequence of this plan, they agreed with the maſter of an ox-waggon, who chanced to paſs that way, for tranſporting the knight in the following manner: having made a ſort of wooden cage, capacious enough to hold Don Quixote at his eaſe, Don Fernando, with his companions, the ſervants of Don Lewis, together with the troopers and inn-keeper, by order and direction of the curate, covered their faces and diſguiſed themſelves, ſome in one ſhape, ſome in another, ſo as to appear, in Don Quixote's eyes, quite different from the people he had ſeen in the caſtle. Thus equipped, they entered, with all imaginable ſilence, into the chamber where he lay aſleep and fatigued with the toil he had undergone in the ſkirmiſhes already deſcribed; and laying faſt hold on him, while he ſecurely enjoyed his eaſe, without dreaming of ſuch an accident, tied both his hands and feet ſo effectually, that when he waked, in ſurprize, he could neither move, nor do any other thing but teſtify his wonder and perplexity at ſight of ſuch ſtrange faces. He then had recourſe to what his diſtempered imagination continually ſuggeſted, and concluded that all theſe figures were phantomes of that inchanted caſtle; and that he himſelf was, without all queſtion, under the power of incantation, ſeeing he could not even ſtir, in his own defence: and this conceit was exactly foreſeen by the curate, who was author of the whole contrivance. The only perſon of the whole company who remained unaltered, both in figure and intellect, was Sancho, who, though his lack of underſtanding fell very little ſhort of his maſter's infirmity, was not ſo mad but that he knew every one of the apparitions, though he durſt not open his mouth, until he ſhould ſee the meaning of this aſſault and capture of the knight, who likewiſe expected, in ſilence, the iſſue of his own misfortune.

Having brought the cage into his apartment, they encloſed him in it, and fixed the bars ſo faſt, that it was impoſſible to pull them aſunder; then taking it on their ſhoulders, in carrying it out, they were ſaluted by as dreadful a voice as could be aſſumed by the barber (I do not mean the owner of the pannel) who pronounced theſe words: "O knight of the rueful countenance! afflict not thyſelf on account of thy preſent confinement, which is neceſſary towards the more ſpeedy accompliſhment of that great adventure in which thy valour hath engaged thee; and which

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will be atchieved when the furious Manchegan lion is coupled with the white Toboſian dove, their lofty necks being humbled to the ſoft matrimonial yoke. From which unheard-of conjunction, the world ſhall be bleſſed with courageous whelps, who will imitate the tearing talons of their valiant ſire; and this will happen, e'er the purſuer of the fugitive nymph ſhall have twice performed his viſit through the reſplendent conſtellations, in his natural and rapid courſe. And O! thou the moſt noble and obedient ſquire that ever wore ſword in belt, beard on chin, or ſmell in noſtril, be not diſmayed nor diſcontented at ſeeing the flower of knight-errantry thus carried off before thine eyes; for, if it pleaſe the creator of this world, ſoon ſhalt thou be ſo exalted and ſublimed, as that thou wilt not even know thyſelf; neither ſhalt thou be defrauded of the fruit of thoſe promiſes which thy worthy lord has made in thy behalf; and I aſſure thee, in the name of the ſage Fibberiana*, that thy ſalary ſhall be faithfully paid, as in effect thou wilt ſee: follow, therefore, the footſteps of the valiant and inchanted knight; for, it is neceſſary that you ſhould proceed together, to the end of your career; and as I am not permitted to declare myſelf more explicitly, I bid you heartily farewel, and will return I well know whither." Towards the end of this prophecy, he raiſed his voice to the higheſt pitch, and then ſunk it gradually, to ſuch a faint and diſtant tone, that even thoſe who were privy to the joke, were tempted to believe what they had heard.

Don Quixote remained very much comforted by this prophecy, the meaning of which he no ſooner heard than comprehended; interpreting the whole into a promiſe, that he ſhould one day ſee himſelf joined in the juſt and holy bonds of matrimony with his beloved Dulcinea del Toboſo, from whoſe fortunate womb would proceed thoſe whelps (meaning his ſons) which would perpetuate the glory of la Mancha. In this perſuaſion, therefore, and firm belief, he raiſed his voice, and heaving a profound ſigh, replied, "O thou! whoſoever thou art, whoſe prognoſtication ſounds ſo favourably in mine ears, I beg thou wilt, in my name, beſeech the ſage inchanter who takes charge of my affairs, that he will not leave me to periſh in the confinement which I now ſuffer, until I ſhall have ſeen the accompliſhment of thoſe joyful and incomparable promiſes which thou haſt uttered in my behalf. So ſhall I glory in the hardſhips of this priſon, and bear with pleaſure, theſe chains with which my limbs are fettered; and inſtead of comparing the boards on which I lie, to the rough, uncomfortable field of battle, conſider them as the ſoothing down of the moſt happy and luxurious marriage-bed. With reſpect to the conſolation of Sancho Panza, my ſquire, I confide in his virtue and affection, which

* A word of equal ſignification with *Mentironiana*, from *Mentero/o*, a liar.

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will not allow him to forſake me either in proſperity or adverſity; for, ſhould his evil fortune, or my unhappy fate, hinder me from beſtowing upon him the iſland, or ſome equivalent, according to my promiſe; at leaſt, he ſhall not loſe his wages, ſpecified and bequeathed to him in my will that is already made; a recompence which, though proportioned to my own ſlender ability, comes far ſhort of his great and faithful ſervices."

Here the ſquire bowed, in the moſt reſpectful manner, and kiſſed both his hands, as he could not make his compliments to one of them apart, they being faſt bound together. Then the apparitions taking the cage upon their ſhoulders, carried it to the waggon, in which it was immediately fixed.

CHAP. XX.

An account of the ſtrange manner in which Don Quixote was enchanted; with other remarkable events.

DON Quixote ſeeing himſelf thus encaged, and placed upon a cart, could not help ſaying, "Many very grave hiſtories have I read, concerning knights-errant; but, never did I read, ſee, or hear, that enchanted knights were tranſported in this manner, at ſuch a pace as theſe lazy, ſlow-footed animals ſeem to promiſe; for, they uſed always to be carried through the air, with ſurprizing ſwiftneſs, wrapt up in ſome dark and duſky cloud, or in a fiery chariot, or mounted on a hypogriff, or ſome ſuch creature: ſo that, before God! I am utterly confounded at my own fate, in being thus tranſported on a waggon drawn by oxen. But, perhaps the chivalry and enchantments of this age follow a different path from that which was purſued of old; and, as I am a new knight on the face of the earth, and the firſt who revived the long forgotten order of errantry; perhaps, they may have alſo newly invented other kinds of incantation, and other methods of conveying thoſe whom they inchant. What is thy opinion of the matter, ſon Sancho?" "I know not what my opinion is, replied the ſquire, becauſe I am not ſo well read in the ſcriptures of errantry as your worſhip: but, for all that, I will venture to affirm, ay and ſwear to it, that theſe apparitions who ſtrole about us, are not altogether catholic." "Catholic! my *ſtars! anſwered the knight, how can they be catholic, when they are all devils who have aſſumed fantaſtical ſhapes, and come hither on purpoſe to perform this deed, and leave me in my pre-

* In the original *mi padre!* my father! which I have changed for an exclamation more frequently uſed in our language.

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ſent ſituation? but, that thou mayeſt be † convinced of the truth of what I alledge, endeavour to touch and feel them, and thou wilt perceive that they have no other bodies but forms of condenſed air, conſiſting of nothing but meer ſemblance." "'Fore God! ſir, cried Sancho, I have made that trial already, and that ſame devil who goes about ſo buſy, is well provided with good ſubſtantial fleſh, and has another property widely different from what is reported of evil ſpirits, all of whom, they ſay, ſtink of brimſtone and other bad ſmells; whereas, he is ſo well ſcented with amber, that you may perceive it, at the diſtance of half a league." "Marvel not at that circumſtance, friend Sancho, replied the knight, for thou muſt know that devils are a ſet of very ſagacious beings, and although they bring ſmells along with them, they themſelves being ſpirits, can produce no ſmell; or if any odour proceeds from them, it cannot be agreeable, but rather ſtinking and unwholſome, becauſe they carry their hell about them, whereſoever they are, and their torments admit of no kind of alleviation: now, ſweet ſmells being agreeable and delicious, cannot poſſibly proceed from beings which are productive of nought but evil: therefore if, in thy opinion, that devil ſmells of amber, either thy ſenſes are perverted, or he wants to impoſe upon thy underſtanding, by making thee believe that he is not an inhabitant of hell."

Don Fernando and Cardenio overhearing this dialogue between the maſter and the ſquire, were afraid of Sancho's ſtumbling upon the diſcovery of their whole plot, in which he ſeemed already to have made great progreſs; therefore, determined to haſten their departure, and calling the landlord aſide, ordered him to ſaddle Rozinante, and put the pannel on Sancho's aſs. This taſk he performed with great diſpatch, while the curate agreed to give the troopers ſo much a day, for attending Don Quixote to the town where he lived. Cardenio having faſtened the target to one ſide of the pummel of Rozinante's ſaddle, and the baſon to the other, made ſigns for Sancho to mount his aſs, and lead his maſter's ſteed by the bridle, and then ſtationed two of the troopers, with their carbines, on each ſide of the waggon. But, before it began to move, the landlady, her daughter, and Maritornes, came out to take leave of Don Quixote, feigning themſelves extremely affected with his misfortune; upon which he ſaid to them, "Weep not, worthy ladies; all theſe diſaſters are incident to thoſe who chooſe my profeſſion, and if I were not ſubject to ſuch calamities, I ſhould not deem myſelf a renowned knight-errant; for, theſe things never happen to knights of little fame and reputation, who are never regarded, ſcarce even remembred on the face of the earth. It is quite otherwiſe with

† In the text, the knight is guilty of a palpable ſoleciſm, in deſiring Sancho to touch and feel that which, he himſelf expreſly obſerves, was ſubject neither to touch or feeling.

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the valiant, whoſe virtue and valour is envied by many princes and rivals, who endeavour, by the moſt perfidious means to deſtroy them; but, nevertheleſs, virtue is ſo powerful, that of herſelf ſhe will, in ſpite of all the negromancy poſſeſſed by the firſt inventor Zoroaſter, come off conqueror in every ſevere trial, and ſhine refulgent in the world, as the ſun ſhines in the heavens. Pardon me, beauteous ladies, if I have given you any diſguſt, through neglect or omiſſion; for, willingly and knowingly, I never offended a living ſoul; and pray to God to deliver me from this priſon in which I am confined by ſome malicious inchanter: for, if I were at liberty, the favours I have received from your courteſy, in this caſtle, ſhall never eſcape my remembrance, but always be acknowledged with gratitude, ſervice and reſpect."

While the knight made theſe profeſſions to the ladies of the caſtle, the curate and barber took their leave of Don Fernando and his companions, the captain and his brother, and all the happy ladies, eſpecially Dorothea and Lucinda: they embraced each other, and agreed to maintain a correſpondence by letters, Don Fernando giving the curate a direction by which he might write to him an account of the knight's future behaviour and fate, than which, he proteſted, nothing could yield him more pleaſure; and promiſing, for his own part, to inform the prieſt of every thing which he thought would conduce to his ſatisfaction, relating to his own marriage, the baptiſm of Zorayda, the ſucceſs of Don Lewis, and the return of Lucinda to her father's houſe: the prieſt having aſſured him, that he would obey his commands with the utmoſt punctuality, they embraced again, and repeated their mutual proffers of ſervice. The innkeeper coming to the curate, put into his hand a bundle of papers, which he ſaid he had found in the lining of the portmantua, along with the novel of the Impertinent Curioſity; and ſince the owner had not returned that way, he deſired the prieſt to accept of them; for, as he himſelf could not read, he had no occaſion for ſuch uſeleſs furniture: the curate thanked him for his preſent, which he immediately opened, and found written in the title page, Rinconete and Cortadilla *, a novel: from hence he concluded, that ſince the Impertinent Curioſity was an entertaining ſtory, this might alſo have ſome merit, as being probably a work of the ſame author; and on this ſuppoſition put it carefully up, intending to peruſe it, with the firſt convenient opportunity: then he and his friend the barber mounting their beaſts, with their faces ſtill diſguiſed, that they might not be known by Don Quixote, jogged on, behind the waggon, and the order of their march was this: firſt of all proceeded the cart, conducted by the driver, and guarded on each ſide by the troopers with their carbines, as we have already obſerved; then followed

* Written by Cervantes himſelf.

Sancho

Sancho Panza upon his aſs, leading Rozinante by the bridle; and in the rear of all, came the curate and the barber maſked, and mounted on their truſty mules, with a grave and ſolemn air, marching no faſter than the ſlow pace of the oxen would allow; while the knight ſat within his cage, leaning againſt the bars, with ſuch ſilence and reſignation, that he looked more like a ſtatue of ſtone than a man of fleſh and blood: in this ſlow and ſilent manner they had travelled about a couple of leagues, when they arrived in a valley, which the wagoner thinking a convenient ſpot for his purpoſe, propoſed to the curate, that they ſhould halt to refreſh themſelves, and let the oxen feed; but, the barber was of opinion, that they ſhould proceed a little farther to the other ſide of a riſing-ground, which appeared at a ſmall diſtance, where he knew there was another valley better ſtored with graſs, and much more agreeable than this in which the waggoner propoſed to halt. The advice of Mr. Nicolas was approved, and they jogged on accordingly.

About this time, the curate chancing to look back, perceived behind them, ſix or ſeven men well mounted, who ſoon overtook them, as they did not travel at the phlegmatic pace of the oxen, but, like people who rode on eccleſiaſtic mules, and were deſirous of ſpending the heat of the day at an inn that appeared within leſs than a league of the waggon: theſe expeditious ſtrangers coming up with our ſlow travellers, ſaluted them courteouſly, and one among them, who was actually a canon of Toledo, and maſter of thoſe who accompanied him, obſerving the regular proceſſion of the waggon, troopers, Sancho, Rozinante, the curate and barber, and in particular, Don Quixote encaged and ſecured as he was, could not help aſking why, and whither they were conveying that man in ſuch a manner? tho' he had already conjectured, from the badges of the troopers, that he muſt be ſome attrocious rober or delinquent, the puniſhment of whom belonged to the holy brotherhood. One of the troopers, to whom the queſtion was put, anſwered, "Signor, the gentleman himſelf will tell you the meaning of his travelling in this manner; for our parts, we know nothing at all of the matter." The knight overhearing what paſſed, ſaid to the ſtrangers, "Gentlemen, if you are ſkilled and converſant in matters of knight-errantry, I will communicate my misfortune; otherwiſe there is no reaſon why I ſhould fatigue myſelf with the relation."

By this time, the curate and barber having perceived the travellers in converſation with the knight, came up, in order to prevent their plot from being diſcovered, juſt as the canon had begun to anſwer Don Quixote in theſe words: "Truly, brother, I am better acquainted with books of chivalry than with the ſummaries of Villalpando; ſo that, if there be nothing elſe requiſite, you may freely impart to me as much as you pleaſe." "A

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God's name then, ſaid Don Quixote, if that be the caſe, you muſt know, ſignor cavalier, that I am enchanted in this cage, thro' the envy and fraud of miſchievous negromancers; for, virtue is always more perſecuted by the wicked than beloved by the righteous: a knight-errant I am, tho' none of thoſe whoſe names fame never enrolled in her eternal records; but, of that number, whom maugre, and in deſpite of Envy herſelf, and all the magi whom Perſia ever produced, with the brachmans of India, and gymnoſophiſts of Æthiopia, will leave their names engraved on the temple of immortality, as examples and patterns to ſucceeding ages, by which all knights-errant may ſee what ſteps they muſt follow, if they wiſh to attain the height and honourable ſummit of arms."

Here the curate interpoſing, ſaid, " Signor Don Quixote ſpeaks no more than the truth; he is inchanted in that waggon, not on account of his own crimes or miſdemeanours, but thro' the malice of thoſe who are diſguſted at virtue, and offended at valour: this, ſignor, is the knight of the rueful countenance, whoſe name perhaps you have heard, and whoſe valiant exploits, and mighty atchievements, will be engraved on durable braſs, and carved in eternal marble, in ſpite of the unwearied efforts of malice to cancel, and of envy to obſcure them."

The canon hearing ſuch a ſtile proceed, not only from the priſoner's mouth, but alſo from the lips of him who was free, had well nigh croſſed himſelf with aſtoniſhment, and could not conceive what had befallen him, while his whole company were ſeized with the ſame degree of amazement: but, Sancho Panza, who was near enough to hear what paſſed, being willing to undeceive the ſtrangers, ſaid to them, " Gentlemen, whether what I am going to ſay, be ill or well taken, I muſt tell you the caſe is this: my maſter Don Quixote is no more enchanted than the mother that bore me; he enjoys his right wits, eats, drinks, and does his occaſions, like other men, and as he himſelf was wont to do, before he was encaged: now, if this be the truth of the matter, how can any man perſuade me that he is enchanted? ſince I have heard divers perſons obſerve, that thoſe who are enchanted, neither eat, ſleep, nor ſpeak; whereas, my maſter, if he is not hindered, will talk like thirty barriſters." Then turning to the curate, he proceeded thus: " Ah Mr. curate, Mr. curate! you think I don't know you, and imagine that I cannot dive into the meaning of theſe new enchantments; but, you are miſtaken: I know you very well, for all your maſking, and can ſmell out your plots, diſguiſe them as you will; in ſhort, as the ſaying is, Juſt are virtue's fears, where envy domineers; and bounty will not ſtay, where niggards bear the ſway. Damn the devil, if it had not been for your reverence, my maſter, by this time, would have been married to the princeſs Micomicona, and

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and I ſhould have been an earl, at leaſt; for, leſs I could not expect, either from the generoſity of my lord of the rueful countenance, or from the greatneſs of my own ſervices: but, now I ſee the truth of what is commonly ſaid, that fortune turns faſter than a mill-wheel; and that thoſe who were yeſterday at top, may find themſelves at bottom to day. It grieves me, on account of my poor wife and children, who, inſtead of ſeeing their father come home, in the poſt of governor or viceroy of ſome iſland or kingdom, as they had great reaſon to expect, will behold him returning in the ſtation of a common groom: all this I have obſerved, Mr. curate, for no other reaſon, but to prevail upon your fatherſhip, to make a conſcience of the ill treatment my maſter receives at your hands; and conſider that God may call you to account in the next world, for this captivity of my lord Don Quixote, and for all the ſuccours and benefits that are prevented by his being thus confined."

"Snuff me theſe candles, (cried the barber, hearing the ſquire's declaration) why, ſure Sancho you belong to your maſter's fraternity; by the Lord! I find you ought to keep him company in his cage, and undergo the ſame ſort of enchantment, ſo much are you infected with the humour of his chivalry: in an unhappy moment were you got with child by his promiſes, and in an evil hour did that iſland you harp ſo much upon, take poſſeſſion of your ſkull." "I am not with child by any perſon whatever, anſwered Sancho, nor will I ſuffer any king in Chriſtendom to beget a child upon my body; for, tho' I be a poor man, I'm an old chriſtian, and owe no man a farthing: if I long for an iſland, others long for things that are worſe, every one being the ſon of his own works: the loweſt mortal may come to be pope, much more governor of an iſland, eſpecially as my maſter may gain more than he knows well what do with. Mr. barber, you had better think before you ſpeak: there is ſomething elſe to do than ſhaving of beards; and * one Pedro may differ from another: this I ſay, becauſe we know one another; and you muſt not think to palm falſe dice upon me: with regard to the enchantment of my maſter, God knows the truth, and there let it lie; for, as the ſaying is, the more you ſtir it, the more it will—you know what." The barber durſt not make any reply, leſt Sancho's ſimplicity ſhould diſcover what he and the curate were ſo deſirous of concealing; and the prieſt being under the ſame apprehenſion, deſired the canon to ride on with him, a little before the waggon, promiſing to diſcloſe the myſtery of the encaged knight, with other particulars that would yield him ſome diverſion: the canon put on accordingly, with his ſervants, liſtening attentively to every thing the curate was pleaſed to

* Equivalent to our ſaying, "Every jack is not a good-fellow."

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communicate, concerning the rank, employment, madneſs, and manners of Don Quixote; for, he briefly recounted the cauſe and beginning of his diſorder, with the whole progreſs of his adventures, until he was ſecured in the cage, by their contrivance, that they might carry him home to his own houſe, and endeavour to find ſome cure for his diſtemper.

The canon and his ſervants were aſtoniſhed anew, at hearing the ſtrange ſtory of Don Quixote, which being finiſhed, the Toledan replied, "Truly, Mr. curate, I am firmly perſuaded that thoſe books of chivalry are very prejudicial in the commonwealth; for, though I have been induced by a falſe taſte and idle curioſity, to read the beginning of almoſt every one that hath been printed, I never could prevail upon myſelf to read any one of them from the firſt to the laſt page; becauſe, in my opinion, they are all of the ſame ſtamp, without any eſſential difference; and indeed that kind of compoſition ſeems inferior to the Mileſian fables, which are no other than extravagant tales calculated for meer amuſement, without any tendency to inſtruction: on the contrary, the ſcope of your apologues, is to convey inſtruction and delight together. Now, though the principal intention of thoſe books is to delight and entertain the reader, I do not ſee how they can anſwer that end, being, as they are, ſtuffed with ſuch improbable nonſenſe: for, the pleaſure that the ſoul conceives, is from the beauty and harmony of thoſe things which are contemplated by the view, or ſuggeſted by the imagination; ſo, that we can receive no pleaſure from objects that are unnatural and deformed. And what beauty, ſymmetry or proportion can be obſerved in a book, containing the hiſtory of a youth of ſeventeen, who, with one back-ſtroke, cuts through the middle a giant like a tower, with as much eaſe as if he had been made of paſte; and in the deſcription of a battle, after having obſerved, that there are no leſs than a million of combatants on the ſide oppoſite to that which our author eſpouſes, we muſt, in deſpite of common ſenſe, believe, that ſuch a knight obtained the victory, by the ſingle valour of his invincible arm. Then, how ſhall we account for the confidence with which ſome queen, empreſs, or orphan heireſs, throws herſelf into the protection of an unknown knight-errant? What mind, if not wholly barbarous and uncultivated, can be pleaſed with an account of a huge tower full of knights, ſailing upon the ſea, like a ſhip before the wind; being over-night, upon the coaſt of Lombardy, and next morning arrived in the dominions of Preſter John, in the Indies, or in ſome other country which Ptolemy never diſcovered, nor Marcus Polus ever ſaw? If to this obſervation, it be anſwered, that the authors of thoſe books do not pretend that the ſtories they contain, are true; and therefore, they are under no neceſſity of adhering to ſuch niceties of compoſition: I reply, that fiction is always the better, the

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nearer it reſembles truth, and agreeable in proportion to the probability it bears, and the doubtful credit which it inſpires. Wherefore, all ſuch fables ought to be ſuited to the underſtanding of thoſe who read them, and written ſo, as that by ſoftening impoſſibilities, ſmoothing what is rough, and keeping the mind in ſuſpence, they may ſurprize, agreeably perplex, and entertain, creating equal admiration and delight; and theſe never can be excited by authors who forſake probability and imitation, in which the perfection of writing conſiſts. I have never as yet ſeen, in any book of chivalry, an intire body of a fable, with all its members ſo proportioned, as that the middle corresponds with the beginning, and the end is ſuitable to both; on the contrary, one would think the author's intention is commonly to form a chimera or monſter, inſtead of a figure well proportioned in all its parts. Beſides, their ſtile is uſually harſh, their atchievements incredible, their amours laſcivious, their courteſy impertiment, their battles tedious, their dialogue inſipid, their voyages extravagant, and, in ſhort, the whole void of all ingenuity of invention; ſo that they deſerve to be baniſhed as uſeleſs members from every chriſtian commonwealth."

The curate, who had liſtened with great attention, hearing the canon talk ſo ſenſibly, looked upon him as a man of excellent underſtanding, and aſſented to every thing he ſaid, obſerving that, in conſequence of his being of the ſame opinion, and of the grudge he bore to ſuch books of chivalry, he had burned a great number of thoſe that belonged to Don Quixote. He then gave him a detail of the ſcrutiny which had been made, diſtinguiſhing ſuch as he ſpared, from thoſe that he condemned to the flames.

The traveller laughed heartily at this account of ſuch an extraordinary trial, ſaying, that notwithſtanding what he had advanced to the diſadvantage of ſuch books, there was one thing in them which he could not but approve; namely, the ſubject they preſented for a good genius to diſplay itſelf, opening a large and ample field in which the pen might, at leiſure, expatiate, in the deſcription of ſhipwrecks, tempeſts, battles and encounters; painting a valiant general with all his neceſſary accompliſhments, ſage and penetrating into the enemy's deſigns; eloquent and effectual, either in perſuading or diſſuading his ſoldiers, ripe in council, prompt in execution, and equally brave in ſtanding or in giving an aſſault. One while, recounting a piteous, tragical ſtory; at another time, deſcribing a joyful and unexpected event; here, a moſt beautiful lady endued with virtue, diſcretion and reſerve; there, a chriſtian knight poſſeſſed of courteſy and valour; in a third place, an outrageous boaſting barbarian; and in a fourth, a polite, conſiderate gallant prince; not forgetting to deſcribe the faith and loyalty of vaſſals, together with the grandeur and generoſity of great men. The author may alſo ſhew himſelf an aſtrologer, geographer, muſician,

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cian, and well ſkilled in ſtate-affairs; nay, if he be ſo minded, he will ſometimes have an opportunity of manifeſting his ſkill in negromancy and magic: he may repreſent the cunning of Ulyſſes, the piety of Æneas, the valour of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the perfidy of Sinon, the friendſhip of Euryalus, the liberality of Alexander, the ability of Cæſar, the clemency and candour of Trajan, the fidelity of Zopyrus, the wiſdom of Cato, and finally, all thoſe qualifications which conſtitute the perfection of an illuſtrious hero; ſometimes, uniting them in one, ſometimes dividing them into ſeveral characters; and the whole being expreſſed in an agreeable ſtile and ingenious invention, that borders as near as poſſible, upon the truth, will, doubtleſs, produce a web of ſuch various and beautiful texture, as when finiſhed, to diſplay that perfection which will attain the chief end and ſcope of ſuch writings, which, as I have already obſerved, is to convey inſtruction mingled with delight. Beſides, the unlimited compoſition of ſuch books gives the author opportunities of ſhewing his talents in epics, lyrics, tragedy and comedy, and all the different branches of the delicious and agreeable arts of poetry and rhetoric: for, epics may be written in proſe as well as verſe."

CHAP. XXI.

In which the canon proſecutes the ſubject of knight-errantry, and makes other obſervations worthy of his genius.

"MR. canon, ſaid the curate, what you have obſerved, is extremely juſt; and therefore thoſe authors deſerve the greater reprehenſion, who have compoſed ſuch books, without the leaſt regard to good ſenſe or the rules of art, by which they might have conducted their plans, and rendered themſelves as famous in proſe as the two princes of Greek and Latin poetry are now in verſe." "I, myſelf, replied the canon, have been tempted to write a book of chivalry, obſerving all the maxims and precautions I have now laid down: nay, to tell you the truth, no leſs than an hundred ſheets of it are already written; and, in order to try if my own opinion of it was well founded, I have communicated my performance to a great many people, who are paſſionately fond of that kind of reading, not only, men of learning and taſte, but alſo ignorant perſons, who chiefly delight in extravagant adventures; and I have been favoured with the agreeable approbation of them all: nevertheleſs, I have not proceeded in the work; becauſe, I not only thought it foreign to my profeſſion, but, likewiſe concluded, that the world abounds much more with

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fools than people of ſenſe; and though an author had better be applauded by the few that are wiſe, than laughed at by the many that are fooliſh, I was unwilling to expoſe myſelf to the uninformed judgment of the arrogant vulgar, whoſe province it principally is, to read books of this kind: but, what contributed moſt, to my laying aſide the pen, and indeed all thoughts of bringing the work to a concluſion, was, a reflection I made upon the comedies of the preſent age. If, ſaid I to myſelf, our modern plays, not only thoſe which are formed upon fiction, but likewiſe ſuch as are founded on the truth of hiſtory, are all, or for the greateſt part, univerſally known to be monſtrous productions, without either head or tail, and yet received with pleaſure by the multitude, who approve and eſteem them as excellent performances, though they are far from deſerving that title; and if the authors who compoſe, and the actors who repreſent them, affirm, that this and no other method is to be practiſed, becauſe the multitude muſt be pleaſed; that thoſe which bear the marks of contrivance, and produce a fable digeſted according to the rules of art, ſerve only for entertainment to four or five people of taſte, who diſcern the beauties of the plan, which utterly eſcape all the reſt of the audience; and that it is better for them to gain a comfortable livelihood by the many, than ſtarve upon reputation with the few; at this rate, ſaid I, if I ſhould finiſh my book, after having ſcorched every hair in my whiſkers, in poring over it, to preſerve thoſe rules and precepts already mentioned, I might fare at laſt, like the * ſagacious botcher, who ſewed for nothing, and found his cuſtomers in thread. I have ſometimes endeavoured to perſuade the players, that they were miſtaken in their maxims; and that they would bring more company to their houſe, and acquire much more reputation, by repreſenting regular comedies, than ſuch abſurd performances; but, I always found them ſo obſtinately bigotted to their own fancies, that no evidence or demonſtration could alter their opinion in the leaſt. I remember, I once ſaid to one of thoſe pragmatic fellows, Don't you recollect, that a few years ago, three tragedies were acted, compoſed by a celebrated poet of this kingdom; and that they raiſed admiration, pleaſure and ſurprize, in all who ſaw them exhibited, gentle as well as ſimple, ignorant as well as learned, and brought more money to the actors than thirty of the beſt that have ſince appeared? Doubtleſs, anſwered the player, you mean, Iſabella, Phillis, and Alexandria?" The very ſame, ſaid I; and pray take notice, whether or not they are compoſed according to rule, or failed to pleaſe every body, becauſe they were regular? Wherefore, the fault does not lie in the multitude's demanding abſurdities, but, in thoſe who can repreſent nothing elſe; for, there is nothing abſurd in the play

* A Spaniſh proverb, applicable to a great many modern projectors and reformers.

of

of Ingratitude Revenged, nor in Numantia, the Merchant Lover, the Favourable female Foe, nor in ſome others which were compoſed by poets of genius, to their own reputation, and the advantage of thoſe who repreſented them. I made uſe of many more arguments, by which he ſeemed to be confuted, though not ſo much ſatisfied or convinced, as to retract his erroneous opinions."

" Mr. canon, ſaid the curate, interrupting him in this place, the ſubject you have touched upon awakes in me an old grudge I have bore to our modern plays, even equal to that I entertain againſt books of chivalry. Comedy, according to Tully, ought to be the mirrour of life, the exemplar of manners, and picture of truth; whereas thoſe that are repreſented in this age, are mirrours of abſurdity, exemplars of folly, and pictures of lewdneſs; for, ſure nothing can be more abſurd, in a dramatic performance, than to ſee the perſon, who in the firſt ſcene of the firſt act, was produced a child in ſwaddling-cloaths, appear a full grown man with a beard, in the ſecond; or to repreſent an old man active and valiant, a young ſoldier cowardly, a footman eloquent, a page a counſellor, a king a porter, and a princeſs a ſcullion. Then, what ſhall we ſay concerning their management of the time and place, in which the actions have, or may be ſuppoſed to have, happened? I have ſeen a comedy, the firſt act of which was laid in Europe, the ſecond in Aſia, and the third was finiſhed in Africa; nay had there been a fourth, the ſcene would have ſhifted to America, ſo that the fable would have travelled through all the four diviſions of the globe. If imitation be the chief aim of comedy, how can any ordinary underſtanding be ſatisfied with ſeeing an action that paſſed in the time of king Pepin and Charlemagne, in which the latter had the principal ſhare, aſcribed to the emperor Heraclius, who, like Godfrey of Bulloign, carried the croſs into Jeruſalem, and made himſelf maſter of the holy ſepulchre; an infinite number of years having paſſed between the one and the other. Or, when a comedy is founded upon fiction, to ſee ſcraps of real hiſtory introduced, and facts miſrepreſented both with regard to perſons and times; not with any ingenuity of contrivance, but with the moſt manifeſt and inexcuſable errors and ſtupidity: and what is worſt of all, there is a ſet of ignorant pretenders, who call this the perfection of writing; and that every attempt to ſucceed by a contrary method is no other than a wild-gooſe chace*. Again, if we conſider thoſe plays that are written on divine ſubjects, how many falſe miracles do they contain? how many apocryphal events miſunderſtood by the author, who frequently confounds the operations of one ſaint with thoſe of another? nay, in prophane ſubjects, they have the aſſurance to work miracles, for

* *Buſcar Gullerias*, ſignifies to ſeek dainties.

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no other reſpect or conſideration, but becauſe they think ſuch a miracle will make a very decent appearance in ſuch a place; and, as they term it, attract the admiration of the vulgar, and bring them in crouds to the play: but, all this redounds to the prejudice of truth, the contempt of hiſtory, and ſcandal of our Spaniſh wits; ſo that the authors of other nations, who punctually obſerve the unities of the drama, conclude, that we are barbarous and ignorant, from our abſurd and prepoſterous productions. Neither is it a ſufficient excuſe, to ſay, that the intent of all well-governed commonwealths, in permitting public plays to be acted, is to entertain the common people with ſome honeſt recreation, in order to divert thoſe bad humours which idleneſs uſually engenders; and that, ſince this end is anſwered by any play whatever, either good or bad, there is no occaſion to cramp and limit the authors or actors to the juſt laws of compoſition; the purpoſe of the legiſlature being, as I have ſaid, accompliſhed without any ſuch reſtriction. To this ſuggeſtion, I anſwer, that the ſame end, without any ſort of compariſon, will be much better anſwered by good than bad comedies; for, after having ſeen an artful and well-digeſted play repreſented, the hearer will go away, delighted with the comic parts, inſtructed by the ſerious, and agreeably ſurprized with the incidents; collecting information from the dialogue, precaution from the deceits of the fable, experience from the examples exhibited, affection for virtue, and indignation for vice. All theſe ſenſations, I ſay, will a good comedy excite in the ſpectator's mind, let it be never ſo ſtupid and uncultivated; for, of all impoſſibilities, it is the moſt impoſſible, that a comedy, thus perfect in all its parts, ſhould not yield more entertainment, ſatisfaction, and delight, than one that is defective in each particular, as the greateſt part of our modern pieces are. Neither is this want of correctneſs always to be laid to the author's charge; for, there are ſome poets among us who are perfectly well acquainted with the rules of writing, and could eaſily avoid any ſuch errors of compoſition; but as their pieces are made for ſale, they ſay, it is very true, that the players would not purchaſe them, if they were of any other ſtamp: ſo that the author is fain to accommodate himſelf to the demand of the actor who pays him for his work. The truth of this obſervation evidently appears in a great number of comedies, which have been compoſed by a moſt happy genius of theſe * kingdoms, with ſo much wit, pleaſantry, elegance of verſification, genteel dialogue, ſententious gravity, and finally, with ſuch elocution and ſublimity of ſtile, that the whole world reſounds with his fame: yet, in ſuiting himſelf to the falſe taſte of the actors, he hath not been able to bring them all to the requiſite point of perfection. Others again, are ſo inconſiderate in

* Lopez de Vega Carpio.

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their productions, that after repreſentation, the players have been frequently obliged to fly, and abſcond, for fear of chaſtiſement, on account of having exhibited ſomething to the prejudice of royal heads, or diſhonour of noble families: now, all theſe inconveniencies, with many more that I do not chooſe to mention, might be prevented, if there was at court, ſome perſon of taſte and learning, appointed to examine every dramatic performance before its appearance on the ſtage; and this precaution ſhould affect not only the plays compoſed in Madrid, but, all pieces whatever to be repreſented within the monarchy of Spain; for, without the approbation of this licenſer, ſigned and ſealed, no magiſtrates ſhould allow any production to be acted within the bounds of his juriſdiction. In conſequence of this expedient, the actors would take care to ſubmit every play to the cenſure of the examiner, that they might afterwards repreſent them with ſafety; and the authors would employ more caution and ſtudy in their compoſitions, knowing that they muſt paſs the rigorous examination of an intelligent judge: in this manner, good comedies would be produced, and the aim of ſuch writings happily accompliſhed, to the entertainment of the people, and the credit of Spaniſh wits; while the actors would repreſent them with ſecurity and advantage, and the ſtate be exempted from the trouble of chaſtiſing ſuch delinquents. And if the ſame licenſer, or any other perſon, were inveſted with the charge of examining books of chivalry, before they ſee the light, ſome performances of that ſort would certainly appear in all the perfection you have deſcribed, enriching our language with the delighful and precious treaſure of eloquence; while the old romances would be entirely eclipſed by the light of the new, that would furniſh rational amuſement not only for the idle, but alſo for thoſe who are moſt induſtrious; ſeeing, it is impoſſible for the bow to continue always bent, or that feeble nature can ſubſiſt, without ſome innocent recreation."

Thus far had the canon and curate proceeded in their converſation, when the barber coming up to them, ſaid to his townſman, "Mr. Licentiate, this is the place in which I propoſed to halt, that the oxen might have freſh paſture in abundance." The curate approved of the hint, and communicated their intention to the canon, who reſolved to ſtay with them, being invited by the ſituation of a delicious valley that preſented itſelf to his view; that he might, therefore, enjoy the agreeable ſpot, together with the converſation of the curate, for whom he had already conceived an affection, and be more particularly informed of Don Quixote's exploits, he ordered his domeſtics to proceed to an inn, which was not far off, and bring from thence victuals ſufficient for the whole company; for he was reſolved to ſpend the afternoon where he was. One of the ſervants

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ſervants told him that the ſumpter-mule, which by that time had reached the inn, carried proviſion enough, and that they ſhould want nothing but barley for the beaſts. " If that be the caſe, ſaid the canon, carry the reſt to the inn, and bring the ſumpter-mule hither."

Mean while, Sancho perceiving that he might now ſpeak to his maſter, without being overheard by the curate and barber, of whom he was ſuſpicious, approached the cage, and thus addreſſed himſelf to the knight: " Truly, Sir, in order to diſburthen my conſcience, I muſt tell you ſomething concerning this ſame enchantment. Theſe people, with maſks on their faces, are no other than the curate and barber of our town, who, I verily believe, have contrived to carry you off, in this manner, out of pure envy and ſpite, becauſe your worſhip has got the heels of them in your famous atchievements: now, this being ſuppoſed, it follows, as plain as the noſe upon my face, that you are not enchanted, but rather fooled and bamboozled. As a proof of which, I deſire to aſk you one queſtion, which if you anſwer, as I do believe you will, your worſhip may clap your ten fingers on the trick, and perceive that you are not enchanted, but that your whole brain is turned topſy-turvy." " Aſk what you will, ſon Sancho, replied Don Quixote, I will freely anſwer, and ſatisfy your doubts to the beſt of my power: with regard to your ſaying, that thoſe who attend us, are our friends and townſmen the curate and barber, ſo, indeed, they may appear to your eye; but, that they are really and effectually ſo, you muſt, by no means, believe; on the contrary, you are to conclude, that if they reſemble our friends, the enchanters, who can aſſume what form they pleaſe, have taken that appearance and reſemblance, to miſlead your credit, and bewilder your imagination in ſuch a labyrinth of perplexity, that even the clue of Theſeus would not extricate your thoughts: beſides, they may have done it with a view of confounding my judgment, that I might not be able to gueſs from what quarter my misfortune proceeds; for, if on one hand, you affirm, that I am attended by the barber and curate of our town; and on the other, I find myſelf encaged, though I am ſenſible, that nothing but ſupernatural force could ſuffice to confine me thus, what would you have me ſay or think, but, that the manner of my enchantment exceeds every thing I have read in all the hiſtories that treat of inchanted knights? Wherefore, ſet your heart at reſt, and take it for granted, that theſe are as far from being the perſons you have mentioned as I am from being a Turk. With reſpect to thy deſire of aſking me queſtions, I repeat my promiſe of anſwering, even if thy interrogation ſhould laſt till to-morrow morning." " God's bleſſed mother! cried the ſquire with great vociferation, is it poſſible that your worſhip can be ſo thick-ſkulled and brainleſs, as not to perceive the truth

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of what I alledge, and ſee that this impriſonment and misfortune is more owing to malice than enchantment? But, ſeeing it is ſo, I will venture to prove, beyond all contradiction, that you are no more enchanted than my aſs: tell me, therefore, as God ſhall deliver you from this miſchance, and as you hope to ſee yourſelf in the arms of my lady Dulcinea, when you leaſt expect any ſuch good luck—." "Truce with thy conjuration, ſaid the knight, and aſk what thou wilt; I have already promiſed to anſwer with the utmoſt punctuality." "That is my requeſt, anſwered Sancho; and what I want to know, is, that your worſhip will tell me, without eking or curtailing God's precious truth, but, in honeſt ſimplicity of heart, as one may, and doth expect from thoſe who, like your worſhip, profeſs the occupation of arms, under the title of knights-errant—." "I tell thee, cried the knight, interrupting him, I will not in the leaſt prevaricate: diſpatch then, Sancho, for, truly, I am quite tired with ſo many ſalvos, ſollicitations and preambles." "I make ſo bold, replied the ſquire, becauſe I am well aware of my maſter's goodneſs and ſincerity, which being as it were to the purpoſe, I aſk, (with reverence be it ſpoken) whether or not, ſince you have been confined, and as you ſuppoſe, inchanted in this cage, your worſhip hath felt any motion or deſire to undam either way, as the ſaying is?" "I do not know what you mean by undamming, anſwered Don Quixote; you muſt be more explicit, Sancho, if you expect an anſwer to the purpoſe." "Is it poſſible, ſaid the ſquire, that your worſhip ſhould be ignorant of the meaning of the word undamming, which is the firſt thing the boys learn at ſchool? Well then, you muſt know, I wanted to aſk if you never had any inclination to do that which no body elſe can do for you." "Now I underſtand thee, Sancho, ſaid the knight; verily, I have had divers calls of that nature, one of which is at preſent very importunate: pray, fall upon ſome method to diſembarraſs me; for, I believe all is not ſo ſweet and clean as it ought to be."

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CHAP. XXII.

The ſage converſation that paſſed between Sancho Panza and his maſter Don Quixote.

"HA! cried Sancho, have I caught you at laſt? this is what I wanted to know, with all my heart and ſoul; come on, ſir, there is no denying of what is commonly ſaid, when any perſon is in the dumps, I know not what is the matter with ſuch an one; he neither eats, drinks, nor ſleeps, nor anſwers to the purpoſe, when he is ſpoke to; ſure the man muſt be enchanted: from whence we are to conclude, that thoſe who are enchanted neither eat, drink, ſleep, nor do their natural occaſions, as I have obſerved; but, this is not the caſe with ſuch as are diſturbed with the inclination that your worſhip at preſent feels, drinking when they can get liquor, eating when they can lay hold on food, and giving plain anſwers to every queſtion that is aſked." "Thou art in the right, replied Don Quixote: but, I have already told thee, that there are different kinds of enchantment; and time may have ſo intirely altered the faſhion, that thoſe who are under the power of enchantment in this age may, like me, retain the uſe of their faculties, tho' it was quite otherwiſe of old; ſo, that there is no arguing or drawing conſequences, againſt the different practice of different times. I am ſenſible and certain of my being enchanted; and that is ſufficient for the quiet of my conſcience, which would give me great uneaſineſs, if I had the leaſt doubt about my fate, and allowed myſelf to be in this cage, like an idle coward, deceitfully withholding my ſuccour from a great number of the needy and oppreſſed, who, at this very hour, muſt be in the moſt abſolute and extreme neceſſity, from the want of my aid and protection." "Nevertheleſs, anſwered the ſquire, for your more abundant ſatisfaction, your worſhip, methinks, might try to eſcape from this priſon; for my own part, I'll be bound not only to give my aſſiſtance, but even to work your deliverance, and then you may endeavour to remount your truſty Rozinante, who trudges along as melancholy and ſad as if he was enchanted alſo. This being performed, let us try our fate once more, in queſt of adventures; and if they do not turn out to our expectation, it will be time enough to return to the cage, in which, I promiſe, on the faith of a true and loyal ſquire, to ſhut myſelf up with your worſhip, if perchance, thro' your ill fortune or my folly, this that I mention, ſhould not ſucceed." "I am content to follow thy counſel, brother Sancho, replied the knight, and whenever thou ſhalt perceive a proper conjuncture for effecting my deliverance, I will implicitly obey thee in every thing;

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thing; but, thou wilt ſoon find thyſelf deceived in thy opinion of my miſhap."

This converſation between the knight-errant and the erring ſquire, laſted until they arrived at the place in which the curate, canon and barber, who had already alighted, waited for them. The waggoner immediately unyoking his oxen, turned them looſe in that verdant and delicious ſpot, the coolneſs of which was extremely inviting, not only to enchanted people, like Don Quixote, but alſo to perſons of intelligence and diſcretion, like his ſquire, who beſought the curate to let his maſter come out of the cage, for a few minutes; becauſe, without ſuch permiſſion, the priſon would not be quite ſo clean as the decency of ſuch a knight required. The curate underſtanding what he meant, told him that he would willingly grant his requeſt, were he not under ſome apprehenſion, that his maſter, finding himſelf at liberty, would play one of his old pranks, and be gone where men ſhould never ſee his face again. "I will be bound for his good behaviour," anſwered Sancho: "And I alſo, ſaid the canon, eſpecially, if he will promiſe, on the word of a knight, not to ſtir from our preſence, until he ſhall have obtained our conſent.

"I will: (cried the knight, who overheard all that paſſed) the more ſo, as one who, like me, is enchanted, cannot be at liberty to make uſe of his own perſon; for, the enchanter can ſo utterly deprive him of all motion, that he ſhall not be able to ſtir from the place, for three whole ages; and if he ſhould make his eſcape, would whiſk him back thro' the air, in a twinkling." This being the caſe, he ſaid, they might very ſafely uncage him, eſpecially as ſuch indulgence would redound to the benefit of the whole company; for, he proteſted, that if they did not comply with his preſent neceſſities, he ſhould be obliged to incommode their ſenſe of ſmelling, unleſs they removed to a greater diſtance, from the place of his confinement.

The canon, confiding in his word and honour, took him by the hands, tied as they were, and helped him to deſcend from his cage: then the knight being infinitely rejoiced at his momentary deliverance, ſtretched every joint in his body, and going up to Rozinante, gave him a ſlap on the buttocks, ſaying, "I ſtill hope in God and his bleſſed mother, thou flower and mirrour of ſteeds! that in a ſhort time, we ſhall both obtain our heart's deſire; thou prancing under the agreeable preſſure of thy lord, and I mounted upon thy truſty back, exerciſing the employment for which heaven ſent me into the world." Having pronounced this apoſtrophe, he retired with Sancho to a remote place, from whence he returned much eaſed and comforted, and more deſirous than ever of executing the project of his ſquire. The canon could not help gazing upon him, being ſtruck with admiration, at the

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ſtrange unaccountable ſymptoms of his diſorder; for, in all his converſation and replies, he gave evident proofs of an excellent underſtanding, and never loſt himſelf *, except on the ſubject of chivalry, as we have formerly obſerved: he was therefore touched with compaſſion for his infirmity, and when the whole company were ſeated on the graſs, waiting for the return of the ſumpter-mule, addreſſed himſelf to the knight in this manner:

"Is it poſſible, good ſir, that the idle and unlucky reading of books of chivalry, can have ſo far impaired your judgment, as that you ſhould now believe yourſelf inchanted, and give credit to other illuſions of the ſame kind, which are as far from being true as truth is diſtant from falſehood? Is it poſſible that the human underſtanding can ſuppoſe that ever this world produced that infinite number of Amadiſes, with the whole crowd of famous knights, ſo many emperors of Trebiſond, Fleximartes of Hyrcania, palfreys, damſels, ſerpents, dragons, and giants; ſo many incredible adventures, enchantments of different kinds, battles, dreadful encounters, magnificence of apparel, enamoured princeſſes, ſquires created earls, witty dwarfs, billets, amorous expreſſions, valiant ladies, and finally, ſuch extravagant events as are contained in books of knight-errantry? For my own part, when I read a performance of that ſort, without reflecting that it is a legend of vanity and lies, my imagination is a little amuſed, but, as ſoon as I begin to conſider it in the right point of view, I daſh the volume againſt the wall, and would even commit it to the flames, (if I ſhould chance to be near a fire) as a criminal richly deſerving ſuch puniſhment, on account of its falſehood and impoſture, ſo contrary to nature, and bewildered from the tract of common ſenſe; and as an inventor of new ſects and prepoſterous ways of life; miſleading and inducing the ignorant vulgar to believe the abſurdities which it contains: nay, ſo preſumptuous are ſuch productions as to diſturb the minds of gentlemen of birth and education, as may be too plainly perceived by their effects upon you, ſignor, whom they have reduced to ſuch a paſs, as to make it neceſſary that you ſhould be cooped up in a cage, and tranſported from place to place, on a waggon, like a lion or tyger, exhibited as a ſhew, for money. Go to, ſignor Don Quixote, have pity upon yourſelf, return into the boſom of diſcretion, and put thoſe happy talents which heaven hath been pleaſed to beſtow upon you, to a better uſe; employing your genius in other ſtudies, which may redound to the increaſe of your honour, as well as to the good of your ſoul; or, if ſwayed by your natural inclination, you are ſtill deſirous of reading the hiſtories of exploits and atchievements, you may have recourſe to the book of Judges, in the holy ſcripture; and there you will find real miracles of might, and actions

* Literally, Never loſt the ſtirrups.

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equally valiant and true. Portugal produced a Viriatus, Rome a Cæsar, Carthage an Hannibal, Greece an Alexander, Castile a count Fernan Gonçales, Valencia a Cid, Andalusia a Gonzalo Fernandez, Estremadura a Diego Garcia de Paredes, Xerez a Garcia Perez de Vargas, Toledo a Garcilasso, Sevil a Don Manuel de Leon; the history of their valiant exploits will afford entertainment, instruction, surprize and delight, to readers of the most sublime conception. Such study as this would be worthy of the good sense of signor Don Quixote, who would thus become learned in history, enamoured of virtue, improved in worth, bettered in morals, brave without rashness, cautious without cowardice; while the whole would redound to the honour of God, his own particular emolument, and the renown of La Mancha, from whence I understand his family and origin is derived."

Don Quixote listened with infinite attention to this harrangue; and even after he perceived it was finished, looked stedfastly at the canon for some time, before he answered in these words: "Signor Hidalgo, if I am not mistaken, the scope of your discourse was to convince me that there never were knights-errant in this world; that all the books of chivalry are false, deceitful, unprofitable, nay, mischievous in a commonwealth; that I have been much to blame in reading, more so in believing, and most of all in imitating the characters they describe, by following the most painful profession of knight-errantry; and lastly, you deny that ever there was an Amadis, either of Gaul or Greece, or that any one of that vast number of knights recorded in those writings had any real existence." "You have exactly summed up my allegations," said the canon. "You were likewise pleased to add, resumed the knight, that such books had done me infinite prejudice, impaired my judgment, and reduced me to the necessity of being confined in a cage; and that I would do well to amend and alter my course of studies, and to use performances which contain more truth, instruction, and delight." "That, said the canon, was my precise meaning." "Why, then, cried Don Quixote, in my opinion, the person impaired in his judgment, and inchanted, is no other than your worship, who have presumed to utter such blasphemies against an order so well received in the world, and established as truth, that he who like you denies it, deserves the same punishment you inflicted upon those books that gave you disgust; for, to say that there never was such a person as Amadis, or any other of those adventurous knights, with whom history abounds, is like an endeavour to persuade people, that frost is not cold, that the sun yields no light, and the earth no sustenance. Will any earthly eloquence make me believe that the story of the infanta Floripes, and Guy of Burgundy, is false; or, that of Fierabras, with the bridge of Mantible, which happened in the time of Charlemagne, and I vow to God! is as true as that the sun shines at noon-day? If this be

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a lie, you may alſo affirm, that there never was ſuch an event as the Trojan war, nor ſuch perſons as Hector and Achilles, or the twelve peers of France, or Arthur king of England, who to this day ſurvives in the likeneſs of a raven, and is every moment expected to reaſcend his throne. People may as well venture to ſay, that the hiſtory of Guarino Mezquino, and the ſuit of St. Grial, are pure fiction; and look upon the amours of Don Triſtan and queen Iſeo, with thoſe of Ginebra and Lançarot, as altogether apocryphal; tho' there are people who almoſt remember to have ſeen the duenna Quintanona, who was the beſt wine-ſkinker in Great Britain: this is ſo true, that I myſelf have heard my grandmother by the father's ſide, often ſay, when ſhe happened to ſee a duenna with a reverend * biggen, "Grandſon, there is a perſon very like the duenna Quintanona." From whence I conclude, that ſhe muſt either have known her perſonally, or at leaſt, ſeen ſome picture of that venerable matron: then, who can deny the hiſtory of Peter of Provence, and the fair Magalona, ſince, to this day, may be ſeen, in the royal armoury, the very peg that turned the wooden horſe upon which the valiant Peter travelled thro' the air; by the ſame token, that it is ſomething larger than the pole of a coach, and ſtands hard by the ſaddle of Babieca: nay, at Roncevalles, you may ſee Orlando's horn, as big as a weaver's beam. From all which circumſtances we may juſtly infer, that the twelve peers, the Peters, the Cids, with all thoſe who were called knights-errant, actually exiſted, according to the records of their fame: otherwiſe, they may as well deny, that the valiant Portugeze, Juan de Merlo was a knight-errant; tho' it is well known, that he went to Burgundy, and fought againſt the city of Ras, with the famous lord of Charne, called Monſeigneur Pierre, and afterwards in the city of Baſil, with Monſeigneur Henrique de Remeſtan; gaining the victory in each of theſe combats, with abundance of honourable fame: neither, I ſuppoſe, will they credit the defiance and adventures that were alſo atchieved in Burgundy, by thoſe valiant Spaniards Pedro Barba and Guttierre Quixada, (from whom I am lineally deſcended on the father's ſide) who conquered the ſons of the count de St. Paul: nay, let them likewiſe refuſe to own that Don Fernando de Guevara went in queſt of adventures into Germany, where he fought with Meſſire George, a knight of the houſhold to the duke of Auſtria; and ſay that the juſts and tournaments at Suero de Quinones, and the paſs, were meer illuſion, as well as the enterprizes of Monſeigneur Lewis de Falſes, againſt Don Gonçalo de Guzman, a Caſtilian knight; together with many other exploits performed by chriſtian warriors belonging to theſe and other foreign realms, ſo authentic and true, that (I repeat my aſſeveration) he who denies them is void of all reaſon and common ſenſe."

* Toca, which is the original word, ſignifies a woman's coif, veil or handkerchief.

The

The canon was ſtruck with admiration, when he heard Don Quixote utter ſuch a medley of fiction and truth; and perceiving that he was intimately acquainted with every circumſtance regarding and concerning the atchievements of knight-errantry, anſwered him in theſe words: "Signor Don Quixote, I cannot deny but what you have ſaid, is partly true, particularly that which regards the Spaniſh knights: I grant alſo, that there was an order called the twelve peers of France, but cannot believe that they performed all thoſe exploits recounted by archbiſhop Turpin; for, the truth is, they were a ſet of knights, choſen by the kings of France, under the title of the twelve Peers, becauſe they were all equal in point of virtue, rank and valour: at leaſt, if they were not, they ought to have been poſſeſſed of this parity of qualifications; for, it was an aſſociation reſembling the modern orders of St. Jago and Calatrava, which ſuppoſe that every member is valiant, virtuous and noble; and as we now ſay, a knight of St. Juan or Alcantara, in thoſe days, they ſaid a knight of the twelve peers; becauſe thoſe who profeſſed that military order were equal, in all reſpects, and twelve in number: that there were ſuch perſons as the Cid and Bernardo del Carpio, I make no queſtion; but, whether or not they performed all thoſe exploits which are aſcribed to them, is, I believe, extremely doubtful: with reſpect to the peg of count Peter, which, you ſay, ſtands by the ſaddle of Babieca, in the royal armoury, to my ſhame be it ſpoken, I am either ſo ignorant or ſhort-ſighted, that altho' I have ſeen the ſaddle, I could never obſerve the peg, large as you have been pleaſed to deſcribe it." "But, there it certainly is, replied the knight; and what makes it the more remarkable, it is ſaid to be kept in a caſe of calves leather, that it may not ruſt." "It may be ſo, ſaid the canon; but, by my holy orders! I do not remember to have ſeen any ſuch thing: yet, granting it to be in that place, I am not therefore bound to believe the ſtories that are recounted of ſo many Amadiſes, and ſuch a rabble of knights: nor is it reaſonable, that a perſon of honour, like you, endowed with ſo many happy talents, ſhould give credit to ſuch extravagant rhodomontades as are related in the lying legends of knight-errantry."

CHAP.

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CHAP. XXIII.

Of the ſage conteſt between Don Quixote and the canon, with other events.

"A Good jeſt, truly! replied Don Quixote, that books printed with the licence of kings, and approbation of thoſe who are appointed to examine them, read with univerſal delight, celebrated by great and ſmall, rich and poor, knights and plebeians, the learned and illiterate; finally, by perſons of all ranks and degrees whatever, ſhould contain nothing but lies; notwithſtanding the appearance of truth which they maintain, in mentioning the father, mother, country, relations, condition, birth-place; and in giving an exact journal of the exploits peculiar to every individual knight: ceaſe therefore, good ſir, to vent ſuch blaſphemy, and believe, that in this particular, I adviſe you to act according to the dictates of good ſenſe: read them again, and you will ſee what pleaſure you will reap for your pains; for, what can be more entertaining than to ſee, as it were, before our eyes, a vaſt lake of boiling pitch, thro' which an infinite number of ſerpents, ſnakes, and alligators, with many other kinds of fierce and terrible creatures, are continually winding and writhing along; then to hear a moſt diſmal voice that ſeems to iſſue from the middle of this pitchy pool, pronounce, "O knight! whoſoever thou art, that now ſtandeſt gazing at the dreadful lake, if thou wouldſt enjoy the bliſs that is concealed beneath theſe ſable waves, diſplay the valour of thy dauntleſs breaſt, and dart thyſelf amidſt theſe black and burning billows; otherwiſe, thou art not worthy to behold the mighty wonders depoſited and contained within the ſeven caſtles of the ſeven nymphs that dwell below this ſullen flood." Scarce hath the ſound of this diſmal voice ceaſed to vibrate on his ear, when the knight, without the leaſt heſitation, or reflecting upon the danger he incurs, nay, without putting off his heavy armour, but, recommending himſelf to God and his miſtreſs, plunges at once into the burning lake; and when he neither cares nor knows what will be his fate, finds himſelf in the midſt of a delightful plain, by which the Elyſian fields are infinitely excelled: there the heaven ſeems more tranſparent, and the ſun ſhines with new luſtre; the eye is entertained with an agreeable foreſt of tall and leafy trees, whoſe verdure delights the view, while the ear is regaled with the ſweet and artleſs notes of an infinite number of little painted warblers that hop from bough to bough: here, he perceives a brook, whoſe refreſhing waters, clear as liquid cryſtal, run murmuring on the yellow ſand and gliſtening peebles, that emulate the pureſt pearls and heaps of ſifted

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ſifted gold. In one place, ſprings an artificial fountain adorned with variegated jaſper and poliſhed marble; in another, riſes a ruſtic grotto, in which the ſmall ſhells of the muſcle, and the white and yellow twiſted domes of the ſnail, placed in beauteous diſorder, and mixed with bits of ſhining cryſtal and counterfeit emeralds, compoſe ſuch an agreeable variety, that nature ſeems to be excelled by imitative art. In a third place, all of a ſudden, appears a ſtrong caſtle or magnificent palace, the walls of maſſy gold, the battlements of diamond, the gates of hyacinth, and finally, the workmanſhip ſo admirable, as infinitely to excel the materials which are no leſs than adamant, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, emeralds and gold. Nay, after having thus feaſted his eyes, there ſtill remains for him to ſee a fair bevy of damſels coming out at the caſtle-gate, dreſſed in ſuch gay and ſplendid attire, that were I to deſcribe it minutely, as it is repreſented in the hiſtory, I ſhould never have done. Then, ſhe who appears the principal, takes by the hand the undaunted knight who threw himſelf into the boiling lake, and leading him into the rich caſtle or palace, ſtrips him as naked as he was when his mother bore him, and bathes him in water of an agreeable temperature, then anoints his whole body with aromatic eſſences, and puts upon him a ſhirt of the fineſt lawn, all ſcented and perfumed; then comes another damſel, and throws over his ſhoulders a mantle, which, at leaſt, is uſually valued at the price of a whole city, or more. After all this ceremony, what a ſight it is, when, as they relate, he is conducted into another hall, in which a table is furniſhed with ſuch elegance as to excite his admiration and ſuſpence! when they ſprinkle upon his hands water diſtilled from odoriferous flowers! when he is ſeated upon a chair of ivory, and attended by all thoſe damſels who ſerve him in amazing ſilence! when he is allured by ſuch a variety of diſhes, and ſo ſavourily cooked, that the appetite is confounded in its choice! then to hear muſic, during his repaſt, without ſeeing the minſtrel, or knowing from whence the ſound proceeds; and, after he has refreſhed himſelf, and the table is uncovered, while he lolls at eaſe upon his chair, perhaps, picking his teeth, according to cuſtom, he is ſurprized with the ſight of another young lady, much more beautiful than any of the former, who enters the hall, and, ſitting down by the knight, begins to tell him whoſe caſtle that is, and how ſhe is enchanted within it, relating other circumſtances which create wonder in him, and raiſe the admiration of thoſe who read the ſtory. I need not further expatiate on this ſubject, ſince, from what hath been ſaid, it plainly appears, that any part whatever, of the hiſtory of any knight-errant whatever, muſt yield pleaſure and ſurprize to any reader whatſoever. Believe me, therefore, good ſir, and as I have already hinted, take the trouble of reading thoſe books, and you will

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ſee what effectual antidotes they are againſt melancholy, and how they improve the diſpoſition, when it is bad. For, my own part, I can ſafely aver, that ſince I profeſſed the order of knight-errantry, I have been valiant, courteous, liberal, well-bred, generous, civil, daring, good-humoured, and a patient endurer of toils, captivities and inchantment; and tho' I ſo lately found myſelf ſhut up in a cage, like a madman, I hope, by the valour of this my arm, provided heaven ſhall favour, and fortune ceaſe to oppoſe me, in a few days, to ſee myſelf ſovereign of ſome kingdom, when I ſhall be enabled to demonſtrate the gratitude and generoſity which reſide within my breaſt: for, truly, ſignor, a poor man is incapable of exerting the virtue of liberality, let him poſſeſs it in never ſo eminent a degree; and that gratitude which is reſtrained to good-will alone, is like faith without works; no more than the ghoſt of virtue. Wherefore, I wiſh fortune would ſpeedily furniſh me with an opportunity of making myſelf an emperor, that I may exerciſe the virtues of my heart, in beſtowing benefits on my friends, eſpecially on my poor ſquire Sancho Panza, one of the beſt men in the world, whom I intend to create an earl, in conſequence of a promiſe which he obtained from me, long ago; though I fear he wants capacity to manage his eſtate."

Theſe laſt words being overheard by Sancho, he ſaid to his maſter, "Signor Don Quixote, I wiſh you would take the trouble to give me that ſame earldom, which is as firmly promiſed by your worſhip as expected by me, and I will undertake to find ability to manage it; or, if I ſhould find myſelf at a loſs, I have heard it often ſaid, that there are certain perſons who farm the eſtates of great noblemen, at ſo much a year, and take charge of the whole, while the owner lolls at his eaſe, enjoying his income, without troubling his noddle about any other affairs. Now, I would live in the very ſame manner, minding the cares of this world as little as poſſible, but, leaving off all ſorts of buſineſs, enjoying my rents, like any duke, and let the world wag." "Brother Sancho, ſaid the canon, that is to be underſtood only of the ſpending your income; but, the lord of a great eſtate muſt have regard to the adminiſtration of juſtice, which requires ability, ſound judgment, and principally an upright intention; for, if this be wanting in the beginning, the middle and end will always be involved in error: and therefore, heaven uſually aſſiſts the righteous intent of the ſimple, while it confounds the wicked aims of the cunning." "I know nothing of theſe philoſophies, anſwered the ſquire; but, this I know, that I wiſh to God I had this earldom, as ſoon as I ſhould find underſtanding to manage it; for, I have as big a ſoul as my neighbours, and as much body as he that has more; and would be as much a king in my own eſtate, as any he that wears a head: and ſo being, I would do

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do what I pleaſed; and doing what I pleaſed, I ſhould pleaſe myſelf; and pleaſing myſelf, I ſhould be ſatisfied; and in being ſatisfied, I ſhould have nothing more to deſire; and having nothing more to deſire, there would be an end; ſo, let the earldom come a God's-name: I wiſh we could ſee it, as one blind man ſaid to another." "Theſe are no bad philoſophies, as you call them, Sancho, ſaid the canon; but, for all that, there is much to be ſaid on the ſubject of earldoms." "I know not what more can be ſaid, replied Don Quixote, for, my own part, I do no more than follow the example tranſmitted to me by the great Amadis de Gaul, who created his ſquire earl of the Firm Iſland; and therefore, I may, without ſcruple of conſcience, beſtow the ſame honour on Sancho Panza, who is one of the beſt ſquires that ever ſerved knight-errant." The canon was amazed at the methodical madneſs of Don Quixote, manifeſted in his deſcription of the knight of the Lake; and in the impreſſion which the falſe adventures of chivalry had made upon his imagination: neither was his wonder diminiſhed, when he conſidered the folly of Sancho, who ſo ardently deſired the poſſeſſion of that iſland which his maſter had promiſed to give him, as the reward of his ſervices.

By this time the canon's ſervants had returned from the inn, with the ſumpter-mule; and, inſtead of a table, ſpread a carpet on the green graſs, under the ſhade of ſome trees, where the company ſeating themſelves all round, went to dinner, that the waggoner might not loſe the opportunity of ſuch a convenient ſituation, as we have already obſerved. While they thus enjoyed themſelves, their ears were ſtruck with a ſudden noiſe, and the ſound of a bell, iſſuing from the midſt of ſome briars and thickets, that ſurrounded the place where they ſat; and immediately appeared a beautiful ſhe-goat, her ſkin ſpeckled with ſpots of white, black and grey, followed by the goatherd, who, in his ruſtic dialect, called to her to ſtop and return to the fold. The fugitive goat trembling with affright, came towards the company, and there ſtopped, as if to implore their protection; while her keeper, ſeizing her by the horns, accoſted her in theſe words, as if ſhe had been poſſeſſed of ſenſe and underſtanding: "Ah! you ſpotted wanton, what a rambler you have become of late; the wolves will feaſt upon you one day—what is the matter with you, my pretty child? yet what elſe can it be, but, that you are a female, and conſequently inconſtant! a plague upon your diſpoſition, and all thoſe you reſemble; return, return my darling; and if you are not ſo happy, at leaſt, you will be more ſecure in the fold, among your companions; for, if you who ought to watch over and guide the reſt, ſtray about in this imprudent manner, what muſt become of them?"

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Theſe words of the goatherd, diverted thoſe who heard them, eſpecially the canon, who ſaid to him, " I beſeech you, brother, to pacify yourſelf, and be not in ſuch a hurry to drive back your goat, which being a female, as you obſerve, will follow her natural diſpoſition, in ſpite of all you can do to oppoſe it. Take this morſel, and aſſuage your choler with a cup of wine, and in the mean time, the goat will repoſe herſelf."

So ſaying, he preſented to him, on the point of a fork, the hind quarter of a cold rabbit, which was thankfully accepted by the goatherd, who having taken a long draught, and compoſed himſelf, ſaid to the company, " Gentlemen, you muſt not take me for a ſimpleton, becauſe I talk to this animal as if it were a rational creature; for, really, there is a myſtery concealed beneath the words I have uttered. I am a peaſant, 'tis true, yet not ſo ruſtic, but, that I know how to converſe with men as well as beaſts." " I firmly believe what you ſay, replied the curate, for, I myſelf have experienced that the mountains produce learned men, and that philoſophers are to be found within the ſhepherd's cot." " At leaſt, reſumed the goatherd, the cottage may contain thoſe who are warned by woeful experience; and to convince you feelingly, that what I alledge is true, I, though undeſired, and ſelf-invited, ſaving the good pleaſure of this good company, intreat a moment's hearing, while I recount a true ſtory, which will confirm what that gentleman (pointing to the curate) and myſelf have obſerved."

To this propoſal Don Quixote replied: " As this affair ſeems to bear ſomething of the ſhadow of an adventure, I, for my part, will gladly give you the hearing, brother; and ſo will all thoſe gentlemen who are perſons of taſte, and lovers of curious novels, that ſurprize, delight and entertain the ſenſible hearer; for, I hope your ſtory will certainly produce theſe agreeable effects: begin then, friend; we are all attention." " By your leave, cried Sancho, I will e'en betake myſelf, with this piece of paſty, to yonder brook, and lay in ſtore for three days; for, I have heard my maſter Don Quixote obſerve, that the ſquire of a knight-errant ought to eat as often and as much as he can; becauſe they are frequently ſo bewildered in woods and foreſts, that it will take them ſix whole days to diſengage themſelves; and if a man's belly or his bags be not well-lined with proviſion, there he may ſtay, as he often does, till he withers into perfect mummy." " You are in the right, Sancho, ſaid the knight, go where you will, and eat as much as you pleaſe; for, my own part, my groſſer appetite is ſatisfied, and now I want refreſhment for the mind, which I ſhall enjoy in liſtening to this honeſt countryman's ſtory." " We ſhall all ſhare in the repaſt," replied the canon, who intreated the peaſant to perform his promiſe.

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Then the goatherd gave the goat which he held by the horns, two ſlaps on the buttocks, ſaying, "Lie down by my ſide, you ſpeckled nanny; we ſhall have time enough to return to the fold." The creature ſeemed to underſtand his meaning; for, he was no ſooner ſet, than ſhe lay down very quietly, and looking in his face, gave him to underſtand that ſhe was attentive to what he was going to ſay; upon which, he began his ſtory, in theſe words:

CHAP. XXIV.

The ſtory which the goatherd recounted to the conductors of Don Quixote.

THREE leagues from this valley ſtands a village, which, tho' ſmall, is one of the richeſt in all this country; and therein dwelt a farmer in great repute: and albeit, reſpect follows worldly wealth, he was more beloved for his virtue than reſpected for his riches; but, what he regarded as the beſt part of his good fortune, (as he himſelf was wont to ſay) was a daughter he had, of ſuch exceeding beauty, rare diſcretion, modeſty and grace, that every one who ſaw and knew her, marvelled at the happy talents with which heaven and nature had enriched her body and her ſoul: in the cradle ſhe was handſome, and continually increaſed in beauty, till at the age of ſixteen, ſhe was a moſt enchanting creature: the fame of her charms, began to ſpread over all the neighbouring villages; but, what need I ſay the neighbouring villages! it extended to diſtant cities, and even made its way into the king's court, filling the ears of all ſorts of people, who came from all parts, to ſee her, as if ſhe had been ſome great curioſity, or miracle-working image. Her father watched over her with great care, and ſhe took great care of herſelf; for, truly, a maiden's own prudent reſerve is a better guard upon her conduct than all the bolts and ſpies and padlocks upon earth. The father's wealth, and the daughter's beauty moved a great many people both of town and country, to demand her in marriage; but he, like one who has the diſpoſal of a rich jewel, was perplexed in his mind, and could not determine in favour of any one of the infinite number that ſolicited his conſent. Among the croud of her ſuitors, I was one, who conceived great and flattering hopes of ſucceſs; becauſe her father knew me to be his townſman, of an honeſt family, in the flower of my age, rich in wealth, and in point of underſtanding not very poor. She was alſo courted by another young man of our town, who was in every reſpect my equal; ſo, that her father was perplexed, and wavered in his choice; becauſe he thought his daughter would be well beſtowed upon either of us: wherefore, in order to deliver himſelf from this ſuſpence, he reſolved to communicate our demands to Leandra, (for, that is the name of this wealthy

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thy maiden, who hath made me miſerable;) and ſince we were equal in all qalifications, to refer the whole affair to the choice and deciſion of his beloved daughter. An example worthy to be followed by every father in the ſettlement of his children: not that I would have parents leave them to their own choice, in things that are manifeſtly wicked and baſe; but, firſt propoſe a number of prudent ſchemes, out of which they may be allowed to fix upon that which is moſt to their liking. I know not to which of us Leandra gave the preference; this only I know, that her father put us off, on pretence of his daughter's tender years, in general terms, which neither laid him under any obligation, nor gave us any cauſe of complaint. I think proper to tell you, that I am called Eugenio, and my rival Anſelmo, that you may be acquainted with the names of the perſons principally concerned in this tragedy, which is ſtill depending; tho' one may eaſily foreſee, that it muſt have a melancholy end.

But, to return to my ſtory: juſt about that time, there came to our town one Vincent de la Roſa, the ſon of a poor labouring man that lived in the village; this Vincent, who was juſt returned from being a ſoldier in Italy, and other foreign parts, had been carried away, when he was a boy about twelve years of age, by a captain that chanced to march thro' the town with his company; and now, after an abſence of another dozen of years, he returned, in the garb of a ſoldier, pinked up in a thouſand colours, and bedecked with a power of glaſs toys and ſlender chains of ſteel. To-day, he dreſſed himſelf out in one gay ſuit; to-morrow in another: but, all his finery and gewgaws were of little weight or value. The labouring people, who are naturally malicious, nay, when idleneſs gives them opportunity, downright malice itſelf, obſerved and took an exact account of all his ornaments and fine apparel, and found that he had no more than three ſuits of different colours, with garters and hoſe; but, he found means to diſguiſe them by ſuch inventions, that one who had not been at the pains to detect him, would have ſworn that he had appeared in more than ten different dreſſes, and in upwards of twenty plumes of feathers; and you muſt not think it impertinent or fooliſh in me, to give you this account of his cloaths, becauſe they bear a conſiderable ſhare in the ſtory. He uſed to ſeat himſelf upon a ſtone, under a tall poplar that grew in our market-place, and there keep us all gaping around him, at the exploits which he recounted: if you would take his word for it, there was not a country on the face of the earth, which he had not ſeen, nor a battle in which he had not ſerved; he had killed a greater number of Moors than ever Tunis or Morocco produced; and by his own account, fought more ſingle combats than were ever maintained by Gante, Luna, Diego Garcia de Paredez, and a thouſand more whom he named, gaining the victory in each, without

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out loſing one ſingle drop of his blood: then, he would ſhew the marks of wounds, which tho' not to be diſtinguiſhed, he gave us to underſtand, were the effects of muſket-ſhot he had received in different actions and encounters: finally, with incredible arrogance, he uſed to thou his own equals, even thoſe who knew his extraction, and ſay that his own arm was his father, his family the work of his own hands, and being a ſoldier, he owed nothing even to the king himſelf: with all this boaſting, he knew ſomething of muſic, and could thrum upon the guitarre, ſo as that ſome people ſaid he made it ſpeak; but, his talents did not end here, for, he was alſo a piece of a poet, and wrote ballads a league and a half long, upon every ſilly trifle that happened in the village. Well then, this ſoldier whom I have deſcribed, this Vincent de la Roſa, this Braggadocio, this gallant, this muſician, and poet, was often ſeen and obſerved by Leandra from the window of her apartment, that looked towards the market-place: ſhe was captivated by the tinſel of his gaudy cloths, and enchanted by his ballads; for, he gave away twenty copies of each that he compoſed; the feats he related of himſelf, reached her ears; in ſhort, (as the devil himſelf muſt certainly have ordained) ſhe fell in love with him, even before he had the preſumption to make any attempt upon her heart; and as in the affairs of love, every thing is eaſily accompliſhed by the man who is already in poſſeſſion of the woman's affection, Leandra and Vincent ſoon came to a right underſtanding; and before any one of her numerous admirers had the leaſt inkling of her inclination, ſhe had already gratified it, by leaving the houſe of her loving and indulgent father, (mother had ſhe none) and running away with the ſoldier, who triumphed in that enterprize, and more effectually than in any one he had ever undertaken.

This event filled not only the whole village, but likewiſe all who heard of it, with admiration: I, for my part, was amazed, Anſelmo aſtoniſhed, the father overwhelmed with ſorrow, and the relations with ſhame. Juſtice, however, being ſollicited, the troopers immediately took the road, examined every copſe and thicket thereabouts, and after a ſearch of three days, found the giddy Leandra in the cave of a mountain, naked to the ſmock, and ſtripped of a great quantity of money and precious jewels, which ſhe had carried off when ſhe made her eſcape: when ſhe was brought back to the preſence of her afflicted father, and queſtioned about her misfortune, ſhe frankly owned that Vincent de la Roſa had impoſed upon her; that, under promiſe of marriage, he had perſuaded her to forſake her father's houſe, promiſing to conduct her to Naples, which, he ſaid, was the moſt beautiful and flouriſhing city in the whole world; that ſhe inadvertently, and fondly believed his falſe profeſſions, and robbing her father, put herſelf under his protection that ſame night ſhe was miſſed, when he carried her

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to a rocky mountain, and confined her in the cave where ſhe was found: ſhe likewiſe affirmed that the ſoldier, without making any attempt upon her virtue, had ſtripped her of all ſhe had, and left her in that forlorn condition; a circumſtance that ſurpriſed all who heard it, the ſoldier's continence being ſo incredible; but, ſhe inſiſted upon it with ſuch earneſt aſſeverations, that the diſconſolate father was in ſome ſort comforted, making little account of the money he had loſt, ſince his daughter was allowed to keep the jewel which, when once loſt, there is no hope of retrieving.

The ſame day that Leandra appeared, her father removed her from our eyes, and ſhut her up in a monaſtery of a neighbouring town, hoping that time would efface ſome part of the bad opinion his daughter had incurred: the tender years of Leandra ſerve as an excuſe for her miſconduct, eſpecially with thoſe who are not concerned in the affair; but, thoſe who know her diſcretion and good ſenſe, do not aſcribe her fault to ignorance, but to meer levity, and the natural diſpoſition of women, which is always injudicious and imperfect. Leandra being thus ſecured, Anſelmo's eyes were blind to every thing that could yield him pleaſure; and mine remained in darkneſs, without the leaſt glimpſe of light to direct them to any agreeable object: the abſence of Leandra increaſed our affliction, and exhauſted our patience; we curſed the ſoldier's finery, and exclaimed againſt her father's want of care; at length, we agreed to quit the village, and repair to this valley, where he feeding a vaſt flock of ſheep, which are his own property, and I tending a numerous fold of goats, which are alſo mine, we ſpend our lives under the cool ſhade of lofty trees, and give vent to our paſſion, either by ſinging, in concert, the praiſe or diſpraiſe of the beautiful Leandra, or each by himſelf, ſighing in the lonely grove, and ejaculating his complaint to heaven. In imitation of us, many more of Leandra's lovers have betaken themſelves to theſe rugged mountains, and the exerciſe of the ſame employment; ſo that this ſpot ſeems to be transformed into a paſtoral Arcadia, every field being crowded with ſhepherds and folds, and every corner reſounding with the name of the fair Leandra. One curſes and calls her fickle, inconſtant and immodeſt; a ſecond condemns her credulity and lightneſs of behaviour; a third acquits and forgives her, while ſhe is arraigned and reproached by a fourth; ſome celebrate her beauty; others find fault with her diſpoſition: in ſhort, ſhe is cenſured and adored by them all; nay, to ſuch a pitch hath their extravagance riſen, that ſome of them complain of her diſdain, tho' they never ſpoke to her; and others, in their lamentations, pretend to feel the rage of jealouſy, which is a paſſion ſhe never inſpired; for, as I have already mentioned, her fault was known before her inclination was ſuſpected: there is not the hollow of a rock, the margin of a rill, nor the ſhade of a tree, that is not occupied by ſome ſhepherd,

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ſhepherd recounting his misfortune to the winds; wherever an echo can be formed, it repeats the name of Leandra; the hills reſound with Leandra; the rivulets murmur Leandra: in ſhort, Leandra keeps us all enchanted and perplexed, hoping we know not how, and dreading we know not what. Among the wrongheaded ſociety, he that ſhews the leaſt, tho' he has the greateſt ſhare of judgment, is my rival Anſelmo, who notwithſtanding all the cauſe he has to be diſſatisfied, complains of abſence only, tuning his lamentation to the ſound of a rebec, which he touches with admirable ſkill, in verſes that ſhew the excellence of his genius: I follow a more eaſy, and in my opinion, a wiſer courſe; namely, to inveigh againſt the levity of the female ſex; their fickleneſs, their double dealing, their rotten promiſes, their broken faith; and finally, their want of judgment in beſtowing their affections. Theſe, gentlemen, are my reaſons for the diſcourſe you heard me addreſs to my goat, whom (becauſe ſhe is a female) I deſpiſe, altho' ſhe be the beſt of the fold; this is the ſtory I promiſed to recount; and if I have been prolix in the narration, I ſhall not be brief in what ſervice you ſhall pleaſe to command: hard by is my cottage, in which I have plenty of new milk, and moſt ſavoury cheeſe, with abundance of the fruit in ſeaſon, no leſs agreeable to the taſte than to the view."

CHAP. XXV.

Of the quarrel that happened between Don Quixote and the goatherd, with the curious adventure of the diſciplinants, which the knight happily atchieved with the ſweat of his brow.

THIS ſtory of the goatherd gave infinite pleaſure to all that heard it, eſpecially to the canon, who obſerved, with admiration, his manner of relating it, as diſtant from the ruſtic phraſe of a peaſant as near approaching to the polite ſtile of a courtier; and therefore, he ſaid the curate had juſtly obſerved, that the mountains ſometimes produced learned men. Every body made proffers of ſervice to Eugenio, but, he that ſhewed himſelf moſt liberal in compliment, was Don Quixote, who ſaid to him, "Truly, brother goatherd, were it poſſible for me to undertake any new adventure, I would forthwith ſet forward in your behalf, and deliver Leandra from that monaſtery, in which ſhe is, doubtleſs, detained againſt her will, in ſpite of the abbeſs and all that ſhould oppoſe my deſign; and would put her into your hands to be treated according your good will and pleaſure, ſo far as is conſiſtent with the laws of chivalry, by which all damſels are protected from wrongs: tho' I hope in God, that a malicious enchanter

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ſhall not ſo far prevail, but, that he may be excelled in power, by another of a more righteous diſpoſition; and then, you may depend upon my favour and aſſiſtance, according to the duty of my profeſſion, which is no other than to ſuccour the wretched and the weak."

The goatherd ſtared at Don Quixote, and being ſtruck with admiration at his rueful aſpect and diſhevelled locks, ſaid to the barber who ſat near him, "Signor, pray, who is that man who looks and talks ſo wildly?" "Who ſhould it be, anſwered the barber, but the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redreſſer of grievances, the righter of wrongs, the protector of damſels, the terror of giants, and thunderbolt of war?" "That diſcourſe, replied the peaſant, puts me in mind of thoſe books which treat of knights-errant, who were commonly diſtinguiſhed by ſuch titles as you beſtow on that man: but, I ſuppoſe, you are pleaſed to be merry, or elſe, the apartments of this poor gentleman's ſkull are but indifferently furniſhed."

"You are a moſt impudent raſcal! (cried the knight, overhearing what he ſaid) it is your ſkull that is unfurniſhed and unſound; but, mine is more pregnant than the abominable whore that brought you forth." So ſaying, he ſnatched up a loaf, and flung it at the goatherd with ſuch fury, that he levelled his noſe with his face.

Eugenio, who did not underſtand raillery, finding himſelf maltreated in earneſt, without any reſpect for the carpet, table-cloth or company, leaped upon the knight, and laying hold of his collar, with both hands, would certainly have ſtrangled him, if Sancho Panza had not that inſtant ſprung to his maſter's aſſiſtance, and pulling his antagoniſt backwards, tumbled him over upon the table, where plates, cups, victuals, wine, and all went to wreck. Don Quixote finding himſelf diſengaged, aroſe, and in his turn, got upon the goatherd, who being battered by the maſter, and kicked by the man, was creeping about on all four, in queſt of a table-knife, with which he intended to take ſome bloody revenge; but, was prevented by the canon and curate; the barber, however, managed matters ſo, as that he got the knight under him, when he rained ſuch a ſhower of kicks and cuffs upon his carcaſe, that our hero's countenance was as much overflowed with blood as his own: the curate and canon were ready to burſt with laughing, the troopers capered about with joy, and the whole company halloo'd, according to the practice of the ſpectators, when two dogs are engaged; Sancho Panza alone was diſtracted, becauſe he could not get out of the clutches of one of the canon's ſervants, who hindered him from aſſiſting his maſter. In fine, when every body was thus regaled and rejoiced, except the combatants, who worried each other, they heard a trumpet utter ſuch a melancholy note, that they could not

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not help turning their heads, and looking towards the place from whence the ſound ſeemed to come; but, he on whom it made the greateſt impreſſion was Don Quixote, who, tho' lying under his antagoniſt, very much againſt his inclination, and more than ſufficiently pummelled, ſaid to the goatherd, "Brother devil, (for, ſure thou canſt be nothing elſe, who haſt ſtrength and valour ſufficient to overcome my efforts) I beg a truce for one hour only; becauſe the doleful ſound of that trumpet which ſalutes our ears, ſeems to ſummon me to ſome new adventure."

The goatherd being by this time heartily tired of drubbing, as well as of being drubbed, immediately complied with his requeſt, and Don Quixote ſtarting up, directed his view towards the place whence the ſound ſeemed to iſſue, where he deſcried a great number of people dreſſed in white, like diſciplinants, coming down the ſide of a neighbouring hill. That year the heavens had withheld refreſhing ſhowers from the earth; and thro' all the villages of that diſtrict the people inſtituted proceſſions, diſciplines and prayers, beſeeching God to open the fountains of his mercy, and favour them with rain: for this purpoſe, the inhabitants of a neighbouring village were then going in proceſſion, to a holy hermitage, built on an eminence that ſkirted the valley; and Don Quixote ſeeing the ſtrange dreſs of diſciplinants *, without recollecting that he had ever ſeen ſuch habits before, concluded the whole to be an adventure, which it was the province of him as a knight-errant, to atchieve: what ſerved to confirm him in this notion, was an image cloathed in black, which was carried before them, and which he ſuppoſed to be ſome princeſs, whom thoſe diſcourteous robbers were carrying off by force.

This whim no ſooner entered his brain, than he ran with great agility to Rozinante, who was feeding very quietly, and taking the bridle and ſhield, which hung upon the pummel of the ſaddle, clapt the bit in his mouth, in a twinkling, and demanding his ſword from Sancho, mounted his ſteed, and braced his target, calling aloud to the company, "Now, honourable gentlemen, ye ſhall perceive the importance of thoſe who profeſs the order of knight-errantry! now, I ſay, ye ſhall, in the deliverance of that excellent lady, who is at preſent a captive, behold how much knight-errants ought to be eſteemed."

So ſaying, he clapt heels to Rozinante, (ſpurs he had none) and at a hand-gallop, (for, we do not find in this true hiſtory, that ever Rozinante went full ſpeed) rode up to attack the diſciplinants. Tho' the canon, curate and barber made efforts to detain him, they found it impracticable; he was even deaf to the cries of Sancho, who bauled with great vociferation: "Where are you going, ſignor Don Quixote? what devil poſſeſſes and pro-

* Perſons hired to whip themſelves on ſuch occaſions.

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vokes you to act againſt our catholic faith! take notice—a plague upon me! take notice that this is no other than a proceſſion of diſciplinants, and that lady carried on the beer the bleſſed image of the immaculate virgin! Conſider, ſignor, what you are about; for, ſure I am you do not know!"

In vain did Sancho ſtrain his lungs: his maſter was ſo intent upon overtaking the apparitions, and ſetting the lady in black at liberty, that he heard not one ſyllable; nor if he had, would he have returned, even if the king had commanded him ſo to do. When he approached the proceſſion, he ſtopped Rozinante, who was already out of breath, and with a hoarſe diſordered voice, pronounced, "You there, who, perhaps, diſguiſe yourſelves for no good, ſtop, and give ear to what I am going to ſay."

Thoſe who carried the image were the firſt that halted, and one of the four prieſts who ſung the litanies, obſerving the ſtrange aſpect of Don Quixote, the leanneſs of Rozinante, with other ridiculous circumſtances belonging to both, anſwered in theſe words: "Friend, if you have any thing to ſay, ſpeak quickly; for, theſe our brethren are all this while ſcourging their own fleſh, and we cannot, nor is it reaſonable we ſhould, tarry to hear any thing that cannot be comprehended in two words." "I will comprehend what I have to ſay in one, replied the knight; and it is this: I command you, inſtantly to ſet free that beautiful lady, whoſe tears and melancholy deportment clearly demonſtrate that you are carrying her off, contrary to her inclination, after having done her ſome notorious wrong; and I, who was born to redreſs ſuch grievances, will not ſuffer you to proceed one ſtep farther, until ſhe ſhall have obtained that liberty ſhe deſerves."

From theſe words, concluding that he muſt be ſome madman, all of them began to laugh very heartily; and their mirth acting as a train of gunpowder to the knight's choler, he drew his ſword, and without uttering another word, attacked the bearers, one of whom, leaving his ſhare of the load to his companions, oppoſed himſelf to this aggreſſor, brandiſhing a fork or pole, on which (when they were wearied) they ſupported the bier. Don Quixote, with a furious backſtroke, cut this implement in two; but, with the piece which remained in the hand of the defendant, received ſuch a thwack upon the ſhoulder above his ſword-arm, that his buckler was unable to ſuſtain the ſhock of ſuch a rude aſſault, and down came the poor knight, in a moſt lamentable condition.

Sancho Panza, who came puffing after his maſter, ſeeing him fall, called aloud to his antagoniſt to forbear; for, he was a poor enchanted knight, who had never done the leaſt harm to man, woman, or child: but, the peaſant's forbearance was not owing to this exclamation of the ſquire, ſo much as to the ſituation of Don Quixote, who neither moved hand nor foot; ſo that

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that believing he had done his buſineſs, he haſtily gathered up his frock, and fled through the field, as nimble as a buck. By this time, the whole company were come up to the place where Don Quixote lay; and thoſe belonging to the proceſſion, ſeeing ſo many people running towards them, accompanied by the troopers with their croſs-bows, began to be in dread of ſome miſchievous event, and formed themſelves into a circle around the image; then the diſciplinants wielding their ſcourges, and the prieſts their long tapers, waited the aſſault, with full determination to defend themſelves, and, if poſſible, act offenſively againſt all who ſhould attack them. But, fortune diſpoſed of things more favourably, than they expected; for, all that Sancho did, was to throw himſelf upon the body of his maſter, who, he believed, was actually dead, and utter the moſt doleful and ludicrous lamentation that ever was heard. The curate was immediately known by a brother of the cloth, who belonged to the proceſſion, and this acquaintance diſpelled the apprehenſion which both ſquadrons had begun to conceive. Our licentiate told his friend, in a few words, who Don Quixote was, upon which he was joined by the whole croud of diſciplinants, who went to ſee whether or not the poor knight was dead, and heard Sancho Panza, with tears in his eyes, lamenting in theſe words: "O! Flower of chivalry, who, by the ſingle ſtroke of a cudgel haſt finiſhed the career of thy well-ſpent life! O! thou honour of thy family, thou glory of la Mancha, ay, and of the whole world, which being deprived of thee, will ſoon be filled with evil doers, who will proſper without fear of chaſtiſement for their wicked deeds! Oh! thou waſt more liberal than all the Alexanders that ever lived! for, thou gaveſt me, for eight months ſervice, only, the beſt iſland that ever the ſea ſurrounded. Oh! thou waſt humble with the haughty, and haughty with the humble, tempting dangers, enduring diſgraces, in love without cauſe, imitating the good, ſcourging the wicked, a profeſſed enemy to every thing that was baſe; in ſhort, a knight-errant, and that is every thing in one word!"

The cries and groans of Sancho revived his maſter, and the firſt words he pronounced were theſe: "He who is condemned to live abſent from thee, moſt amiable Dulcinea! is ſubjected to much greater hardſhips than theſe. Friend Sancho, help to lay me on the inchanted car, for, I am incapable of preſſing Rozinante's ſaddle, this whole ſhoulder being cruſhed to pieces." "That I'll do very willingly, dear maſter, replied the ſquire, and let us return to our own habitation, in company of theſe gentlemen, who wiſh you well; and there we will lay a ſcheme for another ſally, which, I hope, will be more fortunate and creditable." "You are in the right, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, and it will be very prudent in us to let the malign influence of the ſtars paſs over."

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The canon, curate and barber approved of his intention, and being extremely diverted with the ſquire's ſimplicity, conveyed the knight to his former ſituation in the waggon. The proceſſion was formed anew, and ſet forwards accordingly; the goatherd took his leave of the company, the troopers being unwilling to go farther, were paid by the curate for their trouble; the canon having intreated the prieſt to inform him by letter, of Don Quixote's fate, with regard to the continuation or cure of his extravagance, bad him farewel, and proceeded on his journey; in ſhort, there was a general ſeparation, till at length the curate, barber, Don Quixote and Panza were left by themſelves, with the truſty Rozinante, who, with the patience of his maſter, bore and beheld every thing that paſſed.

The waggoner yoking his oxen, accommodated the knight with a truſs of hay, and with his uſual phlegm jogged on, according to the prieſt's directions, till, at the end of ſix days, they arrived at their own village, which they entered about noon; and it chancing to be Sunday, the market-place through which they were obliged to paſs was crouded with people, who running to ſee what was in the cage, recognized their townſman, and were ſtruck with aſtoniſhment. A boy ran immediately to his houſekeeper and niece, whom when he informed of their maſter's arrival, in a moſt meagre, withered condition, ſtretched upon a truſs of hay, in a waggon; it was a piteous thing to hear the cries that were uttered by theſe worthy ladies, who buffetted themſelves through vexation, and vented bitter curſes againſt the wicked books of chivalry; which lamentations, buffetings and curſes were repeated with greater violence than ever, when they ſaw the knight enter his own gate.

Sancho Panza's wife, who had got intimation, that he was gone with Don Quixote in quality of his ſquire, hearing of their return, ran ſtrait to her huſband, and the firſt queſtion ſhe aſked, was, Whether or not the aſs was in good health? when the ſquire anſwered, that the aſs was in better health than his maſter, "Thanks be to God, cried ſhe, for that and all his other mercies. But, now tell me, friend, what good you have got by your ſquireſhip? Have you brought home a new petticoat for me, or ſhoes for your children?" "I have brought no ſuch matters, my dear, replied Sancho, but, things of greater conſideration and importance." "I am glad of that, with all my heart, ſaid the wife; pray, ſhew me theſe things of greater conſideration and importance, that the ſight of them may rejoice my heart, which hath been ſo ſad and diſcontented all the weary time of your being away." "You ſhall ſee them at home, anſwered Sancho; and heark'ee, wife, make yourſelf eaſy for the preſent, for, an it pleaſe God, that we ſet out again in queſt of adventures, you ſhall ſpeedily behold your huſband an earl, or governor of an iſland; I don't mean your common

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common iſlands, but, one of the beſt that ever was ſeen." "The Lord in heaven grant it, huſband! for I am ſure we have need enough of ſuch windfalls: but, tell me, what is an iſland; for, truly, I know not the meaning of the word." "Honey was not made for the mouth of an aſs, ſaid the ſquire; you ſhall ſee what it is, all in good time, my dear; ay, and admire to hear all your vaſſals call you, my lady." "What is that you ſay, Sancho, of ladies, iſlands, and vaſſals?" cried Joan Panza; for, that was the name of the ſquire's wife, though ſhe was not related to Sancho before marriage, but, it is the cuſtom in la Mancha, for the women to take the names of their huſbands. "Don't be in ſuch a hurry to know every thing, Joan, replied the ſquire; it is ſufficient that I tell thee nothing but truth; let this therefore ſtop that mouth of thine: mean time, however, I care not if I tell thee, that it is one of the moſt pleaſant occupations in the world, for an honourable perſon like me, to be ſquire to a knight-errant, when he is in queſt of adventures. True it is, the greateſt part of them do not fall out quite ſo much to one's liking as one could wiſh; for, out of an hundred in which we are engaged, ninety-nine are generally croſs and unfortunate. That I know by experience, having been ſometimes threſhed and ſometimes blanketted: but, howſomever, it is a curious paſtime to be always in expectation of adventures, croſſing huge mountains, ſearching woods, climbing rocks, viſiting caſtles, lodging at inns, where we live at rack and manger, and the devil a farthing to pay."

While this converſation paſſed between Sancho and his wife, the houſekeeper and niece received Don Quixote, whom they undreſſed and put to bed in his old chamber, while he eyed them aſkance, without being able to comprehend where he was. The curate laid his injunctions on the niece, to cheriſh her uncle with great tenderneſs, and charged them both, to take eſpecial care, that he might not eſcape again, giving them an account of the trouble he had been at, in bringing him back to his own houſe. Here they raiſed their voices again, in concert, renewing their curſes upon the books of chivalry, and beſeeching heaven to confound the authors of ſuch madneſs and lies, to the loweſt pit of hell: in ſhort, they were half diſtracted with the apprehenſion of loſing him again, as ſoon as his health ſhould be re-eſtabliſhed; and this was actually the caſe.

But, the author of this hiſtory, although he inquired with the utmoſt curioſity and diligence, concerning the actions of Don Quixote, in his third ſally, could never find any ſatisfactory and authentic account of them; only, fame hath preſerved ſome memoirs in la Mancha, by which it appears, that Don Quixote, when he ſet out the third time, went to Saragoſſa, where he was preſent at a moſt celebrated tournament, in which, many

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many things happened to him worthy of his genius and valour: but, with regard to his death and burial, he could obtain no information, and muſt have remained entirely ignorant of that event, had he not luckily met with an old phyſician, who had in his cuſtody a leaden box, which he ſaid he found under the foundation of an ancient hermitage that was repairing. This box contained ſome ſkins of parchment, on which were written in Gothic characters, and Caſtilian verſe, many of our knight's exploits, with a deſcription of Dulcinea's beauty, Rozinante's figure, Sancho's fidelity, and Don Quixote's own funeral, celebrated by divers epitaphs, and panegyrics on his life and morals. All that could be read and fairly copied, are thoſe which are here inſerted by the faithful author of this new and ſurpriſing hiſtory, who, in recompence for the immenſe trouble he has undergone in his inquiries, and in examining the archives of la Mancha, that he might publiſh it with more certainty, deſires the reader to favour him with the ſame credit which intelligent perſons give to thoſe books of chivalry that paſs ſo currently in the world; and herewith he will reſt fully ſatisfied; and perhaps, be animated to ſearch after, and find out other hiſtories, if not as authentic, at leaſt as full of invention and entertainment.

The verſes which were written in the firſt ſkin of parchment found in the leaden box, were theſe.

The academicians of Argamaſilla, a town of la Mancha, on the life and death of the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, hoc ſcripſerunt.

Monicongo, academician of Argamaſilla, on the ſepulture of Don Quixote.

EPITAPH.

THE bully that la Mancha deck'd
With ſpoils that ſhame the Cretan Jaſon,
Whoſe judgment ripe, and wit uncheck'd
The trumpet of renown ſhall blaſon;
That arm, whoſe valour did extend
To Gaeta, from remote Cathay,
That muſe which did the welkin rend
With verſe which brazen plates diſplay;
He who to Amadis turned tail,
And deem'd Galaor a meer baby,

Whoſe

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Whoſe gallantry did ſo prevail,
As ſhew'd ev'n Belianis ſhabby;
He that on Rozinante rode,
Now mingles with this clay-cold clod!

Paniguado, academician of Argamaſilla, in praiſe of Dulcinea del Toboſo.

SONG.

THE maid you ſee with cheeks ſo blouzy,
High-cheſted, vigorous and frouzy,
Dulcinea, fam'd Toboſo's princeſs,
Don Quixote's gen'rous flame evinces:
For her, on foot, he did explore
The ſable mountain o'er and o'er,
Through many a weary field did halt,
And all through Rozinante's fault.
Hard fate! that ſuch a dame ſhould die
In ſpite of him and chivalry;
That he, whoſe deeds ev'n ſtones proclaim,
Should mourn a diſappointed flame!

Caprichoſo, a moſt ingenious academician of Argamaſilla, in praiſe of Rozinante the renowned ſteed of Don Quixote de la Mancha.

ON a proud trunk of adamant,
Whoſe bloody branches ſmell'd of war,
La Mancha's frantic wight did plant
His ſtandard glitt'ring from afar.
There hung his arms; there gleam'd his ſword,
That won't to level, hack and hew,
Yet ſhall the wond'ring muſe afford
For new exploits, a ſtile that's new.
Let Gaul of Amadis be proud,
Greece boaſt the champions ſhe hath bore;
Don Quixote triumphs o'er the croud
Of all the warlike knights of yore.

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For, neither Gaul nor Greece can vye
With fam'd La Mancha's chivalry.
Ev'n Rozinante wears the bay;
Let Brilladore and Bayard bray.

Burlador, an Argamaſillecian academician, on Sancho Panza.

SONG.

HERE Sancho view of body ſmall,
But great in worth, in action clear,
The beſt and ſimpleſt ſquire of all
The world e'er ſaw, I vow and ſwear.
An earl he ſurely might have been,
Had not this knaviſh age of braſs,
With inſolence and envious ſpleen,
Conſpir'd againſt him and his aſs;
That aſs! on which he gently trotted
At gentle Rozinante's tail:
Vain man! with flatt'ring hope beſotted,
How, in a dream, thy proſpects fail!

Cachidiablo, academician of Argamaſilla, on the ſepulture of Don Quixote.

EPITAPH.

ON Rozinante's back
The knight that whilome travel'd,
Thro' highway, path, and track,
Is here bemir'd and gravel'd:
And eke as ſtiff as he,
The block of Sancho Panza,
A truſty ſquire, perdie!
As ever mortal man ſaw.

Tiquiloc, academician of Argamaſilla, on the ſepulture of Dulcinea del Toboſo.

HERE lies Dulcinea once ſo plump,
But, now her fat all melts away;
For death, with an inhuman thump,
Has turn'd her into duſt and clay,

Of

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Of a true breed ſhe ſurely ſprung,
And wanted not external grace;
Don Quixote's heart with love ſhe ſtung,
And ſhone the glory of her race.

Theſe were all the verſes which could be read; the reſt being worm-eaten were delivered to an academician, that he might attempt to unravel their meaning, by conjecture. This taſk, we underſtand, he has performed with infinite pains and ſtudy, intending to publiſh them to the world, in expectation of the third ſally of Don Quixote.

" Foſſe altro cantera con miglior plectro."

End of the FISRT PART.

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